

of persons and families, the habits of an animal or a plant—everything was welcome to this affectionately inquisitive mind. And the universal quest was made easy by his wonderfully simple familiarity with all sorts of men and women. When he journeyed into foreign countries, he saw and conversed with everybody worth knowing; his friends and acquaintances lived all over the world, and his conversation and correspondence with the leading minds of the age were a main part of his busy life. In a moment he was on terms of friendly converse with an eminent statesman, with his landlady, with a common labourer on the roadside; of all he asked questions in an easy conversational way, and to all he would give out freely and gracefully the stores of his own knowledge. The marks of this wide information and something of his personal charm are to be seen in his published journals and letters from the Balkans and from Italy.

The modesty and sweetness of M. de Laveleye's character made him the best and most charming of friends. His home was a delightful place, full of varied interests and cheerful repose. He took great pleasure in music, gardening, building, carried his little dog inside the breast of his coat in cold weather, walked, rowed, enjoyed all civilised pursuits: an even, contented, dutiful, hopeful, faithful, courageous, loving man, whose moral qualities outshone even his great intellectual gifts—who saw the truth, believed it, and spoke it.

#### WAYFARERS.

AT Limerick Junction we first heard it, the indescribable wail, rising and falling, terrible as the "keen" for the dead, which means the farewell of the emigrants. We were quite out of the station at the end of a long train, and it was my travelling-companion told me what it meant. A country train laden with emigrants and their friends had come in, and they were parting here, the emigrants coming on with us to Queenstown. No wonder they wailed, one thought, looking away, and trying to forget it. The rain was over, and the Galtees had sailed royally out of the mist; Galtymore, that is the home of eagles, holding his head so high, that I remembered how an imaginative child once took him to be the throne of God. Below the tall peaks ran a rampart of dark blue—a frowning natural fortification behind which lies Aherlow, the fairest of glens, with woolly catkins on the willow boughs, and drifts of primroses among the uncurling ferns, and the mountains all around grey as glass, or red and brown like a pheasant's breast, or streaked along the surface with the blue and green of the peacock, or, again, towards evening flushed with roseate light, pulsing from one knew not where. O the dear country, so rich and ready to repay all care! How often they will think of it, when they are nipped to the heart with cold, or are dying of the heat as cruel! How they will long for this cool green, full of dew and scent, and this wind that comes across the mountains, bracing as an air for giants! They will see the cattle going home so gently along the young grass, and hear the Angelus-bell in their dreams, ringing so peaceful and holy from a distant belfry. But down at Queenstown there is the big ship for them, puffing like a grampus out near the forts; and as they sail away between those gates out into the world, they will leave behind them more than the unforgettable country they will never see again.

As the train steamed off, my travelling-companion leisurely opened a violin-case beside her, and began touching the strings. She was a little woman, young and pretty—married, I discovered from the good-looking fellow who had seen her off at Dublin—the brownest of brunettes, with two rows of little white teeth, and the brownest eyes I have ever seen in a human face. She talked delicious Cork,

with a soft wail. She was dressed very prettily in artistic colours that brought out her dear brownness. Her music and her books made us conversation, and I found that though she hailed from the Ultima Thule to which she was returning, she was very much of the best part of the world and its ways, thoroughly up to the last new thing in books and pictures and music. I congratulated myself on such a companion in my third-class carriage, for in Ireland people of very small pretensions indeed disdain to travel third-class, and it is usually left to the roughs.

At the first station we stopped at there was a sound of argument in the first-class carriages close by. Then our carriage door was opened, and a couple of men were unceremoniously pushed in, their bundles thrust after them, and the train started on its way. One was a middle-aged man, grey for lack of good living, but the face redeemed from grimness by the most innocent blue eyes, wide open, candid, blue as a child's eyes. He stumbled over our feet almost sobbing with excitement, clutching to his breast something wrapped in many folds of paper. He was followed by a tall, gawky young fellow, his son evidently, from the likeness between them. The young fellow was ruddier but had the same slow seriousness of look, something quiet and heavy and patient, as though they had had no occasion for joy and laughter. One could see them incessantly striving to wring a sustenance from stony rock and exhausted soil, incessantly face to face with the wet climate that, though it gives such beauty of cloud and mist, soddens the potatoes and rots the corn and turns the meadow to bitter rank grass.

Both were greatly disturbed. The boy's blue eyes had even a dash of angry tears in them. Dropped into their seats, they talked for a while in Irish that sounded very fierce. One felt a curious lump in the throat for their hurt and anger, whatever it might be; it was as if one saw a child or an animal greatly aggrieved. I saw my little friend in the corner watching them with eyes like brown jewels. I think she knew their Irish, or some of it, for she was plainly more in the secret of what was going on than I. At last the excited talk ceased, and the two faces began to take again that look of grave patience which must have been theirs habitually.

Then I saw her lean over and put a dainty finger on the parcel on the elder man's knee.

"Have you no case for your fiddle?" she said, "Won't the damp get in and spoil it as it does mine?"

"Spoil her, me lady!" said the man, brightening all over his face, "is it spoil her? Och, then, she'd take a power of spoilin', that same fiddle. 'Tis she that knows the hard weather. She's a fine fiddle," he said, preparing to display "her"; "she'd put the joy in your heart and the spring in your heels at a weddin' or a pattern, but it's at home she's at her best, and many a night she's made Thady here and me forget our troubles."

The fiddle was carefully lifted out, and three interested heads bent over it, for Thady had joined the conclave. There was a string gone, and my friend volunteered one from her store. While she was arranging it, her soft talk and sympathy got at the trouble we had seen without understanding. As I watched her, the peasant's old fiddle on her knee, while she tuned and strung it, and resined the bow, the two men bent forward, gazing at her manipulation of it with almost incredulous pleasure. I said to her silently—

"Well, my dear, whoever you are, the fairies gave you the gift to make men happy. There may be prettier women and wittier women, but the men who love you will find other women unpleasing to come after you."

"An' so, me lady," the elder emigrant was saying, "me an' Thady, that never travelled a mile from Adeelish before, we just got into the grand cushioned

carriage as the train was goin'. An' thin we saw a lady, or a woman dressed grand, for she was no lady like you, me lady, sittin' in the corner starin' at us as if we were the dirt under her feet.

"Do ye know," she says, with the sparks flashin' from her eyes, 'that ye're in the first class?'

"Well, me lady, me and Thady didn't want to intrude, and we were about to spake her fair when she burst out—

"An' I'll have yez removed by the guard at the very next station, yerselves an' your dirty baggage."

"Well, me lady, I could have answered her bither enough, but me heart was too heavy for it, and sure it's a short world to be fightin' in, so I said nothing; only Thady, that's young an' fiery, he says, 'It's no baggage, it's luggage.'

"Baggage it is," says she, 'an' out you and it shall go.'

"Well, I just kept the boy quiet—for what's the use of arguin' with a beggar a-horseback like that?—and so we said nothing, while she looked out of the window sniffin', as if the sight of us would make her sick. An' so when we came to Emly, we were just putting together our bits of things to get out, when she runs to the window an' calls 'Porter!' in a great flurry, an' complains of me an' the boy travellin' first-class.

"The porter just spoke her civil, though I saw him winkin' at another porter, an' so we got out; but before I could reach back for the darlin' fiddle, she comes and pitches it out on the window, an' when it fell I thought it was flesh and blood. The boy here was for pullin' out her own fine portmanty, an' as for me all the blood was in me head, but, glory be to God! the porters pulled us away an' there was no harm done. An' she's no worse for the fall ayther, for she was well swathed around. An' sure it was great good luck, after all, that put us in with such a kind lady as yourself."

My little friend was as much excited over the story as the actors in it. The way she entered into their pathetic indignation at their bundles being called "baggage," which they evidently took to be a term of contempt, was wonderful. Her eyes flashed, and a bit of scarlet came in her brown cheeks as she denounced the fastidious first-class passenger almost with tears of anger. When the commotion was all over, she asked to hear "her," and first the father and afterwards the son performed on the poor instrument, jigs, reels, planxtys, giving way slowly to mournful Irish lamentations. After they had gone through their repertoire, Brown Eyes produced her fine fiddle, and, in accordance with delicately urged entreaties, began to play. It was a fine instrument, and a fine hand upon it, and the music at first was from the great masters; then, having dazzled her audience a little, she began to play Irish airs—"The Coolun" and "The Blackbird" and others—while the tears rolled down the faces of the two emigrants.

We were nearly at Cork when the musician came out of her dream. If I ever saw adoration on the faces of human beings, it was on those simple faces. They will talk of her for years and years, I am sure. She was consistently gracious, and after they had thanked her and she them, with the prettiest of Irish compliments on each side, they were preparing to put the treasure in its wrappings when the little lady said, "Oh, but your fiddle would be destroyed by the sea-air, and you could never play on her again in America, you know. Now, I'll get a case in Cork, and you'll make me happy if you'll accept this old case." And so "she" was put to sleep in a velvet-lined case such as she had never dreamt of in all her hardworking life.

After we had gone through the long tunnel and emerged in gay sunlight at Cork, she stood up to leave us. She bowed to me with pretty courtesy, but to the emigrants she held out her little hands. The two big fellows dropped down and kissed them as if she were a saint. "God bless an' keep you," said the father; "we'll think of you in America

when we play the fiddle. 'Tis you God made for a lady, an' to be the light of someone's eyes; and the man that loves you, you'll keep his love while fire burns an' water runs."

There was a flash of answering tears in her eyes, and she was gone down the platform, her velvet hat pulled forward a little, and daintily graceful in her hooded brown velvet cloak. She passed the first-class passenger, whom I recognised by the emigrants' sullen references, though, indeed, she "jumped to the eye" by her vulgarity. A couple of apple-women pointed delightedly at this arrogant dame, and one spat out expressively. My poor emigrants dropped into gloom after their benefactress left them, and they looked grey and sad enough, despite the new fiddle-case, by the time we reached Queens-town, where the big liner was steaming heavily nearer the quay.

K. T.

#### A POSTMAN-POET.

IN *Longman's Magazine*, this month, Mr. Andrew Lang—always alert to say a kindly word in season—has spoken of a dramatic poem called "Phaon and Sappho." Its author is a Mr. James Hosken, a young Cornishman of about thirty years of age, whose case is worth considering if only as a type for which society has failed rather ludicrously to provide. At present it employs Mr. Hosken as an auxiliary postman and pays him nine shillings a week, on which income he supports a wife and two children. Notoriously there is no better stimulant of the poetic faculty than to walk alone on a country road. "Give me," says Hazlitt in his famous essay, "a clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! . . . Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence." And no doubt we have here the reason why so many country postmen have "relished versing." That Mr. Hosken has composed some eight or nine dramas and a box-full of minor poems is not wonderful, perhaps: but there is certainly some cause to marvel at the quality of the stuff. Here is a sample, from the only volume he has published:—

#### DESTINY.

"Where heaven, bright flashing through the deeps  
Of this enduring universe,  
Gleams brilliant with its massy steep,  
There sits a power to man averse,  
Which ever hurls him to and fro  
Bound with its chains where'er he go.

Fell power! at war for aye with man,  
Why hauntest thou his game of chance?  
—Himself a strange imperfect plan,  
His life a bauble. Cast thy glance  
And shake thy awful brow again,  
Thou canst not add another pain."

Mr. Hosken has some right to owe Destiny a grudge. Hazlitt desired "a three hours' march to dinner," but we take it that he assumed the dinner at the end of his walk to be a certainty and liked it to be sufficing. But on nine shillings a week it can hardly be both. And the smallness of his earnings is none of Mr. Hosken's fault. Himself the son of an artisan, he was bound apprentice as a boy to a saddler in Helston, and was in a fair way to earn a decent wage when his health broke down and obliged him to live a great part of his time in the open air. He is filled with modesty and has borne a high character all the way through. Destiny is to blame and there is no more to be said.

Let it be understood that we are not writing of this young man as of a commanding genius. People very wisely judge all literary work on its own merits and waste no sentiment upon the mute inglorious Miltons. To take Milton's own case,



"Paradise Lost" is not by a pennyweight more estimable because its author was blind. The poem itself and the difficulties of its composition are judged in separate courts, criticism presiding over the one and Dr. Smiles over the other. And so Mr. Hosken, handicapped by circumstance, can only score up another grudge against Destiny and take his chance with luckier men. To be frank, though "Phaon and Sappho" is an astonishing performance, there is nothing in it to menace established reputations: but there is plenty in it to arouse interest and make us eager to see more of this country postman's work. We confess that we are curious to hear something of those eight or nine unpublished dramas and of that box-full of minor verse.

And there is plenty to arouse our wonder that society is in no better position than to offer Mr. Hosken nine shillings a week. Here is a man who has received the smallest "education," and has been depressed by fortune from the day of his birth. Yet—Heaven knows how—he has found out what is most beautiful in literature and without guidance has chosen to admire and ensue it. Any chance page of "Phaon and Sappho" will show that he is soaked in classical feeling; and that he has educated himself with Shakespeare will be clear enough to anybody who glances at the few poems appended to his drama. Take this opening of a sonnet:—

"O! that this calculating soul would cease  
To forecast accidents, time's limping errors,  
And take the present with the present's peace  
Instead of filling life's poor day with terrors. . . ."

or (with all its faults) this, addressed "To his Lady":—

"The lonely thoughts that issue from my mind  
Fill this small room with shadows of the world,  
Where the unstable state of all mankind  
Before reflection's eye is strangely hurled.  
O! foolish man to reckon on a joy,  
Thy trust is founded on uncertainty,  
Our hopes do make us fools, a cherished toy  
Show us but children still—yet but for thee  
This life were valueless. Thou art a gem  
Set on the wrinkled forehead of wide death,  
Whose glad diffusive splendour doth condemn  
All thought that undervalues human breath.  
Indebted unto fortune least of all,  
Yet having Thee, still rich, though fortune's thrall."

The middle of this sonnet is certainly weak; yet not so certainly as the end is rich, the arrangement admirable, and the lines from "Thou art a gem . . ." full of felicity. It strikes us as worth more than nine shillings a week. At any rate we think there must be many who are ready to try a humble experiment and help Mr. Hosken to give another volume of his verse to the world.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE all know Dr. Johnson's answer to the question how he felt after the failure of his tragedy: "Like the Monument." There is something Johnsonian in M. Ferdinand Brunetière; the same vigour, directness, hatred of affectations, perhaps the same mental hardness; and he, too, is like the Monument in his firm attitude towards his old enemies the Naturalists. To a new edition of "Le Roman Naturaliste" (Paris: Calmann Lévy) he adds several new papers—one on the tag-rag and bobtail, another on the "break-up," of naturalism; a third on M. Daudet; and a fourth on the short stories of M. Guy de Maupassant. They are all stimulating, full of matter, of a certain donnish disdain, of intellectual inflexibility; are all, in short, eminently characteristic of the man. Byron liked something he "could break his mind upon." He would have liked (though the liking would not, one fears, have been reciprocated) M. Ferdinand Brunetière. Even the younger critics of to-day, who have taken to drifting and floating, to cultivating a mere passive receptivity to impressions, must feel a little abashed by this attitude of Monumental rigidity.

As for the Philistines, they should be his very humble servants to command, for, hard as nails to the rest of the world, he has a fatherly indulgence for them. He asserts roundly that they have a right to exist. He champions their cause against the literary "mandarins." It was not he who first said that

"On peut être honnête homme et faire mal les vers,"

but he takes good care we shall not forget it. In Paris the reminder is needed, doubtless, more than it is here. No exclusive mandarinism of letters has yet been formed among us English, though perhaps here and there a one, asking "What in the name of the Bodleian the general public has to do with literature?" is qualified for the button. The fact is, Bottles will not hear of it. Anti-Philistine Crusaders perish, but Bottles lives a prosperous gentleman. In France, on the other hand, he is, if the Americanism may pass, considerably sat upon. He needs a Brunetière to champion him, for since Flaubert set the fashion every naturalist who respects himself, not to mention the others, has had his cock-shy at the bourgeois. Hear, for instance, M. Karl Huysmans:—"Des Esseintes flairait une sottise si invétérée, un tel mépris pour la littérature, pour l'art, implantés, ancrés dans ces cerveaux étroits de négociants, exclusivement préoccupés d'argent et seulement accessible à cette basse distraction des esprits médiocres, la politique, qu'il rentrait en rage chez lui et se verrouillait avec ses livres." M. Brunetière's revenge on M. Huysmans is, like that of Mr. Gilbert's Pirate King, swift and terrible. He shows, giving chapter and verse, that the novelist's trick of style and even his situations are those of the *vaudeville*, i.e., of the art-form specially invented for the "cerveaux étroits de négociants"; shows, in fact, that M. Huysmans is a pretentious and (to use a contradiction in terms) dull Labiche. All such demonstrations as this are reducible, if you like, to the primeval formula "You're another"; but, nevertheless, they are enough, they will serve. Bottles owes a heavy debt of gratitude to M. Brunetière.

And, curiously enough, though quite logically, it is his tenderness for Bottles which induces M. Brunetière somewhat to mitigate his austerity in dealing with—alas! that one should have to say it this week—poor M. Guy de Maupassant. Logically; for though M. de Maupassant has trampled fiercely enough on many things which the Philistine holds most dear—respectability, money-grubbing, the domestic hearth—he has always remembered that books are primarily sold to be read, that language is meant to be understood, by the plain man. "From the time he commenced authorship, he perceived that if a man speaks, it is in order to be heard; that the language of the true writer need not, because it is his own, cease to be that of everyone else; and that if there is anyone to whom the search for the rare, the precious, the surprising in style is forbidden, it is to the man who writes novels of any kind, since they are written for the crowd, and more particularly to the man who affects to write novels of the naturalistic kind." This, indeed, is only to repeat what M. de Maupassant has himself said in that preface to "Pierre et Jean" which seems likely to rank in the same set with the prefaces to "Cromwell" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin," as a famous literary manifesto. "It is more difficult to manipulate a sentence at will, to make it say everything, even what it refrains from saying, to fill it with sub-indications and latent intentions . . . than to invent new phrases, or to rake up from the depths of old unknown books a heap of expressions which have lost all use and meaning." This is well said and truly, but it is probable that enthusiasm for the truth was not M. de Maupassant's sole motive for saying it. One is reminded—if another reference to Boswell may be forgiven—of the statement explaining a certain line in Pope: "Sir, he wished to vex somebody." The suspicion that M. de Maupassant wished to vex M. de Goncourt is hard to be resisted. And as to

M. Brunetière's desire to vex that apostle of "l'écriture artiste," suspicion becomes certainty. M. Brunetière frankly detests M. de Goncourt and all his works. This is what he says of the man who flatters himself that he invented the naturalistic novel:—"M. de Goncourt represents what is, perhaps, the very opposite of naturalism—namely, the art of industriously manufacturing curios in which laborious inability to imitate and reproduce the real torments, so to speak, and twists itself, and ultimately works out into a number of inventions, always quaint, sometimes ingenious, but natural never." And, in order to be the more disagreeable to M. de Goncourt, M. Brunetière goes out of his way to be agreeable to M. de Maupassant. Such are the pleasing comediettas of criticism.

Indirectly and, of course, this time quite without intention, M. Brunetière contrives to be disagreeable to a very different novelist, to wit Mr. Quiller-Couch, by adding the weight of his authority to an irresponsible statement about realism recently advanced, with Mr. Couch's complete disapproval, in THE SPEAKER: that "realism deals with the average, the normal, with what happened to me yesterday and will happen to you next week." "M. de Maupassant is a naturalist" (and by naturalist, M. Brunetière means not a bird-stuffer but a realist), "because he has avoided extraordinary adventures. . . . People who are like all the rest of us, like you or me, these are the heroes of M. de Maupassant's novels: a country gentleman, a sportsman, an angler, a civil servant, a Norman peasant." Bravo! and yet again Bravo!—even though one feels that M. Brunetière's modesty has betrayed him into one conspicuously false illustration. He is not in the least like an ordinary person, and not in the least like any hero of M. de Maupassant's. Only himself can be his parallel.

By crossing the Channel, some people may suffer more than a sea-change. Not so long ago the literary world knew, and was glad to know, Miss Mary Robinson, a writer of modern English verse: now it has to renew its acquaintance with the same lady—the same and not the same—as Mme. James Darmesteter, a writer of antique French prose, and again to know is to admire. This versatile author's "Marguerites du Temps Passé" (Paris: Armand Colin) is an extraordinary *tour de force*: nothing less than a successful attempt to revive the mediæval *conte*, with all its blandness, its freshness, its simplicity retained, and all its grossness rejected. Monstrous as the judgment may appear to Mr. Pater and Mr. Lang, we think that one or two of the stories in this volume—"Alipz," say, and "La vraie ystoire de Blanche-Rose"—are not unworthy pendants to the much-vaunted and too-much-mistranslated "Aucassin et Nicolette." It would be impertinent, perhaps, for any mere English person to offer an opinion about the correctness of the lady's old French; but M. Emile Faguet says she has a marvellous command of this idiom, and M. Faguet ought to know. Take the page which tells of Blanche-Rose and of Sybille, who loved that verray parfit, but not gentle, knight to her hurt.

S'y montèrent tous ensemble, sans grand espoir de rien trouver, pour ce que la tour était vieille et moitié en ruines. Et était fort haute. Lors entraient enfin dans une salle ronde toute nue, sauf au milieu un peu de paille et de pezet recouvert de feuilles de roses plus qu'ils n'en avaient jamais vu ensemble. Et là dessus dormaient Sybille et Blanche-Rose, accoutrés de toutes couleurs et parés comme pour un grand et excellent triomphe. Et, pour la fraîcheur de la nuit, la belle avait mis ses longs cheveux, comme un manteau, sur l'épaule de son amant. Or, un peu plus loin, dans la fenêtre, se tint un grand paon, mi-endormi, et quand vit les seigneurs qui entraient se mit à crier merveilleusement rauque et dur. . . . Nonobstant les dits seigneurs prirent leurs épées et frappèrent sur le pavé par trois fois avec un singulier bruit et fracas de ferraille.

The book gives one the same sort of impression as the "Primavera" of Botticelli or a coloured sun-bath filtered through the "storied panes" of Saint Ouen. And one need not be a Bunthorne to find that sort of impression exquisitely pleasant.

## THE DRAMA.

### "KING HENRY THE EIGHTH."

IF it be indeed the function of criticism to see the thing as it really is, one had better at the outset dismiss from our minds all question about the authorship of *King Henry the Eighth*, all recollection of its stage-history, all meditation over its overt or latent moral. To go to the Lyceum intent upon an arithmetical calculation of the extra syllables in Wolsey's farewell speech or upon a comparison of Miss Terry's "business" in the Trial scene with Mrs. Siddons or upon the lesson, which the play may or may not convey, of the vanity of human greatness in the spectacle of Buckingham's and Katharine's and Wolsey's downfall is to miss the significance of the event, is to fail to see the thing as it really is. That significance, as I at least see it, resides in the testimony which this triumphant revival affords of the eternal power of pageantry. Without a debauch now and again of gorgeous spectacle the human spirit languishes. Here in England, with our churlish climate and Puritanic public bodies which "drive at practice" but not at processions, it would starve outright—had we not the Lyceum. There and there alone—for elsewhere these things are less "graced with elegance" than "daubed with cost"—we escape for a moment out of a life drab and wan into a dream of glowing colour, rhythmic parade and joyous bustle, and revel unashamed in the lust of the eye and the pride of life. The Lyceum, I do not gainsay it, may offer, often has offered, intellectual refreshment; but that is among its *parerga*. Its real virtue, its supreme virtue in all its Shakespearian revivals, well-nigh its sole virtue in this revival of *King Henry the Eighth*, is to take our senses captive. There are who say this is not a virtue. They say? Let them say. But the multitude of sane men and women, who have preserved the child's healthy love of the picture-book, will be otherwise minded:—

"For multitudes there are whose judgment goes  
Headlong according to the actors' clothes."

Our judgment goes headlong at the Lyceum.

The actors' clothes here might tempt Herr Teufelsdröckh to bring out an enlarged edition of his Philosophy. With furs galore and eke brocades and lace which I almost suspect to have been plundered from Spanish altars, Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mrs. Comyns Carr have shown us what Holbein's pictures were like in their first freshness. For her first entry, Queen Katharine is gowned in black and silver and fur. For the Trial scene, she is in a colour which the University statutes call "subfusc," bottle-green—and fur. On her sick-bed she is clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful—and fur. The robe of Wolsey's "scarlet sin" is veiled in lace. Item: a lace frock for Campeius. Item: a hat of ostrich plumes for the King. Several looms must have been employed in weaving the silk garments for his Majesty alone. "As for rich embroidery, it is lost and not discerned," says Bacon in his essay on "Masques and Triumphs." But that was before the days of footlights. At the Lyceum there is not a sumptuary part which does not contribute to the splendour of the whole.

After the clothes the scenery. Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. W. Telbin and Mr. T. Harker have engineered "sets" as solid as the Pyramids. *Suum cuique*. Mr. Craven's chief monument is the "Hall in York Place," where the Cardinal feasts his friends and Henry first woos Anne Bullen. Peacocks and boars' heads are borne in by the servitors. Lord Sands kisses Anne *coram publico*, and the Cardinal drinks to his guests amid the rather disconcerting reports of such "chambers" as burnt down the Globe Theatre at that performance of the play in 1513 of which you have heard. The masquers enter, headed by a troop of drum-and-fife boys, perform a graceful morris-dance, and are followed by a grotesque anti-masque of torch-bearers. "Let the suits of the masquers," says Bacon again, "be graceful and



such as become the person when the visors are off." The Lyceum suits are of canary yellow, decked with flowers, the visors of bullion. The gorgeous colouring of this scene is the pictorial triumph of the revival. It beggars description—but not Mr. Craven's fund of scenic imagination. He can still invent for us a "Church of the Grey Friars," with the sunbeams pouring through its stained glass on the final scene of the play, the christening of the infant Princess Elizabeth. And, even now, I have not mentioned Mr. Craven's pretty picture of "The King's Stairs, Westminster," where the unfortunate Buckingham gives his valedictory address to the crowd on his way to the block.

For "The Palace at Bridewell," within whose walls Wolsey bids farewell, a long farewell, to all his greatness, Mr. Harker appears to have sought his inspiration in the slender columns and palm-like decoration of the staircase leading to the hall of Wolsey's own college in Oxford—a happy thought, happily carried out. Happier even than this is Mr. Telbin's "Street at Westminster," through which Anne Bullen's wedding procession passes. The tall houses seem almost to jut over the footlights, so that even the onlooker in the stalls finds it difficult to resist the impression that he is wedged with the crowd in that narrow street. Thus may you snatch the fearful joy of a Lord Mayor's Show-day while sitting at your ease.

So much for the spectacle: now for the play and the players. *King Henry the Eighth* contains, of course, three leading "subjects." Or rather, its leading subject, pageantry, is relieved by three episodes: the successive downfalls of Buckingham, Katherine, and Wolsey. It will be convenient to take these episodic themes in order. We have the scene of Buckingham's meeting with Wolsey, of his subsequent arrest, of the Council at which Katherine pleads for him in vain, and of his final departure to execution. To my sense, unorthodox as it may be, Buckingham is the best acting part in the play. It is the most human, the most urbane, the most dignified, the most pathetic. Mr. Forbes Robertson plays a worthy part worthily: with perfect sincerity and grace. At the end of the evening, it is for him the pit and gallery most loudly call: a significant and, I think, a just criticism.

The Katherine *motif*, in the language of the musical score, is first played *mezzo-forte* in the trial-scene. Miss Ellen Terry passes lightly over the passage, "Lord Cardinal—to you I speak," whereas it was here that Mrs. Siddons—but no; I must remember my promise not to trouble my head, or yours, about Mrs. Siddons. Suffice it to say that it is the tender woman rather than the haughty queen that Miss Terry gives us; and rightly, for gentle womanhood is her natural histrionic endowment. She was a gentle Lady Macbeth—which was a contradiction in terms. She is a gentle Katherine—which is a right reading of the text. Her reproof addressed to Griffith, as she makes her exit, declaring she will never again her "appearance make in any of their courts," is more petulant than awe-inspiring. Now, Mrs. Sid— Oh! I beg your pardon!

We then have a *decrecendo* to *piano* in the scene of the Queen's retirement among her women (with a charming arrangement of "Orpheus with his lute" as a trio by Mr. Edward German, the composer of all the incidental music for the piece), and finally to *pianissimo* in the death-bed scene. Here occurs the orthodox Vision of Angels, which, with its suggestion of paper wings and "goody-goody" valentines, is perhaps the sole pictorial flaw in the whole revival. It is better to make a clean breast of it—I tried hard to be affected by the pathos of the dying Katherine, but without success. I will try again—on the Fourteenth of February.

As for the Wolsey episode—episode it is, and practically a single scene—it was spoiled for me by—doubtless perverse—reminiscences of that former "scarlet sin," Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles. The real Wolsey (a short, corpulent man, like Friar Tuck)

must have been genial in his hours of ease; Shakespeare's Wolsey is genial in the banquet scene. Mr. Irving is never genial; he is as saturnine at the banquet as Mephistopheles at the Kermesse. Here and there, too, one noted, with distress, a certain tendency in the actor to resume his old tricks of mispronunciation. He delivered the "farewell" speech, seated, head on hand, with more deliberation than force. How should the speech be delivered? Frankly, as Sir Peter Lund, M.D., says at the Garrick, "I don't know." It would be flippant to add that I don't care; but I have a suspicion that no actor nowadays could deeply impress anyone by this piece of artificial rhetoric, which sounds like a passage from some Manual of Elocution. The exit, after the scene with Cromwell, was more affecting.

For the rest, Mr. Terriss's King Henry is (pardon an untranslatable Teutonism) a fine piece of *plastik*, if little else. Either the author didn't know his own mind about this part or (a more likely thing, all circumstances considered) was careful to conceal it. An animated Holbein, able to ejaculate "Ha!" when squeezed, is not a character. From the crowd of subalterns, the spirited Surrey of Mr. Clarence Hague, Mr. Howe's Griffith, and Mr. Arthur Stirling's Cranmer must be singled out for commendation. Miss Violet Vanbrugh makes a pretty Anne Bullen.

A. B. W.

#### THE SCOTLAND OF TWO NOVELISTS.

THE cordial reception given on both sides of the Tweed to "The Little Minister," in spite of its "improbability," has amply demonstrated—if there was any need for such demonstration—that its author is at once a humorist and a fictionist *sui generis*. The dialect of Thrums, the Scotch of Tammas Whamond, may still be an obstacle to the complete conquest by Mr. Barrie of Mr. Mudie's constituency; but Babbie is as real, as perverse, as full of bizarre reality, and, therefore, as intelligible, at least to Mr. Hardy's admirers, as Bathsheba Everdene herself. Gavin Dishart too, although he thinks in Scotch, invariably speaks in English, and his moral evolution can be followed as easily as that of Robert Elsmere, whom—if he had had the chance—he would have deposed as ruthlessly as Lang Tammas would have deposed himself. A considerable portion of "The Little Minister"—though not so much as of "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums"—can only be understood on this side of the Tweed with the aid of a glossary. But the same thing may be said of the half—and of the best half—of Burns. At the same time, Mr. Barrie and the remarkable success which he has attained are of specially Scotch, as well as of general and literary, significance. He is as much a product of the North as Carlyle himself. Carlyle is Secederism—that Secederism which he said was in his time equivalent to earnestness—projected into history; Mr. Barrie is Secederism projected into fiction. Both are humorists, and the humours of both, although totally different in character, are directly traceable to their early upbringings. Carlyle was a Seceder with the bottom of his theological creed knocked out, but with his Seceder morality and piety both left intact. Mr. Barrie is an Auld Licht endowed with a humour which enables him to look at Auld Lichtism from the Other Side. Carlyle, though his conscience would not permit him to become a minister of any Presbyterian Church, never allowed himself—even when he was in the Rabelaisian vein—to ridicule the faith of his mother. He had even a contempt, which was neither quite justifiable nor quite intelligible, for Scotch Mauricianism, Broad Churchism, or whatever that revolt from hard-and-fast Calvinism may be styled, which is identified with the name of the late Dr. Robert Lee rather than with that of any other clergyman. Hence it is that, although Carlyle's writings have had a greater influence than the teachings of any other man in

causing thoughtful young Scotsmen to pause before entering any of the churches of his country, he is always regarded by the supporters of orthodoxy—at all events, in morality—as being one of themselves. Similarly—although, of course, *longissimo intervallo*—Mr. Barrie seems, in his “Auld Licht Idylls,” in his “Window in Thrums,” and in his “Little Minister,” to be perpetually insisting, not only that genuine nobility of character may coexist with a belief in dogmatic theology, but that such nobility must be based on such theology. The atheist Cruikshank, who, on the occasion of Gavin Dishart’s final triumph over himself, his narrow morality, his congregation, and Death itself, concedes that it is only the fool that has said in his heart there is no God, seems to demonstrate that in theology Mr. Barrie is quite as conservative as was Christopher North before him.

Unless this, the fundamental idea of Mr. Barrie’s stories and sketches, is clearly understood, the Scotland he pictures will be seen nothing more than a collection of caricatures—and of blurred caricatures. It is a moribund Scotland that appears in his pages; these Auld Lichts, with their poverty—a poverty of ideas as well as of money—their self-righteousness, their piety, which at once elevates them above their poverty, and is an offset to their self-righteousness, are disappearing, if they have not already disappeared, even from Thrums. Yet that something like this was the ideal Scotland of the Covenanters and of Andrew Melville, who, and not John Knox, was the founder of Covenantism, is very clearly demonstrated by the many and curious volumes giving us an insight into the oligarchic management of parishes by Kirk Sessions, that have recently been published, and of which “Old Church Life in Scotland,” based on the Kirk Session records of Burns’s Mauchline, may be considered as typical. It was a theocracy that was aimed at by the Covenanters, a society based on the Bible, and still more on the Confession of Faith, and on the theories of public and private life which have all the binding force either of Divine revelation, or of clearly reasoned-out theological dogmas. This attempt has failed, as all attempts to stereotype human life have failed. But there attaches to it that dignity which always comes of an earnestness that is terrible even to the verge of grotesqueness. Auld Lichtism, looked at from the spiritual rather than the ecclesiastical point of view, is this attempt to theocratise Scotland on a very limited scale. It is calculated, on the whole, to provoke ridicule rather than reverence, and when one thinks of the petty and mainly acrid gossip of the little community over which Gavin Dishart presided and at which he preached, one is tempted to sigh with Coleridge, “Eheu! paupertina philosophia paupertinam in religionem ducit!” But here and there, as in the pathetic pride of Nanny Webster, and in the no less pathetic love of Hendry McQuhumpha for Jess, Auld Lichtism is touched to really fine issues. In the final scene of “The Little Minister” it passes into heroism. Gavin Dishart is of the stuff of which Scotch martyrs—a Wishart and a Hamilton, a Cameron and a Cargill—were made.

But there is another Scotland, even in present-day fiction, than Mr. Barrie’s, and we are reminded of its existence by the publication of Mrs. Oliphant’s “The Railway Man and his Children,” which, for sheer skill in portraiture, merits being bracketed with “The Little Minister” and Mr. Hardy’s “Tess of the D’Urbervilles.” Glasgow, with its annexe of the magnificent Clyde scenery, dominates “The Railway Man,” and Glasgow is at once the workshop and the paradise of the Scotsman of the *moyen sensuel* type. He is so intensely energetic and “practical” that he has no time—even if he had naturally the taste—for idealism, or for fanaticism, which is idealism with a twist. His notion of comfort is the best that the Glasgow shops can give him; his conception of leisured happiness is “a place” down the Clyde, looking out on the water, with a good lawn for the young folks,

and a good billiard-room for himself, his sons-in-law, and his friends in business. He likes men about him that are fat and sleek-headed and that sleep o’ nights, and among these he includes his minister. A model clergyman is in his eyes a “level-headed fellow,” who preaches common-sense—and short—sermons, who knows a good dinner when he sees it, and who does not object to a rubber at whist and a little whisky and water, of an evening. If such a minister has an ear for music—or at least for musical effects—likes “a good choir, an organ and all that sort of thing,” so much the better. He may rely with safety on the purse of his host. A minister of this kind is not such a *rara avis* in the Established Church as he is in the Scotch Presbyterian Dissenting bodies that are around and in competition with it. In the Establishment—perhaps because it is an Establishment—there is a greater tendency than elsewhere to accept and act on the doctrine of Schopenhauer’s Demopheles that in religion “one must meet the requirements of the people according to the measure of their comprehension.” Mr. Dean, of Rosmore, who figures in “The Railway Man,” is a minister to a certain extent of this kind, more refined than the average, with higher aspirations, and perhaps some pronounced ecclesiastical ambitions. Most of Mrs. Oliphant’s Scotch clergymen, indeed—certainly her best—belong to the order of Mr. Dean. They have vague tendencies towards Broad Churchism, are heartily desirous to compete with Anglicanism in the field of ritual, and do not look forward with eagerness, or even contemplate with equanimity, a reunion of Presbyterianism in Scotland. Mrs. Oliphant’s Scotland is quite as real as Mr. Barrie’s, and in these days much more densely populated. But it has not the same possibilities of self-sacrifice and heroism. Mrs. Oliphant can write in almost any style. But she could not have written the “Little Minister.”

#### A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

##### LI.—IN CHANCERY LANE.

IT calls itself only a lane. If it has to serve as the principal thoroughfare between the north and south of London, Chancery Lane is not led thereby into the sin of ostentation. I have always imagined that it wanted to be a sequestered little spot, close to the busy traffic of Holborn and Fleet Street, but yet apart from them. The honours of a principal thoroughfare seem to have been thrust upon it unwillingly, and it is as free from the virtue of efficiency as from the vice of ostentation. The roadway is steep and narrow; the pavement is lamentably narrow; and at midday both are overcrowded. It must be always glad when the night comes, when the bankers cease from banking and the offices are shut, when the lawyer’s clerk has gone back to Kilburn and incipient stenography no longer rages in its midst. It has been touched and transformed by the modern spirit; it has its new mansions and its commissionaires in neat uniforms; the latest adjunct of civilisation enables us here to send a message at any hour of the day or night; the newest patents are not too new for Chancery Lane. Even now the builder and contractor are at work. In one spot the narrow pavement is replaced by that more narrow boarded way that the contractor loves so well. The average foot-passenger in London is not unselfish; in his manner of walking he will never relinquish his own convenience except to cause inconvenience to another. But when he reaches the narrow boarded way his jealousy and selfishness become insufferable; he believes that those boards have been placed there solely for himself, and that it is the duty of the rest of the world to walk in the road and get run over by omnibuses for his mean amusement; he gives himself more airs than an actor-manager dying on his own stage.



But Chancery Lane has not been completely transformed yet. It has its old buildings, now hiding their defaced visages behind a decent screen of boards. And the old gateway of Lincoln's Inn looks down patiently and regretfully upon the struggle of modern life. There is much law in Chancery Lane at noon. Its votaries seem to permeate it everywhere. If a cab-horse goes down in Chancery Lane—as it has every facility for doing—the chances are that it will be a solicitor who will roll out of the cab. There is law to left and right of you; if you climb up to the topmost stories you still find it; if you go down into the bowels of the earth you find its articulated clerks drinking black coffee and playing dominoes. Then there are the law-stationers; the display in such windows seems always the same; it is traditional. It avoids elegance and luxury; it aims at severe convenience—solid, regulation goodness. There must be nothing in the stationery or furniture of the office which will suggest any human weakness, except the tendency to be traditional—which is the only weakness that inspires confidence.

In Chancery Lane it is possible at times to see through a window a type-writer at work. Many people stop to look, and it is difficult to be quite sure why they do it. Some, I believe, do it not so much because they see the typewriter as because they see her through a window; they manage to acquire the idea that they are seeing rather more than they ought to see. Others find that the action looks automatic, and get their joy afterwards, when they remember that after all they have *not* put a penny into the slot. Others, perhaps, watch in order to get the joy of comparison: the type-writer is working, and they are not. But I think the chief charm lies in the window. It makes the thing spectacular at once. All the world's a stage, but we only remember that when we have a proscenium.

Chancery Lane is dark and desolate enough late at night. There are no more omnibuses, carrying passengers from King's Cross to Waterloo; there are no more crowds of articulated clerks and journalists and incipient stenographers. Close at hand the noise and traffic are still going on in Fleet Street, for Fleet Street never sleeps, and never will sleep so long as the public cares to read the morning papers. At night Chancery Lane seems more in sympathy with the quiet old Inns east and west of it. By day it takes its tone from the two busy streets on the north and south between which it forms the inadequate connection.

## THE WEEK.

THE real difficulty about a School of English Literature at Oxford—the demand for which has been revived this week in a letter signed with five names of high authority on educational and university matters—is this: How can the examination be made hard enough to make a third class in it any sort of test of merit? Nobody need doubt that questions can be set which will give the best men as good a scope for their ability as anything that can be asked in Honour Greats. But inferior men will crowd in, to whom criticism and appreciation are as music to the unmusical; and who can only pass at all by knowledge of facts. Now, no facts can be more easily crammed than particulars about authors' lives and machine-made dogmas as to their works. Philology would be a better test: but unfortunately that, to the most ardent supporters of the new school, is held in peculiar abhorrence.

In spite of the "Letters," the "Reminiscences," and even MR. FROUDE's "Life," it is highly probable that MR. and MRS. CARLYLE had a much better time of it than most people think. The immediate cause

of this remark is the cheerful picture of CARLYLE drawn by SIR C. GAVAN DUFFY in the *Contemporary*. SIR C. G. DUFFY knew CARLYLE for an entire generation, saw him in all his moods and under the most varied conditions, and often tried his impatient spirit by dissent from his cherished convictions, and he found him habitually serene and considerate, never hard, selfish, and arrogant. Compared with WORDSWORTH, his sense of personal superiority was not so constant or so vigilant, though the poet was perhaps more cautious in the exhibition of it. BURKE was far more liable to explosions of passion, and JOHNSON harsher and more peremptory every day of his life than CARLYLE at rare intervals in some fit of dyspepsia. This, the deliberate opinion of a man of such keen observation and power as SIR C. G. DUFFY should have weight even with the most violent detractors of CARLYLE.

THE notes of CARLYLE's conversation during his Irish tour were well worth preserving. Perhaps the most characteristic remark is that on WORDSWORTH: CARLYLE liked to hear him talk on any subject except poetry. His description of the poet as "a man of an immense head and great jaws like a crocodile's, cast in a mould designed for prodigious work," has all CARLYLE's extraordinary power of serious caricature. Of Ireland the best thing said is this: "We are married to Ireland by the ground-plan of this world." How CARLYLE would have blown to the winds the argument that Home Rule must mean separation!

As far as it goes "Wotton Reinfred," CARLYLE's hitherto unpublished novel appearing in the *New Review*, reads like a study for "Sartor Resartus." The incident of the hero silencing the tea-table orator and the circumstances of the love-story are essentially the same as those in Teufelsdröckh's chapter on "Romance." The wording is often identical. "Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself," occurs in both. The following parallel passages will show how close the two are:—

"Withdrawn in proud timidity within his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw himself with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O, now! 'She looks on thee,' cried he: 'she, the fairest, noblest,' etc. ("Sartor Resartus," book ii., chap. v.)

"Thus in timid pride he withdrew within his own fastnesses, where, baited by a thousand dark spectres, he saw himself constrained to renounce in unspeakable sadness the fairest hopes of existence. And how sweet, how ravishing the contradiction! 'She has looked on thee!' cried he; 'she, the fairest, noblest,' etc. ("Wotton Reinfred," chap. ii.)

Instead of preceding "Sartor Resartus," "Wotton Reinfred" was probably an attempt, on the failure of the former to find a publisher, to reduce it to a more popular form.

THE twenty-ninth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (SMITH, ELDER) begins with ADMIRAL INGLIS and ends with JOHN OF BURY. EDWARD IRVING and RICHARD JEFFERIES are by DR. GARNETT; the five JAMESSES of Scotland are by MR. ÆNEAS MACKAY; JAMES I. of England is by MR. S. R. GARDINER, and JAMES II. by MR. A. W. WARD. DOUGLAS JERROLD is by MR. J. A. HAMILTON.

A GLANCE through MR. JOHN JULIAN'S (JOHN MURRAY) "Dictionary of Hymnology, Setting Forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations, with Special Reference to those Contained in the Hymn Books of English-speaking Countries," reveals a really wonderful book. We can well believe that in the pursuit of technical accuracy as much time and attention have been required for the production of one page only as is usually expended on one hundred pages of ordinary

history or criticism. The labour must have been prodigious. Some idea of the immense mass of historical, biographical, doctrinal, devotional, and ritual matter digested in its thirteen hundred pages may be gathered from the fact that there are never less than thirty-five dates on a page.

THE publication of LOWELL'S "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses" (MACMILLAN) is in accordance with the intention of their author. Most of them had been revised by him with this end in view. PROFESSOR NORTH says that the only one of them concerning which there is a doubt whether he would have published it in its present form is the paper on RICHARD III. With this he was not satisfied, and he proposed to enlarge it at some time, possibly to rewrite it. The editor finds it sufficiently interesting to warrant its publication.

THE Lithuanian language—as great a curiosity as its fellow-survival, the Lithuanian elk—may, perhaps, take a new lease of life. The Prussian Poles recently obtained permission for the use of their language in religious instruction in the elementary schools in Polish-speaking districts. The Prussian Lithuanians have just petitioned the Prussian Minister of Education for a similar privilege. Religious instruction in a strange language, they say, is no barrier against the doctrines of Social Democracy. Presumably this reason is good enough for the official mind: but there are few greater intellectual benefits to a child than the possession of two languages—no matter what those languages are. Lithuanian has always keenly interested philologists, chiefly from its curious similarities to Greek; and the mysterious allusion in HERODOTUS to a colony of runaway and barbarised Hellenes in the interior of Scythia probably refers to the Lithuanians. The Russian Government has, of course, done its best to crush Lithuanian, as it is doing its best to crush Finnish. German learning ought to keep the Prussian Government from a similar blunder.

BESIDES M. ÉMILE DE LAVELEYE, the obituary this week includes SIR GEORGE AIRY, well known as a former Astronomer Royal, who had made very numerous contributions both to his own and to other branches of science; SIR JAMES REDHOUSE, K.C.B., a distinguished Orientalist and the author of the standard Turkish dictionary, who had also served as a diplomatist; SIGNOR CESARE BARDESANO, formerly Prefect of Milan; HERR KARL KERAPOLY, once a revolutionist, afterwards Hungarian Minister of Finance; MR. LEYLAND, a well-known magnate among Liverpool shipowners and patron of art; and the REV. A. A. MACLAREN, S.P.G. missionary to New Guinea.

THE four and a half days' match between Combined Australia and LORD SHEFFIELD'S Eleven has resulted in a victory for the very powerful Australian team—the best that has ever appeared against us—by 54 runs. The Englishmen had clearly the worst of the luck. They had to compile over 200 runs in the second innings on a pitch which was disappearing before their eyes in clouds of dust. Naturally they failed, but not disgracefully. MR. GRACE played excellently in both innings, and he has been, as is only befitting, the batting hero of the team, the dry Australian wickets suiting him to perfection. The Australian eleven, including such batsmen as A. C. BANNERMAN, GIFFEN, LYONS, TROTT, and MOSES, with TURNER as chief bowler, was as near the equal of our best men as Australia could have produced, and the turn of fortune made it just their superior.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

## SIR WILLIAM WHITE AND THE BALKAN STATES.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 31, 1891.

THE telegraph brings us the news of the sudden death of Sir William White at Berlin. Before this letter can reach you everything that can be said of him in England will have been written and read, but he was hardly known in England outside the Foreign Office. There he was known and appreciated; but it is only we, who have known him in the East, who can fully understand how great is the loss which England has sustained in his death. His extraordinary promotion from the Agency at Belgrade in 1878 to the Embassy at Constantinople in 1887 was not a happy accident or the result of favouritism, but a genuine reward of merit. It was seen that he was the one man in the service who could fill the place, and that this was the one place which he could fill better than any other. He has not disappointed the expectations of those who appointed him. England has not been better represented here since the days of Lord Stratford, "the Great Elchi." In many ways he resembled Lord Stratford. He had the same universal knowledge of men and events in the East. This was one great secret of Lord Stratford's success. He knew the character and history of every man with whom he had to deal, and every phase of the Eastern Question for fifty years was fresh in his memory. He had also a clearly defined policy; he knew what he wanted, and he knew how to deal with the Turks—when to be conciliatory and when to be angry.

In all these respects Sir William White was his equal. He had not the polish and culture of Lord Stratford, but he was a much more agreeable man to meet. He had a wonderful memory, stored with personal reminiscences of men and events in Russia, Poland, Germany, and the East; and he was certainly one of the most entertaining men in conversation whom I have ever met. It is my impression that he kept notes of all these things, which will furnish material for invaluable memoirs. Like Lord Stratford, he could go into a towering rage when he saw fit, and use the most vigorous language; but he was a man of warm heart and the most tender feeling, full of generous and kindly sympathy for all. He was a sincere but most liberal Roman Catholic, with a firm faith in the truths of Christianity, and a serious, religious spirit which led him to think much and often to speak of his personal religious experience. Although most of his life had been spent abroad, it had all been devoted to the service of his country, and he was as genuine an Englishman as Lord Stratford, caring little for the party strife going on at home, but wholly absorbed in the higher and broader interests of the Empire.

I had occasion, a few days before he left Constantinople for Berlin, to learn his views as to the general policy of England in the East, as well as in regard to pending questions. They were such as might have been expected from a statesman of his wide experience, clear head, and sound judgment. They were given to me in confidence, but so far as general policy is concerned there is no reason why his views should not be made public. They were personal opinions, and can compromise no one. He believed that there was an Eastern Question in which England had a vital interest, which she must maintain at any cost. He had no hope of seeing Turkey reformed and strengthened by a just and enlightened government; but he had no desire to hasten her downfall, and believed in maintaining as friendly relations with the Sultan as possible—while insisting upon all Treaty rights and a fair treatment of the Christian nationalities.

He believed that Russia was certain to attempt the conquest of Constantinople and South-Eastern Europe, unless she clearly understood that England would unite with the Continental Powers in resisting



the aggression, and that it would be a fatal error for England to tolerate any further extension of Russian power in Europe. He knew Russia and the Russians as very few Englishmen have known them, and he felt that no greater calamity could befall the world than the extension of their power over South-Eastern Europe; and he watched with untiring interest the endless intrigues of Russia in Turkey and the Balkan States, which are designed to prepare the way for an advance when the favourable moment may come.

He believed that these new Christian States were the great hope of Europe, and that England ought to do all in her power to strengthen them—in opposition to the determination of Russia to dominate and, finally, annex them. No one understands the weak points in these States better than he did, and yet he believed in them, and gave them all his sympathy and support.

In general there was nothing extreme or aggressive in his views, but he believed that it was the duty of England to maintain her rights and her influence in the East—to resist with all her might the aggressive schemes of Russia, and to favour in every way possible the development of the Christian nationalities, doing at the same time all in her power to keep the peace and save Europe from war.

This is nothing more than the traditional policy of England, as modified by the results of the last war, and by the conviction that there is no longer any hope of so reforming and civilising the Turkish Government as to make it possible to keep it from dissolution. Sir William's great success has been due not to the novelty of his views but to his knowledge of facts, and the energy and wisdom with which he has defended the interests of England and the rights of the people of the East. He will never be forgotten by those who have known him here, whether as friend or foe. His death will make no change in the policy of the English Government, but we wait with no little anxiety to know who is to take his place and carry out this policy. Whoever he may be, it will be long before he can exert the commanding influence which Sir William did. It was the fate of Lord Stratford to be followed by a man who had no sympathy with his views, no knowledge of the country, and no influence for good.

It will not be out of place, in closing this letter, to refer to a letter published in *THE SPEAKER* of December 26th on Bulgaria, for there was no State in the East in whose welfare Sir William took a deeper interest. In regard to the Chadourne incident, there is nothing new to be said. All the world understands the animus of the French Government; but, in regard to the condition of Bulgaria, the letter conveys an utterly false impression. I do not admire M. Stambuloff's system of government. It too much resembles that of Russia, where, unhappily, he was educated, and where, a distinguished Russian official assured me, he was more admired than any other Bulgarian.

I believe that a more liberal policy would have served his ends much better, but I cannot comprehend the blindness of your correspondent and his friends, who have to thank themselves and no one else for their misfortunes and for M. Stambuloff's continuance in power. They kidnapped Prince Alexander and drove him out of the country. They started the revolution at Rustchuck, and have been plotting against the Government ever since, their last exploit being the murder of M. Beltcheff in the streets of Sofia. They may not be paid by Russia. Some of them are honest, but they are demented. It is their repeated attacks upon the liberties of the country which alarm the people and keep M. Stambuloff in power. The people do not love him, but they know that he is a strong man, and it is strength which is needed when robbers are round your house.

I do not think that your correspondent really wishes to see his country annexed to Russia, for I have never known any Bulgarian who confessed to

any such desire; but they are under the delusion that a Russian protectorate would secure their independence, and give them Macedonia and perhaps Constantinople, and to secure this happy result they are ready for murder, civil war, or anything else. We, who are friends of Bulgaria, must regret that Russian methods of dealing with suspected persons still prevail; but the very men who are now suffering unhesitatingly used the same methods when they were in power, and would do so again to-morrow if they had the opportunity.

By all means let the Liberal party in England use all its influence, as your correspondent suggests, to put down tyranny in Bulgaria; but we may be sure that it will not unite with him in calling in Russia to take the lead in this good work. It would be calling in the wolf to protect the lamb.

The hope of Bulgaria and of Europe is that Russia may be kept within her own limits, and the best thing that we can wish for your correspondent and his friends is that they may accept this conclusion and give up their efforts to stir up civil war in their native country in the interest of the greatest and most terrible tyranny in the world.

#### PUNCH'S UNDERSTUDY.

THE first-class smoking carriage was the emptiest in the whole train, and even this was hot to suffocation, because my only companion denied me more than an inch of open window. His chest, he explained curtly, was "susceptible." As we crawled westward through the glaring country, the sun's rays beat on the carriage roof till I seemed to be crushed under an anvil, counting the strokes. I had dropped my book and was staring listlessly out of window. At the other end of the compartment my fellow-passenger had pulled down all the blinds and hidden his face behind the *Western Morning News*. He was a red-faced, choleric little man of about sixty, with a salient stomach, a prodigious nose to which he carried snuff about once in two minutes, and a marked deformity of the shoulders. For comfort—and also, perhaps, to hide this hump—he rested his back in the angle by the window. He wore a black alpaca coat, a high stock, white waistcoat, and trousers of shepherd's plaid. On no definite grounds I guessed him to be a lawyer and unmarried.

Just before entering the station at Lostwithiel, our train passed between the white gates of a level crossing. A moment before I had caught sight of the "George" drooping from the church spire, and at the crossing I saw it was regatta-day in the little town. The road was full of people and lined with sweet-standings; and by the near end of the bridge a Punch and Judy show was just closing a performance. The orchestra had unloosed his drum and fallen to mopping the back of his neck with the red handkerchief that had previously bound the panpipes to his chin. A crowd hung around, and among it I noted several men and women in black, hideous blots in the pervading sunshine.

The station platform was thronged as we drew up, and it was clear at once that all the carriages in the train would be besieged without regard to class. By some chance, however, we were disregarded, and escape seemed likely till the very last moment. The guard's whistle was between his lips when I heard a shout, then one or two feminine screams, and a party of seven or eight came tearing out of the booking office. Every one of them was dressed in complete black; they were, in fact, the people I had seen staring at the Punch and Judy show.

A moment after, the door of our compartment opened, and we were invaded. They tumbled in over my legs, panting, laughing, exclaiming, calling to each other to hurry—an old man, two youths, four middle-aged women, and a little girl about four years old. My choleric fellow-passenger leapt up, choking with wrath, and shouted to the guard. But

the door was slammed on his indignation, and we moved off. He sat back, purple above his stock, rescued his malacca walking-stick from under the coat-tails of a subsiding youth, stuck it upright between his knees, and glared around at the intruders. They were still possessed with excitement over their narrow escape, and unconscious of offence. One of the women dropped into the corner seat and took the little girl on her lap. The child's dusty boots rubbed against the old gentleman's trousers. He shifted his position, grunted, and took snuff furiously.

"That was nibby-jibby," the old man of the party observed, while his eye wandered round for a seat.

"I thought I should ha' died," said a robust woman, with a wart on her cheek and a yard of crape hanging from her bonnet. "Can't 'ee find nowhere to sit, uncle?"

"Reckon I must make shift 'pon your lap, Susannah." This was said with a chuckle, and the woman tittered. "What new-fangled game be this o' the Great Western's? Arms to the seats, I declare. We'll have to sit intimate, my dears."

"'Tis First Class," another woman announced in an awed whisper. "I saw it 'pon the door. You don't think they'll fine us."

"'T all comes of our stoppin' to glare at that Punch an' Judy," the old fellow went on, after I had shown them how to turn back the arm-rests and they were settled in something like comfort. "But I never *could* refrain from that antic—tho' I feels condemned, too, in a way—an' poor Thomas laid in earth no later than eleven this mornin'. But in the midst of life we are in death."

"I don't remember a more successful buryin'," said the woman with the wart.

"That was part luck, you see;—it bein' regatta-day an' the fun o' the fair not properly begun. I saw a lot at the cemetery I didn' know by face, an' I reckon they was mostly excursionists that caught sight of a funeral an' followed it, to fill up the time."

"Well, it all added."

"Oh, aye; Thomas was beautifully interred."

The heat in the carriage by this time was hardly more overpowering than the smell of crape, broad-cloth, and camphor. The youth who had wedged himself next to me carried a large packet of "fairing," which he had bought at one of the sweet-stalls. He began to insert it into his side pocket, and in his struggles drove an elbow sharply into my ribs. I shifted my position a little.

"Tom's wife would ha' felt it a source o' pride, had she lived."

But I ceased to listen; for in moving I had happened to glance at the further end of the carriage, and there my attention was arrested by a curious little piece of pantomime. The little girl—a dark-eyed, intelligent child, whose pallor was emphasised by the crape which smothered her—was looking very closely at the old gentleman with the hump—staring at him hard, in fact. He, on the other hand, was leaning forward with both hands on the knob of his malacca, his eyes bent on the floor and his mouth squared to the surliest expression. He seemed quite unconscious of her scrutiny, and was tapping one foot impatiently on the floor.

After a minute I was surprised to see her lean forward and touch him gently on the knee.

He took no notice beyond shuffling about a little and uttering a slight growl. The woman who held her put out an arm and drew back the child's hand, reprovingly. The child paid no heed to this, but continued to stare. Then in another two minutes she again bent forward and tapped the old gentleman's knee.

This time she fetched a louder growl from him and an irascible glare. Not in the least daunted she took hold of his malacca and shook it to and fro in her small hand.

"I wish to heavens, madam, you'd keep your child to yourself!"

"For shame, Annie!" whispered the poor woman, cowed by his look.

But again Annie paid no heed. Instead, she pushed the malacca towards the old gentleman, saying—

"Please, sir, will 'ee warm Mister Barrabel wi' this?"

He moved uneasily and looked harshly at her without answering. "For shame, Annie!" the woman murmured a second time; but I saw her lean back and a tear started and rolled down her cheek.

"If you please, sir," repeated Annie, "will 'ee warm Mister Barrabel wi' this?"

The old gentleman stared round the carriage. In his eyes you could read the question, "What in the devil's name does the child mean?" The robust woman read it there and answered him huskily—

"Poor mite, she's buried her father this mornin'; an' Mister Barrabel is the coffin-maker, an' nailed en down."

"Now," said Annie, this time eagerly, "will 'ee warm him, same as the big doll did just now?"

Luckily the old gentleman did not understand this last allusion. He had not seen the group around the Punch and Judy show; nor, if he had, is it likely he would have guessed the train of thought in the child's mind. But to me, as I looked at my fellow-passenger's nose and the deformity of his shoulders, and remembered how Punch treats the Undertaker in the immortal drama, it was all plain enough. I glanced at the child's companions. There was nothing in their faces to show that they took the allusion. And the next minute I was glad to think that I alone knew what had prompted Annie's speech.

For the next minute, with a beautiful change on his face, the old gentleman had taken the child on his knee and was talking to her as I dare say he had never talked before.

"Are you her mother?" he asked, looking up suddenly and addressing the woman opposite.

"Her mother's been dead these two year'. I'm her aunt, an' I'm takin' her home to rear 'long wi' my own childer."

He was bending over Annie, and had resumed his chat. It was all nonsense—something about the silver knob of his malacca—but it took hold of the child's fancy and comforted her. At the next station I had to alight, for it was the end of my journey. But looking back into the carriage as I shut the door, I saw Annie bending forward over the walking-stick and following the pattern of its silver-work with her small finger. Her face was turned from the old gentleman's, and behind her little black hat his eyes were glistening.

Q.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### LABOUR AND LIBERALISM.

SIR,—Your article on "A Labour Party" raises a question which a few weeks will show to be one of vital importance to the future of Liberalism. Is the great Labour movement of the last three years to be a force working in harmony with political Liberalism, or in isolation from it, or even in direct antagonism to it? A solution—at all events, a temporary solution—must be found for this question by next summer, and at present it can hardly be denied that, within the ranks of Labour itself, the leaning is to the second or even to the third alternative. You have given weighty reasons against the isolation of the Labour party; but there is another side to the question.

Rightly or wrongly, the Trade Unionists of to-day believe that improvements in their condition have come, and will come, from their own energy and public spirit, and not from politicians for whom they have voted at the polls. I do not altogether defend this feeling, but there is more justice in it than could be wished. Without going back into the past, or asking what Liberals did or did not accomplish for Labour when in power, consider only the attitude of official Liberalism on the platform and in the press to the New Unionism. Here is a young and struggling movement which, in the face of gigantic difficulties, led by men whose earnestness, devotion, and ability are recognised by all who know them, has made a deeper impression on the lives and characters of the unskilled masses in three years



than the combined efforts of philanthropists, preachers, and politicians have achieved in a generation. Yet official Liberals, the advocates of reform and the prophets of social justice, have looked coldly on, more concerned to cavil at the theoretic soundness of Mr. Burns's speeches or Mr. Mann's schemes than to give them practical sympathy and help in their work of renovation. This attitude may have been right or it may have been wrong, but those who have held it cannot complain if they have provoked suspicion; nor can they be surprised if, in the minds of working men, Liberalism is identified with Capitalism.

If Liberals wish to avoid the formation of a sectional party of Labour, they must get rid of the taint of sectionalism themselves. They cannot ride two horses. Either they stand on middle-class interests—and then they cannot complain if they lose the support of working men—or they rest on broad national interests, of which, as the best men in all parties and all classes have long insisted, the greatest and most pressing is the improvement of the condition of the working millions. If in the struggle for this improvement now going on before our eyes Liberals are content to be critics and refuse their help, then, as a party of the people, they are found wanting. If they claim to be such a party, let them take the Labour leaders into their counsels and endeavour to come to an understanding. Let them follow up the success of the Rural Conference with a gathering of Trade Unionists from the towns. Let them learn how the poor live in the towns, and what the poor want, from leaders whom the poor have chosen. Let them cast to the winds a system of economics which has long been discredited by theorists and practical men alike, and let them condescend to interchange ideas with the heads of organised Labour. Let them, in a word, vindicate their profession of "trusting the people," and they will find the people trust them; they will overcome the sectional differences which you deplore, and form a truly popular party of Reform.—I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

Halifax, January 4th, 1892.

L. T. H.

#### THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.

SIR,—I have read with great surprise your article in THE SPEAKER of 2nd inst. entitled "The Bourse and Civil War." English people are generally profoundly ignorant about Chili and its affairs, and this is not surprising when we see that Mr. Hervey was the only English newspaper correspondent present during the war.

I will endeavour to show why I think Mr. Hervey's book, "Dark Days in Chili," most misleading and incorrect. Since 1833 Chili has been governed in accordance with a Constitution which has undergone no change. During this period only one at all serious attempt at revolution took place. In 1851 General Santa Cruz was induced by his friends to oppose the election of Señor Manuel Montt to the Presidency by force of arms. But when he saw that Montt was supported by the country, he came to an arrangement with the Government, by which he retired. The crushing "with pitiless severity" (page 305) which Mr. Hervey speaks of is imaginary.

The President undoubtedly possesses great powers, but no one until Balmaceda has used them as he has. The great majority of Congress opposed him, without regard to political opinion, and when they declined to vote supplies, it was clearly as unconstitutional in him to raise the taxes himself as it was in the case of Charles I. of England. And the dismissal of the whole bench of judges, because they declared his acts to be illegal, again shows the way in which he violated the Constitution. The sympathy of the great mass of the country with the Opposition was evidenced by the inability of the police to capture the secret Juntas in Santiago and Valparaiso, though they held daily meetings in various houses. A Balmacedist sympathiser said that in Santiago four-fifths of the men and all the women were Opositores, while in Valparaiso the proportion was even greater. The same letter which told me this was written by one who had been in England for over twelve years, and had only recently returned to Chili. He says:—"It is perfectly wonderful how enthusiastic the foreigners become in favour of the Opposition, though at first they take neither side."

In spite of strict watch and search, there was a continual flow of young men to the north. Many left home and good employments to fight the Dictator, often as privates. The German strategist, Colonel Körner, remained with the President until he saw that the feeling of the country was unmistakably against him. He then also went to Iquique.

Even Mr. Hervey's facts are not to be relied on. For instance, he records (page 287) a battle at Viña del Mar, near Valparaiso, in which the Opposition troops were repulsed. This battle never took place, being merely an American invention. Your article records his opinion that the way in which the victors have used their triumph ensures an early retaliation. Under the heading of "Foreign Affairs" in the same issue appears the news that a comprehensive amnesty is one of the first measures passed by the new Congress. Only one man (and he, found with incendiary placards on him, was shot by order of court-martial) has been put to death since the surrender of Valparaiso.

A proof that the nation was with the Opposition was the disbandment of the Opposition army only eight days after the

battle of Placilla, a proceeding probably unequalled in revolutionary annals.

Contrast this confidence in the feeling of the nation with the government of Balmaceda. Santiago and Valparaiso were in a state of siege during the whole of the revolution. The troops were not allowed to leave their barracks without an officer. Non-political people were arrested in the streets, taken to prison, and kept there until the downfall of Balmaceda, without knowing the charges against them. Nearly all the newspaper offices were closed, and the machinery broken. Not even telephones were allowed. No one could leave a seaport without a passport, and for some time passports were required for going from one interior town to another. But the Government agents rebelled against the enormous labour this involved. The militia, which, being composed of citizens and much larger than the standing army, is a check on the latter, was disbanded and the arms taken to Santiago.

There is not space, nor is it necessary, to enter on the question of tortures ordered by Balmaceda and his officials. That question is being examined before the courts of the country. Chilean bonds, which so surprised Mr. Hervey by leaping from 74 to 91 on the news of the fall of Balmaceda, have not only maintained that rise, but are now 92. Señor Montt, though a Conservative, has been unanimously elected President by a country which returns Liberal majorities to both Chambers. This alone is sufficient to show that all shades of politicians opposed Balmaceda, and that the certainty of the will of a nation triumphing over that of an individual has been once again verified.—I am yours faithfully,

JAMES A. LYON.

Lloyds, London, January 6th, 1892.

#### "FROM PEKIN TO MONGOLIA."

SIR,—THE SPEAKER of 2nd January publishes a letter from Mr. Poultney Bigelow in which he says that the French destroyed the famous Summer Palace of the Emperor of China.

Will you allow me to say that this statement is incorrect? The Summer Palace was burned and razed to the ground by the English, intentionally, deliberately, on the express orders of Lord Elgin and in defiance of his colleague, the French Plenipotentiary, Baron Gros, who disapproved of and protested against the measure.

The action of the British Envoy has been variously judged. Some have excused it as a retributive act of justice; others have condemned its Vandalism. It is not my purpose to pronounce upon these conflicting opinions. I merely wish to point out that, the facts being undoubtedly as I have just stated, the French had nothing whatever to do with the destruction, and the responsibility rests with Lord Elgin alone.

Havre, 4th January, 1892.

J. J. MARCEL.

#### THE REAL CLAUDE MONET.

SIR,—It is the opinion of some of us that G. M. has evolved from his inner consciousness a strange and, in fact, quite unrecognisable Monet to present to your readers. "At undetermined intervals," he says, "M. Claude Monet returns from the country with thirty or forty landscapes, all equally perfect, all painted in precisely the same way." "The painter attains his effects with such regularity and despatch, that it is impossible not to weary of so much certainty. . . . This eternal decoration, this touch so much more precious than profound, this vision so rapid that the intimate note is lost, this ever changing but ever shallow brilliant appearance, wears," etc.

Does not one at once construct from this description a child of the asphalt and the boulevards returning from his summer outing with his pile of canvases, perhaps with sketches to work up in the leisure of his winter atelier?—one who has acquired his "technical accomplishment," his "regularity and despatch," from long years of training in the school and the studio?—not a daily guest at Nature's table, but a chance reporter, with an eye to business, peeping in as he finds her door ajar—in fact, a commercial traveller of Art, sent out into Nature's manufactories to pick up such specimens of her wares as will, in his judgment, best suit her wealthy patrons, full of complacent self-satisfaction, troubled with no misgivings as to his success in properly arranging his "décor de théâtre"? But is this the real Monet?

"Once," said Monet, "I spent three weeks in an art school, and they were the most unprofitable three weeks of my life." For more years than I can tell you he has lived, through all the changing seasons, in a little Normandy village lying just where the slender Epte, with its fringe of poplars and willows, loses itself, with all its brooks, in the broad, cliff-edged Seine—the village which he has made immortal with his brush. Not his the casual glance of the stranger, but the long gaze of the lover, eye to eye, soul to soul, looking beyond the transient and the accidental, stamping deeply in his mind the real and the permanent, recording the impressions of one who knows all, and loves better than he knows. Such is his manner of seeing, such his endeavour to record what he sees. But is he always satisfied with the record? Is his never "the human desire outstripping the means at its disposal"? In the long days spent at work in

the open air, Monet takes with him a number of canvases, leaving one for another so soon as his sensitive eye warns him of a change in the light, never perhaps to take up again the same canvas if similar conditions of colour and light do not return. His house is full of pictures which he will not part with, because they are below his standard. On one of these the critic who speaks of him as a regular, mechanical worker, with no longing for an "unattainable beyond," might see the impress of a boot, where the impetuous, unsatisfied artist, in a moment of disgust, thrust his foot through it. It is not many months since, in despair at the impossibility of attaining his ideal, he threw paint-box and brushes into the river, resolved never to touch canvas again, telegraphing that night, as one may imagine, in all haste, to Paris for fresh supplies. There is even a rumour current that he once locked himself into his studio, and carried the demolition of his work there so far as to make firewood of most of its contents.

Because, with proud humility, he offers the public only his best, let no one suppose that this is a slice cut from the dead level of "passionless perfection." It represents, on the contrary, constant struggle and, in his own estimation, frequent failure. "Clearly," says G. M., "Sisley and Monet have often worked together side by side. Their work tells of long companionship. They were clearly nourished in the same traditions, and participated in the same revolt." I know not whether Sisley has ever worked with Monet. As a rule, certainly, Monet works alone; he needs no companionship, and shrinks from it. Nature has been his teacher, and he invariably refuses to teach others, sending them to her school, the only one that he believes in. Instead of being nourished in the same traditions, they have more probably benefited by the same absence of tradition.

The thoughts of G. M., mentioned above, are those which came to him, as he intimates, at his writing-desk. "They are," he says, "no doubt true enough." But how can they be true, when every sensation which he experiences before the real picture gives them the lie? How can Monet's pictures be "all equally perfect," when, in the presence of a number, G. M. sees and feels only one? How can a man be "the supreme and incontestable master of modern landscape" whose touch is "more precious than profound," whose vision is so shallow, so rapid, that "the intimate note is lost"—who is, in fact, but the scene-painter of a theatre?

Would it not have been better for G. M. to suppress his preconceived opinions, since he has the sincerity to contradict them by his subsequent impressions, rather than to give the casual reader the trouble of trying to disengage, in the interests of justice, fact from fancy?—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

GIVERNY.

#### ANGLICISING THE CELT.

DEAR SIR,—Not as the publisher of Mr. Jacob's "Celtic Fairy Tales," but simply as an Englishman who loves Celtic lore and has done what lies with him to make it accessible to other Englishmen, may I be allowed a few remarks upon the review in your last week's "Literary Causerie"? I understand A. T. Q. C.'s feeling, and I can assure him that if I thought he were right, and that the preservation and publication of Celtic legends tended to the Anglicising of Ireland, I would have nothing to do with them. But I believe he is wholly wrong. I believe that the interest created by the study of Celtic tradition fosters and strengthens the traditional spirit. But even if I am wrong in this belief, surely it cannot have the contrary effect; it cannot help the Anglicising process—that is altogether independent of the folk-lore efforts. But if we cannot prevent the Anglicising of Ireland, we can to some extent Celticise England, and we are thereby working more effectually than in any other way against "Moody and Sankey monstrosities." This I hold to be a necessary process if Englishmen and Irishmen are ever to come nearer understanding each other. And many good Gaels, both in these islands and in America, some of them ardent Irish Nationalists, hold with me.—Faithfully yours,

ALFRED NUTT.

270, Strand, London, W.C., January 4th, 1892.

#### BAD STATISTICS.

SIR.—Taking a considerable interest in the economical condition of two not very far-away countries—England and France—I make it my constant business to be well posted-up in their statistics.

This morning I received from my bookseller Mr. Joseph Whitaker's "Almanack for 1892" and "Barker's Facts and Figures," edited by Mr. Thomas P. Whittaker, for the same coming year, which, I trust, may be a happy one for them and for all of us.

I turned at once to the National Debt of France, a fatal thing, which has a strange fascination in it. I find that Barker puts it (for 1889) at £86,708,382, while the Almanack adds some £400,000,000 sterling to this, and says it is understated at even £1,288,500,000 for 1890.

I next thought I would look at home, and there I find our own dear little liabilities for 1891 most carefully worked out by the Almanack to £634,070,959, while Barker again underbids at £630,681,531. Here is a slight difference of between £3,000,000

and £4,000,000. Many other differences are observable which are, I assure you, startling, if not astounding (for example, in the revenue and trade of France).

Now, Sir, I am one of those who are constantly wanting credible statistics at a moment's notice, and I am also, unfortunately, one of those who cannot afford to make mistakes of either 4,000,000 or 400,000,000 in my articles. Will Messrs. Whittaker and Whitaker settle between them, and let us know, which (if either) of them is correct; which are the facts (in a word) and which merely figures?—I remain, Sir,

A CONSTANT WRITER.

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, January 8th, 1892.

OF critics worth consideration there are two classes. Those of the first are magisterial, imposing, mysteriously endowed with authority over artists and writers, and determined to use that authority as a sacred deposit. How it comes to them, whether by divine right or apostolical succession, I have no means of knowing: for I have never assisted at the birth of anything in the shape of a head-master, nor would willingly do so. It appears, however, that they are born with a complete set of major premisses in their mouths, by virtue of which they are able to mark artistic work as an examiner marks a set of papers. Consciously fulfilling their social functions, they watch over the hierarchies of art and letters, obliterating the incompetent with a tear and frowning down the pert impostor. They are stately creatures; and few do them the violence of asking for their credentials. England has its usual luck in possessing a great many of them. In France, M. Ferdinand Brunetière is head of their college. In all countries they reason deductively.

Those of the second class understand criticism not as a special constabulary service but as one branch of the art of enjoying life. They define it as the art of enjoying masterpieces, and their tendency is to label their own impressions rather than the authors of these masterpieces. Less holy than their rivals, they are vastly more comfortable. Their reasoning is almost wholly inductive, and when writing in French, they avoid the use of *tandis que*. In England we have two dramatic critics of this class.

Of these two Mr. A. B. Walkley is one, and the title of his just-published volume—"Playhouse Impressions" (T. Fisher Unwin)—is an index to his method. A good half of the articles therein collected have appeared for the first time in THE SPEAKER; but readers of this paper will do well to acquire the book, if only to read Mr. Walkley's *apologia* and his notions of the critic's office. "The enunciation," says he, "of positive judgments, of absolute truths, I hold to be no part of my business; on the contrary, to be negative and relative was a point of honour. To have as many impressions as fortune willed—if irreconcilable, no matter—about the same work; to find the arguments for and against equally good; to be, in fine, multilateral, *ondoyant et divers*; these seemed to me the true objects of that 'art of enjoying masterpieces' which is one sort of criticism."

I have but one complaint to make against this—that it is too modest. You would think, to read it, that Mr. Walkley had no first principles in his pack; that he entered the playhouse with no prepossessions—with nothing, in fact, but a rarefied intelligence. But, as one who has before now disputed with him, I take a malicious pleasure in discovering one damning great general proposition among his papers—one that he has taken into the theatre with him many times—a sound major premiss it is true, and soundly reached by induction. But after reading his preface I feel a subtle joy in warning him of the



temptations to which even a sound major premiss may expose a man.

Mr. Walkley is—if we except Mr. Archer—the only dramatic critic in England who has made any attempt to use the historical method. The average newspaper-man dates the commencement of the Drama from the night when he first elbowed his way into the pit, and though the average newspaper-man is very old indeed, he cannot date back to Thespis, or even to Sheridan. He can compare a new playwright with Robertson or Byron or Boucicault, and there he stops. Shakespeare he knows as a great dramatist who was still popular in 1830, but of Shakespeare's place in the development of the drama he is quite ignorant. Now Mr. Walkley's method is different. In discussing Mr. Sydney Grundy's *A Pair of Spectacles* he will take you back through MM. Labiche and Delacour to Shadwell, and from Shadwell back to Terence's *Adelphi*. In dealing with a Gaiety burlesque he is able to show that *Carmen up to Date* cannot be justified by a reference to Aristophanes. In other words, he has studied the evolution of the drama; and this study has led him first to comparison and thence to a general proposition.

What this general proposition is, you may learn from his two papers on *Hamlet* and a third on Sheridan. But perhaps he will allow me to digest it thus: The drama in Shakespeare's day and up to the time of Sheridan was an art of presentation rather than of representation. It had not yet been clearly differentiated from other literary forms: it included much that has since (by specialisation of function) been taken over by the novel, the dramatic poem, the popular philosophy-book, even the sermon. The very structure of the Elizabethan stage, with its lack of mechanism to produce illusion: the presence of spectators on the stage (whence they were banished not long before Sheridan's time): the defective archæology of the times—all this detracted from illusion and made the drama as much a rhetorical as an imitative art. Hence certain speeches in Shakespeare—the Seven Ages speech, the Queen Mab speech, the soliloquy in *Hamlet*—though not dramatic in our day, were dramatic then: for drama included much that has since been relegated to other branches of the poetic art. To quote Mr. Walkley, "Such speeches as the homily of Polonius, or Hamlet's lecture to the players, were not designed by Shakespeare to further the action or to illustrate character, nor were they for one moment so regarded by the Elizabethan man in the pit. Shakespeare simply wanted to philosophise about life or the drama, and the man in the pit wanted to hear about these things."

Now here Mr. Walkley has got hold of a general proposition—that the drama, up to Sheridan's time, was presentative rather than representative, aiming at rhetorical effect rather than illusion. But in his desire for a neat antithesis I submit that he is "assisting evolution" when he goes on to demand, as he does, that our drama to-day shall be wholly representative. I cannot quite believe that at the death of Sheridan dramatic art turned so smart a summer-sault. Things don't happen so suddenly. And indeed I take leave to doubt that the drama—or any other art, for that matter—can ever turn completely over from presentation to representation. "Uncompromising realists"—among whom, I suppose, Mr. Walkley may be counted—want it to imitate "the strange, irregular, rhythm of life." Life shows no plot, design, construction at all. Why then, they ask, should a play show any?

The answer, I suppose, has been given a hundred times: and my only quarrel with the realists is that

they are not really "uncompromising" enough. Let them push their theory as far as ever it will go. You have, we'll say, four hours during which you may detain your audience at the theatre. Let us discard all artifice, and going back to the dear old Unity, cut four hours out of somebody's everyday life and exhibit it. Then you will have representation, pure and simple. But when any art is used at all you must have presentation. As soon as an artist begins to select, he is presenting—giving you what he desires you to see. But Mr. Walkley's contention is best met with a question—Do you know a single play which is not presentative? And if not, can you imagine one?

It remains to be seen if Messrs. Walkley and Archer can improve our plays after their hearts, but, undoubtedly, they are improving our dramatic criticism. At length we are able to listen to a judgment upon a play which is not mainly an appreciation of the actors and actresses. In one respect, at least, Mr. Walkley resembles Hazlitt. The players "put him out": the playhouse, he feels, would be a delightful place without them. The majority have rather violent personalities, and these personalities intrude between him and the author's meaning. This is, he says, "the paradox of the acted drama: the very means that make it possible to judge of it hinders judgment." In a different way, and for other reasons, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is equally impatient of the mummer. But there is, perhaps, a danger that the reformers of our drama may carry this impatience too far. It is all very well to talk of "literary" plays, and even better to write "literary" plays, provided the literature does not clog the actor. I speak as an amateur, but appeal to Mr. Walkley himself—"As if," he exclaims on p. 20, "that part of literature which is called drama could be properly judged without reference to the conditions of the very object with which it is written! As if the whole structure of a play were not dependent on the fact that it is to be acted!" As long as this is borne in mind, well and good. But when we find Mr. Jones, in a preface to his "Saints and Sinners," asserting that "there is a certain very strong antagonism between the literary and theatrical elements of a play," we cannot help suspecting that literature as understood by Mr. Walkley and Mr. Jones is two very different things.

Of Mr. Walkley's acuteness I need not speak—nor of his courage—to readers of THE SPEAKER who remember his remarks upon the *Taming of the Shrew*; nor of his humour—for was it not he who hit on the beautiful idea of producing Mr. Haddon Chambers by the Method of Exhaustion? Written with a light hand, often brilliant and never by any chance stupid, his book must charm even those who fail to detect its real seriousness. It is like good French criticism, worth reading for its own sake: and one ejaculates on closing its pages, "What a treat it is to come across a critic who is not a Philistine!"

A. T. Q. C.

## REVIEWS.

### STUDIES IN ANARCHY.

DIE ANARCHISTEN. [Sketches of Civilisation at the Close of the Nineteenth Century.] By John Henry Mackay. Zürich. 1891.

TO that series of curious magic-lantern slides which goes by the name of "romance" in the nineteenth century, fresh pictures, both at home and abroad, are being constantly added. Few more instructive as a picture—though it is nothing of a story—have come in our way of late than "The Anarchists," by that well-known German poet who calls himself John Henry Mackay. It is a rudely drawn sketch, with bold but unequal strokes, and not relieved even

for a moment by the lighter touches that a romance-writer of the old school would have, more or less cunningly, thrown in. But Herr Mackay does not belong to the old school. He is a stark and literal Realist—a photographer—whose aim is not storytelling, but to fix in clear outline a situation or an incident just as he sees it, and rather to point a moral than to adorn a tale. Any page torn out of the book of life will serve his purpose, and the more ragged and besmirched, the deeper the stains which cleave to it from the London mud, the better will it express what he has in view. He intends to make us acquainted with the genuine sense of that much misused word "anarchy;" and, though he might have given us a good story into the bargain, and not contented himself with painting a couple of full-length portraits, we think he has done as he proposed, for as many as will read him.

Herr Mackay has written verse, and good-natured critics, who, it is evident, had never looked at Shelley and had forgotten their Freiligrath, hailed him as "the first singer of anarchy." At all events, he will not be the last. Anarchy, the new movement which is breaking to the front, and threatens to divide the future with Socialism, is certain to have its poets as well as its soldiers and philosophers, in the good time coming. For it is exactly the kind of message that quickens the blood, and thrills it as with a new inspiration. The "sovereign individual" which it exalts above the sovereign States and Churches of the past, is, at first sight, an extremely attractive Ishmael. He is the veritable "Prometheus Unbound." Whether he will furnish as grand a tragedy as when he was not unbound, and could declaim, though not altogether at his ease, among the crags of Caucasus, remains a question. Herr Mackay believes in him, and has eloquently given the grounds of his faith in this sombre, depressing, and yet powerful fragment.

It is a shifting panorama of London in 1887—the "Jubilee Year," as our author scornfully takes note. Interwoven with dialogues and discussions, is the story of the Anarchists—falsely so-called, according to Herr Mackay—who were hanged, amid popular excitement and after much debating and petitioning, at Chicago in the same year. There is no plot, unless the breaking up of an old friendship between the two principal characters, Otto Trupp and Carrard Auban, be allowed to stand for such. But the interest of the book is vivid and painful, with its background of thanksgiving for a prosperous reign, and its processions of the unemployed, Trafalgar Square rioting, East End misery, and glimpses of the "kingdom of hunger." This German critic knows his London well; and, in the true spirit of romantic poetry, views it "with larger other eyes than ours." Now and again his peculiar fashion of reproducing scenes which are too commonplace to seem terrible in English eyes, may make the reader smile. But it is the stranger who is in the right, not we, when he discerns something indescribably great and horrible in our "dim rich city." The presentment is vivid, full of smoke and dying flame, by no means cheerful in the general effect, but somewhat resembling the dream which might come to a sane man who by mistake had been shut up in Colney Hatch.

Long ago Dickens flung upon his crowded canvas the picturesque misery of London, which he had hunted out of its corners and crooked lanes by day or by night. Dickens, however, could imagine reality better than he could suggest a way of lifting it up. He felt the need of reform passionately, but with the inveterate slowness of an English mind when it looks ahead, he shrank from the idea of revolution. Since his time, the "International" has come and gone; Socialism, which was but French or German, has made the round of the world; the middle-class, which called itself Liberal, is discovering that the class beneath it can be Liberal too, though not quite of the same colour; and the cosmopolitan movement, much thwarted by differences of race and tongue, is broadening every day, until it seems likely

to supplant or transform the old national conceptions.

A romance like "The Anarchists" takes up the story where Dickens broke off. London is still the heart of the social question; it abides what it was fifty years ago: "hell in ashen grey." But the universal movement has begun to stir its deep and sullen waters. The foreign element grows within it; not only "fungus Jews" at Whitechapel, or German clerks in the City, or half-starved Italian waiters at all the restaurants, but the disciples of Lassalle, Karl Marx, Bakunin, and Max Stirner are at home there. The "Sweating Committee" of the House of Lords called up before it one kind of alien, a hunger-bitten, frowsy, trembling crowd, outcasts who had been flung into this common cesspool of Europe by the states which were delighted to get rid of them. Herr Mackay, surveying their dens and rookeries, has painted the surroundings of these "wage-determining phenomena" with intense power and feeling. The problem of English poverty to which we are used has now, as he indicates with violent emphasis, got itself entangled in that of the Continental "proletariat." Neither can be solved alone. But, besides the pauper immigration, there is a second, of the exiles, the conspirators, *les révoltés*, who are no longer intent upon overthrowing kings and setting up republics, but are enraged against the very conception of "the State"—men who have been defeated without being greatly weakened, for they cannot be kept, wherever they come, from preaching their revolutionary doctrine. These, especially, are the men whom Herr Mackay has studied.

Take, as an example, Otto Trupp, aged five-and-thirty, son of a working man in the Saxon lowlands, driven from home by a termagant mother, and thrown, as chance would have it, hungry and penniless, into hard smith's work near Chemnitz when he was a lad of fifteen. He reads Lassalle's "Working Man's Programme," feels its truths, joins a Socialist club, and learns to divide mankind into "exploiters" and "exploited." Henceforth, he believes, with many thousands more, that, to build up society, the middle class must be pulled down. He can read, but knows nothing of history, classics, or the established religion. Wandering into Switzerland, he hears the word "Anarchy" for the first time, understands it as meaning Nihilism, and throws himself into the propaganda of destruction with apostolic zeal. He is a sincere fanatic, without wife or child, who is ready to go anywhere, and carry to his working-class comrades the universal Jonah's message, "Down with everything that is up." He believes in opposing force by force, in changes of government by dynamite, and in Robespierre's policy of first guillotining the well-dressed, and then setting up a golden age upon the foundations of terror. When the "true time comes," indeed, terror will have seen its day. Communism is the end, anarchy the means; and over the gates of this earthly Paradise we read Louis Blanc's formula: "To each according to his needs; from each according to his capacity." But how if some will eat and will not work? "Ah," replies Trupp, "the holy spirit of altruism will provide against all that; only let us establish anarchy, and you will see." Meanwhile, this broad-shouldered, iron-handed son of the forge, whose heart melts when he looks upon suffering, is convinced that the shortest way to happiness is the best, and, in prison or out of prison, he prepares his charges of powder for the "last great revolution" that shall shake the bourgeois world to pieces. "Rant and fustian," says the literary man at his club. Be it so. But with the receipt for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine in its pocket! Herr Mackay points for illustration to Chicago, hanging the spokesmen of "anarchy" in a frenzied panic which would have done credit to the weakest despot that ever hid himself behind his palace walls. Were the leaders at Chicago innocent, as this writer vehemently maintains? What mental confusion,

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then, must have been wrought by the flinging of a single shell in the brains of these so-called democratic rulers, who knew they were innocent, but had determined to hang somebody? Or were they guilty? The terror which their apparition excited is still a bad sign, and proves that "wild talk may yet be the forerunner of revolutionary deeds."

But, says Herr Mackay, neither the Chicago unfortunates nor even Otto Trupp were anarchist in the proper sense. Carrard Auban is the man—a carefully-constructed, life-like figure, and the best of his portraits. Auban is a Parisian, born of a French father and a German mother. He has been well educated, is a journalist and man of letters, and has gone through the "red fever," like other youths of his time. Nay, he has suffered imprisonment for the cause, defied his judges, and made revolutionary harangues in court. But in his solitary confinement he has studied political economy; and when Trupp meets him in London he is a changed being. An anarchist, yes; but one who has put science and reason in the place of dynamite. He stands aloof from conspiracies, dark-lantern meetings, and the whole pernicious mummery of underground movements. As he walks about London, surveying its golden youth at midnight in Piccadilly, its fallen women of all nations, its neglected children swarming in the gutters, its innumerable gin-palaces and pawnshops—the whole of its "perplexed and brutal communism," which compels a vast multitude to rot in filth and misery from the cradle to the grave, he sees that a revolution must come, and is already preparing. The middle-class may turn away when invited to look down the volcano on the side of which their comfortable houses are built, or to calculate what would happen if the fire which makes their gardens bloom so luxuriantly were to break out from underneath; but science, which foretells the future, as it has recorded the past, is well assured that this people's volcano will never be extinct. The huge monopolies that have created, as their inevitable consequence, our millions of the proletariat, are on the way to be absorbed in the new gigantic organism which even now is rising upon the ruins of the feudal State. To-morrow belongs, in Auban's opinion, to the Socialists.

He is convinced, nevertheless, that Socialism will be "the last universal stupidity" of mankind; for he sees beyond it the utter collapse of the State, and, with the growth of science, a corresponding growth in personal freedom. "You deny history," objects a critic to him; and he answers, "I deny the past." He repudiates the communist doctrine of sacrificing self to the multitude. He longs for the day when no man shall have a right of constraining his neighbour. He would deal with the State as English and American Liberals have agreed to deal with religion: putting, instead of a centralised power, free association for definite ends. He comes very close, at times, to Mr. Herbert Spencer, and still more close to Mr. Auberon Herbert. With the naïveté which somewhere or other is sure to betray a born German, Herr Mackay fancies that a day may come when we shall bid the tax-gatherer go about his business, and decline to take shares in the State, as if it were a bogus company, the directors of which were only too well known in the Bankruptcy Court. Auban indulges an odd kind of dream in which the State turns out to be a mere delusion, an idol of the market-place, dressed up by our own foolish hands. For anarchy means spontaneous grouping, in opposition to force, privilege, and tradition. It means the right of private property, unrestricted save by the equal rights of other men, but unprotected by law or by police. It is, in short, the Utopia of a well-balanced Egoism in which business contracts, mutual defence and protection, marriage, religion, and all things else, shall depend on the free choice of individuals, each of whom may do as he will with himself, his opinions, and his labour.

Over this argument Trupp and Auban dissolve their friendship and go their several ways, implying

that the camp of revolution will break up after the same fashion. For how can freedom be reconciled with communism, or absolute power with anarchy? "When the few exploit the many," says Auban with great force, "we have the bourgeois State, as at present. But when the many exploit the few, we shall have the Socialist State, and the reign of mediocrity." "As things stand," he continues, "some have the means not to labour, while others have not the means to labour." Can the State apply a remedy? In his view it is the State which creates and feeds the disease. There is a corrupt and corrupting idle class at the top and bottom of the scale. But would it improve our condition to abolish magistrates, pastors, and masters, at a single blow? The "spontaneous grouping" which would follow might not please even Mr. Auberon Herbert.

All the figures which flit past us in this melancholy, thoughtful book, are miserable. A coffin lid seems to have been let down over the whole earth and shuts out the sky. Fierce and bitter as it is, uncompromising in its hatred of religion, which it calls "the deliberate lie of salaried priests," and in its disdain of ethics, at which Auban laughs with more than his usual irony, the volume has its worth and its significance. Not for English working-men, who dislike the foreign Anarchist as much as the middle-class dislike them. But for all who recognise that our long isolation from the world of the Continent is coming to an end. These side-views of the International, and of its leaders, will admirably explain the relation of English Socialism to other, and more revolutionary, groups. It may be prophesied that, whenever anarchy gets down into the streets, Carrard Auban's scruples about the employment of physical force will vanish, and he will be found marching shoulder to shoulder with Otto Trupp. We shall never reach the Utopia of all the virtues—even if we exchange religion for the "atheism of the twentieth century"—until we have gone through a conflict of all the strengths. Can we forget that Napoleon came after Robespierre, and that we are still waiting for Napoleon's successor?

#### STATE PAPERS OF HENRY VIII.

CALENDAR OF LETTERS, DESPATCHES, AND STATE PAPERS RELATING TO THE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SPAIN, PRESERVED IN THE ARCHIVES AT SIMANCAS, VIENNA, BRUSSELS, AND ELSEWHERE. Vol. vi., Part i. Henry VIII., 1538-1542. Edited by Pascal de Gayangos. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

It would be ungrateful to complain of the extensive scope of a collection which, nominally restricted to "the negotiations between England and Spain from 1538 to 1542," comprehends, in fact, the affairs of Spain, France, and the Pope in their mutual connection as well. The interest and variety of the volume are thus immensely increased, and we shall not inquire too curiously how far Señor de Gayangos has confined himself within the precise limits of his commission. An excellent index relieves the embarrassment in which the mere student of English affairs might otherwise find himself amid the throng of heterogeneous matters. Foreign personages, indeed, almost monopolise the stage for more than a year of the period comprised in this Calendar, during which the Imperial envoy was wholly withdrawn from the Court of London. This diplomatic rupture, partly caused by the pressure put upon Charles V. by the Pope, was healed in 1540, and the returning ambassador, the same Chapuys so well known to the students of Henry the Eighth's first divorce, was in time to witness the espousal and divorce of Anne of Cleves, the fall of Cromwell, the elevation and tragic death of Catherine Howard, and the rising in the North, which he ascribes to the suppression of the monasteries having diverted the revenues formerly spent in the country to London. The Pope also thought that if trade between England and the Continent were interdicted, the English would revolt, expel Henry, and perhaps kill him. Why the English nevertheless supported Henry in spite of

his tyranny may be explained by another ambassador's observation that if France, the Emperor, Scotland, and Rome would but combine for offensive purposes "the partition and distribution" of England would not be difficult. The picture of Henry, drawn as it is by an unfriendly hand, is not unfavourable. In his conversations with Chapuys, frequently and fully reported, he always expresses himself straightforwardly and with strong good sense, and there are more indications of tender feeling than we should have expected. It is interesting to find him regretting the great minister he had disgraced: "No sooner did he hear the Cardinal's name than he began to sigh, and exclaimed, 'I never in my life did, or expect to, see a more able or wiser man than the Cardinal was in matters of government and administration.'" He affected indifference at the time of Catherine Howard's execution, but afterwards Chapuys attests: "Ever since he heard of his late queen's misconduct he has become sad and mournful, and I have scarcely spoken to him once without finding him low-spirited and dejected, sighing continually." Such details give life to the dry details of diplomatic correspondence, and there are plenty of them. We learn, for example, that when Charles the Fifth's natural daughter married the Pope's grandson, nearly all her income went in repairing the ruinous Roman palace assigned as her residence. Chapuys relates with glee how he has gained over the secretary of the French ambassador, who supplies him with copies of his employer's confidential despatches; it does not occur to him that he has no security for their genuineness, and that his own secretary is very probably serving him the same way. On the whole, the general impression is one of great richness and picturesqueness, from the dignity and importance of the personages who continually pass and repass as in some brilliant masquerade; of astonishment at the vast amount of business devolving ultimately upon the Emperor, for the satisfactory despatch of which nothing less than omnipotence and omniscience could have sufficed; most of all of the abortive issues and stupendous futility of the great mass of the diplomacy of the age, correctly characterised by one of the diplomats as "much talk, innumerable devices, which it would take me too much time to put down in writing, and, substantially, nothing at all."

Señor de Gayangos is a veteran in the art of calendaring State papers, and nothing can in general be more luminous than his *précis*. Slight errors, of course, occasionally creep in. *Levy* the embargo (p. 103) is not English, and the context shows that the proper word would have been *raise*. Most remarkable—though it may have been good English in Henry the Eighth's time—is the present which he is said (p. 307) to have received of "three *venison* pies made of the largest *wild boar* that was ever killed in France."

#### "A SICILIAN IDYLL."

A SICILIAN IDYLL. A Pastoral Play in Two Scenes. By John Todhunter. London: Elkin Matthews. 1891.

THIS latest of our many English echoes of Theocritus, published now in a form not unlike some of the famous small quartos of Elizabethan plays, has, like those plays, had its public opportunity on the stage before appearing in type. As performed several months ago in the small theatre of that suburban Arcadia, Bedford Park, it proved very successful; and bore well the test of a second inspection when repeated in London a little later. On turning to the text, the impression then made of a graceful and picturesque setting forth of

"An Idyll, picturing 'neath summer skies  
The shepherd folk of some dim age of gold,"

to quote the Prologue, is, on the whole, strengthened. In the Prologue Dr. Todhunter, by his reference to "the pale shade of old Theocritus"—as, indeed, by

the title and whole conditioning of the play—indirectly acknowledges that his is rather a reflected than an original presentment; and he does not confine himself to echoing Theocritus, but echoes freely too those later poets, who, writing in the Theocritean manner—or, at any rate, as in Keats, writing verse with a classical memory of things idyllic—have helped on the pastoral tradition in English poetry. In the case of such a piece of work this was to be expected, and it would be the merest unkindness of criticism to take to account on that score the modern playwright and versifier who revives for us the old idyllic Sicily of Daphnis and Amaryllis. Moreover, Dr. Todhunter, if he does echo, echoes well. He combines his notes skilfully, and puts his own voice, so to speak, into them, and the music that results is sweet and of a pastoral tunefulness.

The story that his lines set forth is simple enough; so simple, indeed, that, unless one had seen it on the stage and found it effective there, one might be inclined to doubt its efficiency—from any modern theatrical point of view, at any rate. The first of its two scenes, "The Shepherd's Dancing-Place" (where a laurel thicket, a *pergola* supported on pillars, and a statue of Dionysus, crowned with grapes and vine-leaves, in the foreground, and a space of blue sea and a spur of Ætna, with olive woods and meadows, in the background, form a characteristic setting), shows us first the melancholy Daphnis, who enters, playing on his pipe, and complaining:—

"Sad sounds my pipe, sad as the sighing breath  
Voiced by its reed. O cruel Amaryllis!  
For thee my flocks, wanting their shepherd's care,  
Stray in the glens; for thee the wandering bleat  
Of the lost lamb but calls some pitiless foe  
To still his tender plaint; for thee their shepherd  
Strays, like the shade of an unburied man,  
Around the happy haunts of pastoral mirth:  
*Wander, my flocks, your shepherd is astray!*"

In quoting these lines the last is put in italics because it is repeated, with some slight variation, so as to form a sort of refrain to the opening passages of Daphnis' complaint; which suggests the refrains, as in the first Idyll, used by Theocritus with such artistic effect, and which serves to show in passing how well Dr. Todhunter has known to borrow from his master. As the other characters appear, they appear with similarly suggestive expressions of their lover's hope and woe. To Daphnis presently enters Thestylis, the wayward but sympathetic Thestylis, who wishing to console him for the coldness of Amaryllis, ends by loving him herself. Her tendered consolation takes a form that leads us back to the Arden of Shakespeare, as well as to the Arcadia of Theocritus:—

"Nay, Daphnis, lift thy head in manly pride,  
Tears are for women's eyes; with plaints of woe  
Was never woman won. Come, in sad sport  
Call me thy Amaryllis, woo me so;  
I'll teach thee how to woo, and win thy suit."

The "Hymn to Bacchus" that follows, strikes the note of Keats, and borrows almost his very words in some of its lines; but this Keats-like note is in keeping with the context, and the hymn forms a capital dramatic preparation for the entrance of the chief heroine, Amaryllis. The dialogue that follows between this independent young lady, who has a somewhat severe ideal of love and life, and the simpler, home-loving, easy-going Thestylis, is excellent. The two types are admirably contrasted so as to form the one a foil for the other. Indeed, contrary to the usual way in fiction of verse or prose, Dr. Todhunter is more successful in his women than in his men; for though Alcander is a strong and picturesque hero, he is nothing more, and gains what effect he has in the play more by his position as the successful wooer of Amaryllis than by his own individuality, so to speak; while Daphnis is still more disappointing, especially as compared with the Daphnis "loved of the muses and not hated of the

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nymphs," whom we all know in Theocritus. However, no great demand of dramatic individuality need be made in a dramatic idyll after all; and Alcander and Daphnis satisfy conventional idyllic requirements very fairly, and in their suits to the divine Amaryllis and the more human Thestylis omit none of the accustomed lover's sighs and vows proper to such situations. But it is Amaryllis to whom Dr. Todhunter has given his most tender care. In the second scene, when she has at length fallen fully captive to Alcander's love, to imagine in turn, according to the wont of idyllic heroines, that her lover has played her false, quite the most effective thing is the Incantation of Amaryllis by night, over a tripod and brazier, with which she weaves approved spells to punish him. "The Incantation" itself, written in unrhymed blank verse, but verse with a regular stanzaic tunefulness, was highly effective, as will be remembered by those who saw the play on its performance. It was then intoned by Mrs. Emery, to whom the Idyll is dedicated; who with Mrs. A. L. Baldry (Miss Lily Linfield), the Thestylis on that occasion, did so much for the success of the piece. With this Incantation, which it is to be hoped some further performances of the Idyll, on a more public and larger stage, will give us the chance to hear again, those who are curious in such matters may compare the Invocation of Simaetha in the second Idyll of Theocritus. With some verses of the Incantation, which serve to show how good a craftsman in verse Dr. Todhunter proves himself in his Idyll throughout, we leave the conclusion of the loves of Alcander and Amaryllis, and of Daphnis and Thestylis, for the reader's fuller investigation in the daintily printed pages of the play itself—

"Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!  
Calling on thee by thy most dreadful name,  
Hecate; thou who through the shuddering night  
Pacest where black pools of fresh offered blood  
Gleam cold beside the barrows of the dead;  
Dread Goddess, draw him dying to my feet!

"Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!  
The deep moans at thy coming, and the pines  
Murmur and shed their pungent balm; scared wolves  
Howl in the glens, and dogs, with bristling hair,  
Whine as thou standest in the triple way:  
Dread Mother, draw him dying to my feet!

"Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!  
Around this bowl I have tied in scarlet wool  
Witch knots against Alcander. Let him feel  
As many pangs in his false heart, who kissed  
My lips in mockery, and disdains me now:  
Dread Goddess, draw him dying to my feet!

"Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!  
I cast this barley on the fire, and say:  
'Even so I scatter strong Alcander's bones!'  
I fling these laurel-leaves upon the fire,  
And say: 'So let his flesh be shrivelled up!'  
Dread Mother, draw him dying to my feet!"

#### FICTION.

1. THE REDEMPTION OF EDWARD STRAHAN. By W. J. Dawson. London: Hodder & Stoughton.
2. THE HOUSE OF MARTHA. By Frank R. Stockton. One vol. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.
3. THE FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW. By George MacDonald. One vol. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.
4. SHE LOVED A SAILOR. By Amelia E. Barr. One vol. London: James Clarke & Co.

MR. GLADSTONE describes the first of these works as "a powerful book with a pure and high aim," and all must admit that Mr. Dawson, whose name we do not remember before in fiction, has produced a book very much above the average. There is something in it that is profoundly moving, and at the same time stimulating. It appeals to the divine spark which lies (in many cases dormant) in every human being. The book is written with an overmastering earnestness which carries all before it. The writer has seen and heard and felt the things that he so vividly portrays. It is written with a purpose—that of awakening a slumbering world to the mighty forces that lie about and under our feet; of the volcanoes

on which we so lightly tread; of the misery, sin, and degradation that lie close about us as we sing and dance life away.

In describing life in the country town, its narrow interests and disputes, we are reminded of George Eliot. There is more than a family likeness between Mr. Bannerman and Mr. Bulstrode, but we miss the subtlety of her touch. Mr. Dawson is robust rather than subtle. He lays on the colours a little too thickly. No life of such glaring hypocrisy as Mr. Bannerman's is nowadays compatible with the respect and regard of his neighbours. We live under a light so fierce that it penetrates to the darkest corners. Our secret actions, our very thoughts, are known and estimated at their true value. Criticism is in the air we breathe. Even children in this nineteenth century of ours take stock of everything (not excluding their parents); they count the cost of everything, measure the contemplated naughtiness by the foreseen punishment, and forego the former if they find the pain of the latter outweigh its pleasure. When reviewing "The Nether World," by Mr. George Gissing, we called attention to the paralysing effect of these Gospels of Despair. Mr. Dawson, we are thankful to see, although he speaks with all the horror and shock of first experience fresh upon him, does see some light in the darkness. Some lives he shows us whose beautiful radiance shines out like stars in a black night sky. Still, even he, as it seems to us, under-estimates the good that is doing, the wealth of love and passionate pity that is poured forth without stint, the self-sacrificing labours of those who count it as nothing to lay down their lives in the service of the poor. It is true that it is not easy to reconcile the Christianity which some of us practise with the Christianity we profess. This discrepancy was startlingly brought out some years ago in a pamphlet called "Modern Christianity a Civilised Heathenism." The best answer to it is to be found in the noble sermon preached at Oxford in 1875 by Dr. Pusey. There are Christlike lives to be found "in the drawing-rooms of the rich as well as in the hovels of the poor," and in countless ways countless lives are dedicated to His service. It is right that people (the rich and the prosperous especially) should have the full horror of things brought before them, and herein lies the value of a book of this kind; but it is our plain duty not to omit the qualifying mercies, and, after all has been said and done, it is not poverty and the misery born of poverty that is the great difficulty in our path; it is sin, the root of all the evil, which is the mighty stumbling-block. If we can do anything to deepen the sense of sin in ourselves and in our fellow-creatures—to strengthen the sense of the responsibility of human life, we shall not have lived or worked in vain.

Vanderley, the hero of "The House of Martha," returned to America at the end of a year's travel. The year had furnished him with many interesting experiences which he was exceedingly desirous to recount. But he could find no audience. As soon as he began his story he was at once cut short by another story of something which had happened at home during his absence. It seemed to him that true listening had become a lost art; and, as he was a man of some means, he advertised for "A respectable and intelligent person, willing to devote several hours a day to listening to the recitals of a traveller." The first applicant whom he selected was not a success; on the tenth day Vanderley discovered that his listener had fallen asleep:

"As I stopped speaking he awoke with a start, and attempted to excuse himself by stating that he had omitted to take coffee with his evening meal. I made no answer, but, opening my pocket-book, paid and discharged him."

The second applicant, Chester Walkirk, proved admirable not only as a listener but as an understudy, in which capacity he took Vanderley's place on all occasions when Vanderley did not feel inclined to take it himself. But when Vanderley took it into his head that he would like to make the account

of his travels into a book, Walkirk refused to act as his amanuensis; and he was finally driven to make use of one of the sisters of the House of Martha, a religious house which devoted the earnings of the sisters to charitable purposes. Now, although Vanderley was kept in one room and the sister in another, which was locked, and the dictation of the book had to be done through a grating, he fell in love, of course, with his fair amanuensis. So far Mr. Stockton has made excellent use of his materials, and there is no lack of that whimsical and eccentric humour which is characteristic of the author. The rest of the book is devoted to the many difficulties which stand in the way of Vanderley's courtship. With this part of the volume we were less well satisfied; the author seemed to vacillate, to hesitate between the farcical and the real. We have a string of incidents, mostly unconventional and amusing, but they want background and atmosphere. The reader gets weary of the lover's difficulties before he is at the end of them. The plot of the story is ingenious, and it is improbable that Mr. Stockton will ever write a book which could fairly be called dull; but we have seen work of his that amused and pleased us very much more than "The House of Martha."

There is a certain family likeness between all of Dr. MacDonald's stories. Each bears the impress of the author's individuality. Most of them are religious; and Dr. MacDonald treats of religion with unusual independence and force. Most of them contain passages which are really poetical and beautiful. And most of them, unfortunately, contain much which is merely melodramatic. In "The Flight of the Shadow" there is far too much which is melodramatic; and when the stagey mystery has at last limped to its solution we find that the solution is very familiar, very old, and slightly decrepit. We cared very little for the mystery, nor did the lurid villainy of Lady Cairnedge seem to us to possess much conviction. She plotted, she threatened, she snarled; her favourite oath was "Quench my soul!" When she wrote the letter S, she made it like a snake that was just going to strike. The stepson of this woman and the heroine of the story fell in love at first sight. The chapter which describes the incident is one of the most attractive in the book. Lady Cairnedge had other plans for her son, and was violently opposed to the marriage. When other means failed, she threatened that she would denounce the heroine's uncle—a good man, but romantic—as a murderer. The way in which the uncle received this threat and his subsequent disappearance will not deceive the practised reader; he will merely wait for the solution, unshaken in his belief that good uncles do not commit murders. We do not think that its author can be considered to be at his best in this book; it is too wild and too unconvincing. But those who like a melodramatic story, told with some spirit and ingenuity, will possibly be interested in it.

There is an insufferable picture on the cover of "She Loved a Sailor," which might almost drive a timorous reader away from a very readable story. The picture represents the heroine and the sailor with gilt faces; to this the heroine adds the expression and appearance of an affectionate poodle. The story itself deals with many matters of history, but perhaps its chief interest is fictional. The weakest part of the story is that which deals with the hero's intended surrender of the heroine to his brother. He has some reason to believe that the heroine loves him, and no reason worth mentioning to think that she loves his brother; yet he is willing to give her up at once in order to promote the happiness of his brother. Instead of admiring the heroic self-sacrifice, the reader is irritated with the man's stupidity. All comes right in the end, and the heroine is very much happier than her girl friend who marries a kind of Legree. The book is not wholly unconventional; but it makes use of some new and interesting materials, and forms, on the whole, a very readable volume.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

TEUFELSDRÖCKH'S toast, "The Cause of the Poor in Heaven's Name and the Devil's," is warmly seconded with New Year articles in many of the magazines. The author of "Charles Lowder" gives in *Longman's* an account of the doings of the "Donna" in 1891—an exceedingly useful charity, which, through the opening of a monthly subscription list, has become identified with this magazine. Miss F. Mabel Robinson's "A Unit" (*Albemarle*) is a brief history of the life and death of a London waif, told with quiet power. In "Hungry Children" (*Macmillan's*), Mr. H. Clarence Bourne has sensible things to say of poor families, believing that political economy can raise no objection to charitable interference where its effect is to lift a family into a position of self-dependence. "The Sorting of Paupers" (*English Illustrated*) is a plea for the protection of the self-respecting poor from the contamination of the criminal class in the workhouse. Miss Edith Sellers contrasts our system with that of Austria, where already something like Mr. Booth's plan is in operation. A special article, "The Horrors of Hunger" (*Nineteenth Century*), by Nicholas Shishkoff, of the Relief Committee of the Society of the Red Cross, tells a dreadful tale of the failure of the rye crop in twenty-two provinces in Russia. Rye-bread is nearly the exclusive food of the 20,000,000 inhabitants of these provinces, and they have less of it than the Irish had of their staple during the potato famine. Every pound sent to the Governor of Samara, M. Shishkoff's province, will save a life. Beside this appalling misery Mr. E. B. Lanin's account of the persecution of the Stundists (*Contemporary*)—the Russian Puritans—horrible as it is, sinks into insignificance. Penal servitude in Siberia is a holiday to starvation in a Russian winter which lasts for half the year. Even those of us who were not alive at the time cannot think of the cotton famine in Lancashire without a shudder; but imagine twenty Lancashires trying to live on grass for six months! The story of M. Lassotsky, in Mr. Lanin's paper, is very dreadful, but the one-sidedness of the view, and the dependence on hearsay evidence, interfere with our full credence.

The principal literary article of the month is Mr. Swinburne's brief note on Victor Hugo's "Dieu" (*Fortnightly*). In this unfinished poem Mr. Swinburne finds parallelisms with Blake and Tennyson. Of the former English poet he says a very fine thing: he "was only not a great poet in the formal and executive sense, because he was always altogether a child at heart, and a vagrant denizen on earth of the kingdom of Heaven." In "Men of Letters and the State" (*National*), Mr. W. Earl Hodgson takes a very sanguine view of the economic prospects of literature, being confident that the time is not far off when no great poet or novelist will lack the qualification for having bestowed upon him the highest distinction in the English hierarchy. Remembering the fate of James Thomson, and the slow growth of Mr. Meredith's popularity, this seems a rash prophecy. Mr. Traill's dialogue of the dead (*National*) is much better than his "Minor Poets" (*Nineteenth*). The reply to Mr. Traill's paper on the drama by Mr. H. A. Jones in the *New Review* was hardly necessary; but Mr. Jones seems to have adopted the rôle of exponent of the proverbial non-angelic method in matters theatrical. Mrs. Crosse's "Wedded Poets" (*Temple Bar*) is not, as the title might suggest, an article on poets who have been married. It is a pleasant and chatty paper on Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes appreciatively of Philip Bourke Marston in the *Fortnightly* and the *Gentleman's*. Mr. Augustine Birrell, in "Authors and Critics" (*New Review*), suggests the advisability of critical journals choosing their own subjects, in opposition to the present method of following the publisher's advertisement columns.

Pitt is the biographical subject of the month.



*Blackwood*, the *National Review*, and the *Nineteenth Century* agree in the opinion that Lord Rosebery's "Life" is worthy of its great subject. In the *Cosmopolitan* there is a very valuable article on Columbus, containing reproductions of all the available portraits of the Admiral of the Ocean. Three other American monthlies are specially strong in biographical matter. In *Harper's Magazine* there is the first of a series of "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Mr. Horatio Bridge, written in a desultory, inartistic way, and containing, as yet, nothing of moment. M. Gounod writes appreciatively of himself and his friends (*Century*) during the three years he spent in Italy and Germany, 1839-42, as prizeman for musical composition at the Institute of France. It is pleasant reading. Some unpublished correspondence of Washington Allston (*Scribner*) arouses interest. "Great talents to a timid mind are of as little value to the owner as gold to a miser" is a significant remark from a young man of twenty-two; and this of an Edinburgh Reviewer pins down the maker of paradoxes with entomological skill: "The speculations of the writer seemed to be those of a man who, in hunting after originality, runs down a common thought till it falls to pieces, then putting it again together, and, by stitching on the head where the tail was, is astonished to find what an extraordinary animal he has been chasing." There are two very interesting letters from Coleridge to Allston. From one of them it appears that suicide at a certain period of his career was often in Coleridge's thoughts. He says, "I gave life to my children, and they have repeatedly given it to me; for, by the Maker of all things, but for them I would try my chance." Washington Allston was altogether a unique figure among the earlier American painters. A life of him by his nephew, Jared B. Flagg, soon to be published, will be very welcome. Mrs. L. B. Walford writes on "Sydney Smith" in *Newbery House*.

Mr. Hawkins in the *English Illustrated*, and Messrs. R. W. Lowe and William Archer in *Longman's*, write of "King Henry the Eighth on the Stage." Mr. Hawkins's article is heavy compared with the other, but it has the advantage of some attractive illustrations, notably Harlowe's "Kemble Family in Henry VIII.," and Mr. Forbes Robertson's excellent portrait of "Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey." Mr. F. H. Hill's "Revival of Henry VIII." (*Contemporary*) is a careful study in comparative criticism.

The lighter matter in the *Welsh Review* is amusing in a manner unintended by the writers. "It is refreshing," says Liknon, "to find Mr. Henry Irving standing forth as an oasis of common-sense in a desert of false sentiment, and smashing in bits the pretensions of an idiotic crew," etc. There is some humour of the rough and ready kind in "The Views of the Member for Treorky," but the style requires much chastening. The weightier articles are better. "The Issue outside of the Forest of Dean" shows what an able barrister Mr. Harold Frederic would have made. The *Albemarle* is the most promising of the new magazines. It is intended that its dominant note shall be individual independence of thought. That means competition, not with the lighter magazines, but with the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly*; which at sixpence, even with a fifth of the matter of the half-crown monthlies, is to dare greatly. Do the editors remember that the price of the *New Review* has been raised twice, and its size much increased?—but we shall not forebode. *St. Nicholas* contains a very charming poem by Miss Helen Gray Cone, addressed to the portrait of a little Spanish maid by an unknown artist. An engraving of this really remarkable painting is the frontispiece. Mr. J. M. Buckley, writing on "Witchcraft" in the *Century*, makes what seems at first the astounding announcement that witchcraft is at the present time believed in by a majority of the citizens of the United States, and that in Canada the belief is more prevalent than in any part of the

United States, except the interior of Pennsylvania and the South. It does not seem so remarkable when we remember the millions of negroes in the States, and the French section in Canada. Sir Herbert Maxwell has a very charming article on "Pleasure" in *Blackwood*. It is not only readable and suggestive, being wonderfully full of quotation and allusion, but it shows scholarship; and its occasional quaint pedantries are anything but disagreeable. Sir Herbert also writes a dashing article on "The Rural Voter" (*National*), which will, however, meet with scant courtesy from economists. The same subject is treated in a trilogy in the *Nineteenth Century* by Lord Thring, Mr. W. E. Bear, and Mrs. Stephen Batson. Captain Maude denies in the *United Service Magazine* that the French army is now again the best in Europe. Mr. York Powell writes pointedly in support of the English School (*Educational Review*) against its opponents at Oxford. Two new serials begin in the *Monthly Packet*: "Strolling Players" by Miss Yonge, and "In Cadore" by Miss Moira O'Neill. Mrs. Henry Wood begins a new story, "Ashley," in the *Argosy*. The *Thinker*, a monthly review of Christian thought, and the *Record*, a bi-monthly review of technical and secondary education, begin with the year.

We must not omit to mention Mr. Francis Adams' "A New Capitalist" (*Contemporary*), and Sir Charles Dilke's "Conservative Foreign Policy" (*Fortnightly*).

#### TRIFLING TRAVELS.

A WINTER CRUISE IN SUMMER SEAS: HOW I FOUND HEALTH. By Charles C. Atchison. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

"4.30 p.m.—We are overhauling the *Liguria* within the twenty-four hours, as Mr. Ritchie promised we should. She has been hanging on and trying to race us this three-quarters of an hour, but we are walking in 'hand over fist,' as they say, though she is puffing and blowing and making every effort to hold on to us.

"5.30 p.m.—A five-masted American schooner on our star-board beam. Mr. Ritchie has just put the *Clyde* up to sixty revolutions per minute, so as to shake off the *Liguria*, and we are leaving her inch by inch, but quite perceptibly. As the dinner bell goes we are showing her a clean pair of heels.

"8 p.m.—All dinner time Mr. Ritchie was smiling and glancing through the saloon port at the outstripped *Liguria*. What a sell for the people on board of her! She left Buenos Ayres two days before we did, and four friends of Mervin's hurried off by her, thinking, of course, she would reach Southampton before the *Clyde*; yet I hear it is quite certain we shall beat her by three days."

That is a specimen of Mr. Atchison's chronicle of the stirring events of his voyage from Southampton, through the Brazils, to Buenos Ayres and back.

"Brazil is the home of the parrot, the macaw, and the humming-bird, and others unsurpassed in beauty by any birds in the world. Its chief fruits are the pineapple, banana, orange, mango, and melon; and its production of maize, wheat, rice, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cotton is immense. Half the coffee of the world is grown in the Brazils.

"The population is mainly composed of the descendants of Portuguese, Negroes, and Germans. The true Brazilian of to-day (he of Portuguese descent) is small, slight, and sallow or dark. Though weaker and less thrifty, he retains some of the shrewdness of his ancestors. In morals he is below the Argentine; but he loves learning, and his children respect their parents.

"The rearing of negro children is a difficult process. In spite of the mistress's great care, three-fourths die in the weaning."

This is a fair sample of the kind of "useful information" with which Mr. Atchison tries to weight his book.

"9 p.m.—Talking just now with an Englishman long resident in Argentina, he kindly corrected my pronunciation of that word. The 'g' is like the German 'ch'—Archentina, therefore, is the correct sound. Mr. Scott, a passenger who joined us at Rio, hearing this little lesson, said it reminded him of the policeman of whom a Frenchman inquired his way to 'Karing Cross.' Drawing himself up to his full height, and looking down his nose at 'Froggy,' the man in blue delivered himself thus:—'It ain't "Karing Cross"; the diphthong "ch" is not hard, as in "cab," "cucumber," "cork," but soft, as in "sherry," "sugar," "shirt."

Here we have the author in his "funny" mood, and that mood intrudes itself in almost every page. Trifling as Mr. Atchison's book is, perhaps it is unfair to judge it too severely. The fact is, he was ordered a sea voyage for his health, and his book tells us how he succeeded in accomplishing his object for an expenditure of £100. Those who long to follow his example might be helped by glancing at the volume.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

"I do not pretend to have spent my time in armies, navies, and cities, not in universities; nor to have been much conversant in books, through my constant employment in, and the little leisure I had from, my profession." So wrote, in 1672, Richard Wiseman, sergeant-surgeon to Charles II., as he looked back on the thirty-five years which he had spent in the public service. Surprisingly little has hitherto been known concerning the strange and adventurous career of an "artist in surgery," whose grave and handsome face still adorns the walls of the College of Surgeons. There was, therefore, ample room for a good biographical sketch, and Sir T. Longmore's painstaking and picturesque volume is accordingly sure to find many readers. In the seventeenth century there was nothing remarkable in a surgeon practising at one time in the Navy, and at another time in the Army; indeed, it was common enough for a medical man to serve first with a regiment in the field, and afterwards as a "sea-chirurgion" on board ship. History abounds also in instances of officers serving under the flag of any foreign country which at the moment was at peace with England. Richard Wiseman was at one period a surgeon in the Royal Navy of Spain, and afterwards saw active service at sea in the gallant little navy of Holland; but it was as an army surgeon in the Civil War that his skill rendered him famous. Afterwards, he was for a term of years an exile and wanderer in foreign parts. But at the Restoration, Charles II., who, with all his faults, was not ungrateful, appointed him sergeant-surgeon, and in this position of honour and comparative leisure his pen was busy, and he grew eminent in his profession. For a time Wiseman was personal surgeon to the King, and he was always a man of consequence even outside the limits of his own profession. In the main, he fought against old-established superstitions, which blocked the path of surgical progress, but, oddly enough—perhaps because he was a courtier—he professed his belief in the efficacy of the royal touch for the cure of certain disorders. His emoluments, even at the time of his greatest influence at Court, were certainly not excessive, for we find that his high professional appointments only brought him an income of £256 a year. He was a bold surgeon, but a humane man, and his chief enemies were the quacks and illiterate pretenders to knowledge, whom he did his best to expose. This well-written and attractive monograph contains a fine portrait of Richard Wiseman, from a miniature painted in 1660, which is now in the possession of the Duke of Rutland.

The new volume of the Adventure Series cannot be described as a satisfactory book; indeed, in our opinion, "Hard Life in the Colonies" falls lamentably short, alike in literary merit and real interest, of the majority of its predecessors. These three hundred and sixty pages have been compiled from private letters, written twenty years ago or less by three roving young Englishmen, and they describe a voyage to China in a sailing ship, roughing it in Australia and New Zealand, and other mild adventures ashore and afloat. The record is not remarkable either in matter or in manner, and we can only express our surprise that a narrative so vacuous and commonplace should have found its way into a series which contains at least half a dozen vigorous and even noteworthy books.

"Ocean Steamships" is a popular account of the construction, development, management, and appliances of the floating palaces which now ply between Liverpool and New York, London and Sydney, and other great ports of the world. The book is written by experts, and it gives a singularly lucid and attractive picture of the building of a great modern liner. Ship-building is not even yet an exact science, and as a matter of fact the closest calculations are often falsified by unforeseen and even inexplicable causes. Two ships, like the *Umbria* and *Etruria* for instance, may be built side by side of identical materials, lines, and dimensions; engines, boilers, and propellers may be exactly alike, and yet one vessel will turn out to be a knot or two faster than the other, and we are assured in these pages that neither the designer nor the builder is able to explain the reason. The Clyde was the scene of the first attempts of steam navigation in Great Britain, and the art of ship-building is nowhere better understood than in Glasgow. The majority of the steamers that have earned fame in the Atlantic trade have been built on the Clyde, and the Cunard, Inman, Guion, and North German Lloyd companies still come to the famous river

for their ships. If the problem is how to beat the record of a seven-thousand-ton vessel, it is to the ship-builders of Glasgow that the capitalists almost invariably turn. The figures of a single year may be cited in proof of this assertion. "In 1886 forty-five vessels were built at London measuring three thousand six hundred and ninety-six tons; sixteen vessels at Liverpool measuring eighteen thousand two hundred and sixty-eight tons; and fifty vessels on the Tyne measuring forty-nine thousand six hundred and forty-one tons. On the Clyde, during the same period, one hundred and fifty-one vessels were built, measuring one hundred and thirty-five thousand six hundred and fifty-nine tons, or nearly double the work done by all the other shipyards combined." The changes which have come over a seaman's life in consequence of the application of steam to ocean navigation is one of a score of interesting themes which are discussed in this volume, and we are assured—though we confess that we are still rather sceptical on the point—that the modern liners have not improved off the face of the ocean the typical sailors of old-fashioned story and song. The book abounds in practical information, and if here and there its trans-Atlantic origin is only too obvious, it deserves to be read, for it is both entertaining and exact. The illustrations—there are about a hundred of them—are uncommonly good, and they depict with vividness the lights and shadows of ocean travel.

Upwards of seventy years have rolled away since Thomas Love Peacock published "Nightmare Abbey"—a charming book which deserves to escape oblivion. Peacock belongs to no school in fiction, but has most in common, perhaps, with authors of the quality and stamp of De Quincey, Christopher North, and Walter Savage Landor. His novels are absolutely unconventional, and the wit which pervades them has a delicate flavour which is peculiarly its own. "I have nearly finished 'Nightmare Abbey,'" wrote Peacock to Shelley in the summer of 1818; "I think it necessary to make a stand against the encroachments of black bile." Let us recommend the book to anybody who is falling under the black shadow of the same complaint; it will do as much for him—if taken in judicious doses—as the doctors. Thanks to Dr. Garnett, "Nightmare Abbey" has at length appeared in an edition which is both choice and cheap. It is printed in clear, old-fashioned type, on good paper, and the binding does credit to the taste of Mr. Dent. Moreover, there is a capital photogravure portrait of Peacock as a hale and handsome old man of seventy-two.

Even in Nonconformist circles what was known as the "Rivulet Controversy" is now almost forgotten. The redoubtable Dr. Campbell, of *Banner* and *Patriot* fame, played an energetic but mischievous part in the affair, and the chief sufferer was a gifted preacher-poet, Thomas T. Lynch—a sensitive, spiritually-minded man, who was little fitted to cope with so rough and coarse an antagonist. The squabble was over a hymn-book in which Dr. Campbell thought he detected deadly heresy; yet some of those hymns from the "Rivulet" have already become classic, and are in every collection of sacred songs for public worship which is at all worthy of the name. Anglicans and Methodists, Unitarians and Baptists, Presbyterians and Independents, have borrowed some choice examples of psalmody from the once persecuted preacher who, thirty years ago, used to discourse to a handful of kindred spirits in a little chapel on the Hampstead Road. The "Rivulet Birthday Book" is incomparably superior to many other volumes of the kind. It is packed with thoughtful passages from the prose and verse of a man who had something fresh, reverent, and fearless to say on the highest of all themes, and who knew, moreover, how to say it in a winning and gracious way. But we must find room for a taste of its quality:—"The heart seems a vessel; the mind the wide-sweeping net; the world the full sea! We gather so much that our laden heart begins to sink. But there comes deliverance when God brings us to our desired haven." "Faith will not make the sun rise sooner, but it will make the night seem shorter." "The Gospel is the truest thing the world has ever known—even if you shatter it by criticism into the very dust of fable." This is distinctly a welcome book.

## NOTICE.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1892.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

A GREAT calamity has fallen on the Royal Family. After an illness so brief that its gravity was scarcely realised by the public before the last few hours, the DUKE OF CLARENCE died at Sandringham on Thursday morning. No circumstance is lacking to make this one of the most painful tragedies in the history of the country. The unfortunate young Prince had barely completed his twenty-eighth year; there was, indeed, a birthday party in his honour, at which he was too ill to be present. He was about to be married, and all classes were interesting themselves in the preparations for the wedding. He attended the funeral of PRINCE VICTOR OF HOHENLOHE, and by the grimmest stroke of irony he fell a victim to an act of duty. No expression is adequate for the sorrow which the nation shares with the members of the Prince's family in their terrible bereavement.

FRENCH opinion about the change of rulers at Cairo, after hovering round the barren hypothesis that there must be a Regent—ISMAIL PASHA for choice—has subsided into a sensible recognition of the fact that the succession of PRINCE ABBAS creates no new situation. The young Khedive is reported, however, to have declared to the Sultan that he is entirely dependent on the wisdom of the Sublime Porte—a story which, if it has any measure of truth, must be assigned to the realms of Oriental imagery. The Sultan is said to have determined upon an energetic initiative, which is to take the form of a summons for an International Conference. As initiative is not one of the characteristics of Ottoman diplomacy, it is not likely to contribute any variation to the Egyptian problem.

THE death of TEWFIK has been the subject of an official inquiry, which for some reason came to an abrupt close. So far as it went, the evidence did not reflect much lustre on the late Khedive's Egyptian physicians. One of them admitted that he had been guided by the opinion of the Khedive's *aide-de-camp* on a symptom which was not understood till the European doctors were called in. Such gross carelessness is almost incredible, and this probably is the reason why the Egyptian Government have suspended the investigation. With proper care TEWFIK might have been saved, but it seems to be thought officially at Cairo that to admit this would cast a slur on Mahomedan science. It may be hoped that PRINCE ABBAS will keep his father's physicians at a superficially respectful distance.

MR. MATTHEWS takes the palm for Ministerial foolishness. He declared at Birmingham that the concession of Home Rule would lead to convulsions which would reduce England to the level of a third-rate Power. The value of the Home Secretary's convictions is further illustrated by the professed alarm of a Catholic for the safety of Protestants under an Irish Parliament. Reminded of his open association with Fenians at Dungarvan, MR. MATTHEWS explained that he would tell the Dungarvan story "some day." That day will probably be

contemporary with the convulsions which are to destroy the Empire.

THE so-called "Laymen's League" against religious equality in Scotland held a meeting this week, for which the drum was beat on the last two Sundays in every Edinburgh pulpit. Practically it turned out to be a union of Scottish Tories and Liberal Unionists, and the danger to the Kirk of such a combined defence forced the *Scotsman* to urge the abandonment of that line, and the production instead of some scheme of Church union. But no hopeful scheme could come from a spokesman so unpopular as the DUKE OF ARGYLL, who long ago told the House of Lords that disestablishment was the only ground on which the Scottish churches could be united. How true this is has recently again come out. The Duke's speech was dismal, and has been accepted as the failure of the League. On the other hand, DR. CHARTERIS' olive-branch has been again waved by the Home Mission Secretary, who wants "all Scottish Presbyterian ministers to be colleagues," and unneeded churches "to be suppressed," upon a resolution to unite by the three Presbyterian Assemblies. But when the Free Church Assembly some years ago proposed a conference on union, expressly offering too to go into it leaving establishment or disestablishment an open question, the offer was declined by the Church of Scotland. That might be said to be an eminently debatable matter. But the "religious condition of the people" in Glasgow is not exactly so. And yet this week a Conference on that subject, which the Free Church and U. P. Presbyteries there had rather enthusiastically offered to join, has fallen to pieces, because the Established Church Presbytery, whom the law places in a different position, declined "to co-operate as a Presbytery in the Conference." The block is hopeless, and it needs the dynamite of a General Election.

MR. H. H. JOHNSTON—an article from whose pen on his own subject we hope to publish very shortly—has recently been very successful against the Arab slave traders on Lake Nyassa. Unfortunately, the telegrams published on Friday show that he has suffered a reverse if not a defeat. A capture of two slave dhows on the lake seems to have occasioned a combined attack by the forces of the enemy, with serious loss both to the European *personnel* of the expedition and the Sikh and Swahili rank and file. It would seem that reinforcements have already been sent from Zanzibar. The Sikhs, whose grandfathers defeated us at Chilianwallah, should be able to make short work of the Arab traders, who are now, it would seem, rallying for a last desperate stand.

THE North-West Territories of Canada have hitherto been absolutely closed by law to intoxicants. Even when LORD LANSDOWNE passed through them as Governor-General some difficulty was made as to admitting the wines and spirits brought with his party for their own consumption. The prohibition, originally imposed in the interest of the Indians, has suggested that the territories might be used as places of reclamation for the incipient dipsomaniac. But it has generally (we believe) been possible to get drunk on the products of illicit stills. However, this week it is announced that the Legislature has

removed the prohibition, and passed liquor licensing laws. Presumably, the Scandinavian immigration has something to do with this change. The strong temperance tendency in Canada, and in those parts of the Western United States with which the Canadian North-West has natural affinities, make it probable that these licensing laws will be more stringent than anything on this side of the Atlantic. At any rate, the admission of alcoholic liquor may break up the horrible combination of tea with dinner which prevails in so many parts of Canada. Hot tea with Indian corn, with broad beans, with oyster plant, with egg plant, is only surpassed in its repulsive unwholesomeness by hot coffee in the same relation. We need not regard the new legislation as a blow to temperance. We should rather treat it as an aid to digestion.

THE fresh discoveries announced of evidence against the dismissed Provincial Government of Quebec only intensify the conviction already expressed in these columns, that the Government of the Dominion have taken an exceedingly unwise and impolitic step. Had they chosen to wait, they might have made a good case. Instead of waiting, they have not only acted on the report of a Commission voting on strictly party lines, but they have appointed a fresh Commission, the composition of which is thoroughly partisan, and which by that fact decreases the significance of the fresh discoveries which it has already made, to the discredit of the MERCIER Government. Forty-one members of the 213 of which the Federal House of Representatives is composed have been unseated for electoral malpractices; and there can be little doubt that the haste of the Ottawa Government in producing fresh evidence is that it may be used in this miniature General Election. This has already begun, and the Liberals are making an excellent fight. The speech of MR. WILFRED LAURIER, the Liberal leader, at Kingston, on Tuesday, is sound economics and sound sense; and should be a powerful factor in steadying English sympathies. The Roman Catholic Church in Quebec has formally condemned electoral malpractices. But such a condemnation applies to both parties alike.

MASHONALAND may not be rich in gold, and all the efforts of the Chartered Company of British South Africa may fail to make agriculture or stock-raising in it either profitable or pleasant for European settlers. But at least its antiquities promise to rival in interest, if not the finds in Babylon and Nineveh, at least those in Mexico and Yucatan. Of the extraordinary strongholds, with their massive walls surmounting high precipices, their monoliths, their round towers, and their elaborate interior arrangements, MR. BENT, in his interesting letter in the *Times* on Thursday, has to content himself with a passing mention. His excavations seem to have yielded a number of soapstone bowls decorated with animal figures, fragments of pottery—some indicating trade with the East; and most interesting of all, a gold smelting furnace with various tools for extracting the metal. Clearly there cannot be much gold left for the prospector now. Why did not this people, with their permanent and elaborate fortresses and temples, their industrial development and their extensive trade, precede Greece and Italy in the development of city life and the popular government that city life inevitably brings? Or had they—like the Zuni Indians and Aztecs—not yet reached the monogamic household on which city life is necessarily based? Or did their militarism petrify their civilisation? MR. BENT'S future letters will be awaited with interest.

THE Town Clerk of Eastbourne meets with a blank denial the charge that the police have committed illegal assaults on the Salvationists, and then blows his case into the air with the evidence of his

own chief constable. There is no doubt that the police used force to disperse the Salvationists when the latter were holding services without music, and that this aggression was quite unwarrantable. The absurdity of the position into which the Eastbourne authorities have now drifted is that they have withdrawn the prohibition of open-air services as applied to the Wesleyans, and are directing it solely against the Salvation Army. Of the fairness which inspires this procedure, the quotation by MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH from a speech of the present MAYOR OF EASTBOURNE is a sufficient criterion. This worthy, when he was a simple alderman, declared that he sympathised with the Skeleton Army in its attacks on the Salvationists. The Skeleton Army was an organisation of ruffians who attempted some years ago to terrorise GENERAL BOOTH'S followers in different parts of the country. The ardour of the Skeletons was quenched by prison discipline, but it seems to have survived in some of their friends who have become mayors.

THE Stock Markets have been very dull this week. The foreign market has not quite recovered from the scare of last week caused by the illness of the KHEDIVE and the rumours respecting Tangier; while the death of the DUKE OF CLARENCE, so entirely unexpected, has thrown a shadow over the home market, and in the United States business, which was so exceedingly active during the last three weeks of December, has unquestionably eased off. Mainly this seems to be due to a natural reaction after a wild speculation, but partly, no doubt, it is the result of disappointment because the abundant harvest has not stimulated trade as quickly and as much as everywhere was expected. There appears to be no doubt that some of the leading industries in the States are depressed, and some of the great operators are taking advantage of this to force down prices of stocks for the moment. At home, too, trade, though not exactly bad, is yet not very flourishing. The cotton, woollen, and iron trades particularly are in an unsatisfactory state, and the very low price of cotton is for the moment causing difficulties in Liverpool. The stock of cotton there is larger than for a very long time, and it is understood that there is a difficulty in borrowing all the money necessary to hold the cotton until the demand is stimulated by the very low price.

ALTHOUGH the Directors of the Bank of England did not lower their rate of discount this week, the rate in the open market has fallen sharply, being barely  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. It is understood that the Bank Directors decided not to lower their rate because a large amount of gold was withdrawn on Wednesday and Thursday for export to Buenos Ayres, and it is understood that about half a million more will soon be taken. But it is not easy to see how a Bank rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. can prevent gold withdrawals when in the open market the discount rate is hardly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. If, indeed, the Bank Directors were to take measures to raise the value of money in the open market, then their policy would be intelligible; but it is incomprehensible that they should keep up the rate and do nothing more; clearly that will not prevent gold withdrawals. The supply of money in the open market for the moment is so much in excess of the demand that even at the fortnightly Stock Exchange settlement this week bankers who began by attempting to charge  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. were soon compelled to accept  $3\frac{1}{4}$  and in some cases even 3 per cent. The silver market has broken further this week, the price having fallen to  $42\frac{3}{4}$ d. per oz. It is lower now by nearly a penny per oz. than it was before the last silver legislation was introduced into the American Congress, and, in fact, is as low as it was in 1889, when MR. GOSCHEN began to buy silver in large quantities for the Mint.



## AT SANDRINGHAM.

THERE is no household in the land in which the tragical death of the Duke of Clarence has not been felt as a personal sorrow. Indeed, it would have been strange, even if the Duke had not been the Heir Presumptive to the throne, if any human heart had remained unaffected by his sudden end. For never has death come, either to cottage or to palace, under circumstances more truly tragical than those which have attended the end of the Prince of Wales's heir. Six days ago the air was filled with the murmurs of congratulation which were arising on all sides over the approaching change in the young man's state. The talk was all of marriage gifts, of the stately ceremonial of a Royal wedding, and of the charms of the winsome bride who had been chosen to share not merely a life but a throne. After a season of gloom and anxiety, all seemed to be well once more with the household of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the whole nation was rejoicing with them in the prospect which was opening before their elder son of a life of domestic happiness and wedded joy. Just six short days ago—and now all is dust! The bridegroom elect, the young heir to the oldest throne in Christendom, the future King, who had already drawn to himself something of the esteem and affection which centre on the Crown, lies dead in his father's country house—slain in a few hours by the mysterious scourge which is raging, unchecked by the skill of the medical world, wherever men are gathered together. And his destined bride, to whom the hearts of all were turning, and before whom seemed to be opening a career at once so joyous and so splendid, sits desolate before the ruined edifice of her life—the edifice whose very threshold she was never to be allowed to cross.

Too deep for tears lies such a tragedy as this. Nor will any preacher dare to point its moral. In millions of human hearts the pity of it is felt to-day, and with the pity of it the inexorable cruelty also. Happily from those millions of hearts there flows, as from the smitten rock, a free and full stream of tender sympathy with those who have been so suddenly and sorely bereaved—with the father and mother whose first-born has been smitten by the unsparing plague; with the loved members of a family circle in which the simplicity of the domestic life was unaffected by the demands of great rank, and above all with the bride whose love and whose future are now buried in a common grave. If those who mourn can derive any comfort from the knowledge that there are multitudes who mourn with them, then indeed must the consolation of the bereaved in this case be more than abounding. Nor will that consolation seem the less precious because the tide of sympathy flows not from one party or class alone, but from the nation as a whole.

It is difficult to turn aside from the purely personal and tragical side of such a grief as this to consider it in its more public aspects. One would fain linger over that outpouring of a genuine sorrow which has been evoked by the young Prince's death, and give all other questions for the moment the go-by; but Fate has placed the Prince of Wales and his family in a position which gives, even to the most trivial of their actions, a certain measure of public importance, and such a stroke of destiny as that which has now fallen upon them affects not themselves alone, but the nation as a whole. It is impossible to forget that the death of the Duke of Clarence means a change in the succession to the throne. Again and again in times past such changes have been fraught with momentous consequences—have been regarded, even by the most philosophic of

historians, as turning-points in the history of nations. There is no reason to regard the death of the Duke of Clarence in this light, for the principles of Constitutional Government and of the limitation of the monarchy have, most happily for monarchs themselves, set strict limits to their personal influence in politics. But outside of our political warfare how many fields are there in which men work under no Constitutional limitations, and in which the personal influence of a monarch if not absolutely supreme must at all events be commanding! In that vast social arena which, after all, covers well-nigh as large a space as the turbulent battle-ground of Parliament, the "King's word" must ever have a weight far surpassing the word of other men. It is no small matter, then, that the heirship to the throne should have passed, by this unkindly stroke of Fate, from one son to the other. Both the Duke of Clarence and Prince George were untested in the crucible of Life. We know not, if both had been allowed to run the race together, which would have proved the victor. But at least it is certain that this sore affliction has made some change, be it for weal or woe, in the personal influence of the monarchy as it will affect the next generation. There is no true man amongst us who, amid his genuine sorrow over the death of the Duke of Clarence and his real sympathy with the bereaved, will fail to utter a prayer that Prince George, to whom the heirship to the throne has fallen under circumstances so sad, will learn the lesson of the hour, and will remember from this moment forward, how poor a thing is earthly pride, even in its most exalted form, in presence of that Fate which may in a moment reduce its dearest or most ambitious dreams to ashes. May he prove not unequal to the terrible but splendid burden which it is his lot henceforth to bear!

It is a far cry from Sandringham to Westminster—from the death-bed of the young Prince to that of the aged Cardinal. But, to those of us who can look on from a distance, there is something almost consolatory in the coincidence which fixed the same day, almost the same hour, of death for the Heir Presumptive and Dr. Manning. How strange the contrast—and how touching! Those of us who have seen the weak, wasted, ascetic Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster going about his Father's business in his own fashion, and who know how death has come to him in his saintly old age, emphatically as a friend, do not find it so hard as some may do to reconcile the death of the young Prince with the wise decrees of an Omnipotent Providence. Dr. Manning had given his life to the service of his fellow-men. He may have been—for our part, we believe he was—mistaken in the great step he took when he quitted the Church of his Fathers for that of Rome. But whether right or wrong in this turning-point of his life, he never wavered in his noble fidelity to the service of his fellow-men, and he goes to the grave honoured and loved by men of every creed who can understand and reverence one who was the servant of humanity. It is a fitting end to a sweet and exalted life; but next to the wreath which reverent hands lay upon the tomb of him who has worthily earned by four score years of work and self-sacrifice the Crown of Life, may well be placed the tribute of sorrowing love which a nation lays upon the bier of one who, cut off ere yet his sun had risen to noon, can now never know the sorrow of disappointed hopes, never realise the sadness of ineffectual effort, never taste the bitterness which comes too often to every noble soul on which great duties and heavy responsibilities have been laid, and never mourn

"A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain."

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

**E**VEN amid the national grief which now centres around the household at Sandringham the political conflict continues to be waged with almost unabated force. The struggle in Rossendale would alone account for this fact: for it is not to be denied that circumstances give to the election of a successor to Lord Hartington a special significance and importance. But, apart from Rossendale, the political world is at this moment full of fight, and the great issues upon which the nation as a whole must ere long pronounce are being forced daily and hourly to the front. Next week Mr. Balfour will be the guest of the Ulster Tories, and will be received by them, if not as a conqueror and a hero, at all events as the champion upon whom their last hopes are fixed. Perhaps the most striking feature of the situation is the fact that everything conspires to place the question of Home Rule in the forefront of the battle. It is not for us to indulge in needless exultation over this circumstance: though it is impossible to forget that our opponents for long months and years clung with boisterous stubbornness to the delusion that Home Rule was dead, and that we should never again see a great national contest waged over that question. Even now, in that first column of the *Times* which seems to be the last stronghold of Tory blunders and delusions, we may find, morning by morning, some faint echoes of the old self-deception. But happily the more robust spirits even among our opponents now recognise the truth, and acknowledge the fact that, for good or for evil, when next the voice of the nation declares itself through the ballot-box, it will be the question of Ireland and its future which will sway the verdict.

Fortunately much has happened of late to clear the atmosphere, and the Home Rule question as it presents itself to-day to the electors of Rossendale, and as it will present itself a few months hence to the electors of the United Kingdom as a whole, assumes a much simpler form than that in which it was last submitted to the decision of the nation. We have, in the first place, the simplification which results from the experience gained during nearly six years of Tory rule. The *Times*, feebly clinging to stale delusions, has paraded before its readers during the past week the statistics which show that there is a certain improvement in the material condition of Ireland as compared with the past. We have no desire to underrate that improvement, and we certainly do not regret it. But even if we could credit Mr. Balfour with the attributes of the Omnipotent, and believe that it is to him that Ireland is indebted for smiling skies and bountiful harvests, we should be compelled to point to the lamentable and indisputable fact that in those departments of the national well-being which are unaffected by the weather or the seasons, the record of Ireland to-day is more disastrous than it ever was before. What are we to say of the vast tracts of country on which once great multitudes of people lived and throve that are now lying untilled and barren, as though cursed alike by God and man? And what are we to say of the fact that the temper of the Irish people as a whole is to-day more resolutely antagonistic to English rule and Castle rule than it was even when the nation was seething with the spirit of rebellion? Take, for example, the recent incident in the Dublin Town Council. We deplore as much as anyone can do the fact that the representatives of the people of Dublin should be so far out of sympathy with their fellow-subjects in Great Britain that they could not see even in the marriage of the heir-presumptive to the throne an occasion for

giving expression to their loyalty. But this is the temper we have to face: this is the temper with which we have to reckon, and, in face of the fact that it exists, the absurd vauntings of the *Times* and the other organs of coercion over the "improvement" in the state of Ireland must seem absolutely childish to any man who is not wholly blinded to the truth.

The arguments which are founded by our opponents on the condition of Ireland can therefore be only rejected with contempt. It will be time enough to give heed to them when they can point to the re-establishment of cordial relations between landlords and tenants throughout the country, and when they can prove that a candidate daring to proclaim himself an adherent of Mr. Balfour has even a ghost of a chance of being returned to Parliament for any Irish popular constituency outside a limited district in Ulster. Until then they must accept the stern arbitrament of facts, which proves conclusively that their six years of more or less "resolute" and unconstitutional government has done absolutely nothing to effect any real improvement in the condition of the country, or to reconcile a solitary Irishman to the continuance of the present system under which Ireland as a whole is governed in accordance with English ideas, and in the interests of a fanatical minority in Ulster. Perhaps, too, before they indulge in the ridiculous boastings to which they are prone, they might do well to offer some apology to us for the conduct of those Ulster allies of theirs on whose "loyalty" they are so fond of dwelling. For "loyal" men, it must seem to most persons that these Ulster fanatics run perilously near to open sedition and rebellion. We see that the absurd creature whom Lord Randolph Churchill imposed upon Lord Salisbury as Home Secretary, and whose grotesque performances in that office have brought discredit and disgrace upon the Ministry as a whole, had the impertinence the other day at Birmingham to boast of the fact that the Ulstermen would offer a violent resistance to a Home Rule government, supposing it were to be established in Ireland. It is not the first time that Mr. Henry Matthews has appeared before the world as the advocate of a disloyal and violent clique. To be sure, his clients on a former occasion were the Fenians of Dungarvan; but we see little to choose between those misguided persons and the faction whose cause he now espouses. If, however, the people of Ulster wish to establish any claim to the sympathies of the people of Great Britain, they will do well to discard such advocates as the Home Secretary, and to purge themselves of that taint of treason which, by some curious process of reasoning, they have come to regard as proof of their own superiority in loyalty to the majority of their fellow-countrymen.

There is, however, another and very significant change in the situation which has tended, perhaps more effectually than anything else, to simplify the Home Rule question. This is the fact that Ministers themselves have at last been brought to propose the extension of local self-government to Ireland. Lord Salisbury's Hottentots are, after all, to be admitted within the limits of grace so far that they are to be allowed for the future to manage their own domestic affairs. The people whom every Unionist, from the Duke of Devonshire downwards, has joined in denouncing as unfit for self-government, are to receive from the hands of the Government which has persecuted and oppressed them, that very right of self-government for which they have so long contended in vain. Fifty years after date, they are to be tardily admitted within the gates of the Constitution, even though their

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admission implies the absolute stultification of the policy which the men now in power have hitherto pursued towards them. Need we wonder that every good Unionist in the land sees in this extraordinary change of front on the part of the Government a stumbling block and a rock of offence? Disguise it as they may, Ministers cannot hide from the country the fact that in conceding local self-government to Ireland they are cutting from under their feet the arguments against Home Rule on which they have hitherto taken their stand. The cynic, whether he be Tory or Liberal, has of course no difficulty whatever in understanding and appreciating their motives. He knows that, finding themselves face to face with a hostile majority in the constituencies, they are bound to resort to every stratagem in order to avert, if possible, the defeat which hangs over them, and to gain for themselves and their followers a fresh lease of the emoluments and perquisites of office. But, happily, most people are not cynics, and we doubt whether in Rossendale, for example, the unfortunate person who is doomed to carry aloft the flag of Coercion on behalf of a Ministry which has virtually abandoned its citadel, will find it easy to persuade the unsophisticated electors of Lancashire that he represents an honest Government or an honest cause. Nor do we imagine that Mr. Balfour, if he is really permitted to come face to face with any of those "loyal" men of Ulster, whose champion he has professed himself to be, will find it easy to satisfy them that in giving the right of local self-government to the people of the rest of Ireland he has not virtually given them the right to Home Rule. These are but a few of the facts which lead us inevitably to the belief that the great Irish question has now assumed a form so direct and simple that, in considering it, "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein," and which fill us with the confident belief that among the many shams and hypocrisies which will be blown to the winds by the next General Election, the crowning sham and hypocrisy of the great "Unionist" conspiracy against Ireland will have the foremost place.

#### THE NEW EGYPTIAN CRISIS.

IT is difficult to say whether the English or the French newspapers have shown the greater degree of unwisdom in their comments upon the death of the late Khedive and the situation which that event has created in Egypt. We can make large allowances for the bad temper of our French contemporaries, but at the same time it is impossible not to regret that something of common sense as well as dignity has not been permitted to enter into their comments on the new phase of the Egyptian Question. Their absurd suggestion that the Sultan would refuse to grant a firman to the Khedive's eldest son, in order that he might play into the hands of France and Russia, showed with how little of knowledge they are in the habit of discussing questions of contemporary policy. If the Sultan had failed to recognise Abbas as his father's successor, he would have been guilty of a breach of faith so flagrant that the English Government on its part would have been justified in regarding it as a sufficient reason for terminating his position as suzerain. For years past the Sultan has received a large yearly tribute on the express ground of his acquiescence in the succession of the eldest son to the reigning Khedive. Happily the ruler of Turkey has been wiser than the irresponsible journalists of Paris, and has not precipitated a conflict in which he himself

would most assuredly have been worsted. Still, the fact that it was gravely suggested by important French papers that a rebuff of this kind might be administered by the Porte to England sufficiently indicates the temper in which our neighbours across the Channel now regard the Egyptian question. But if they have been foolish and ill-tempered, and have done their best to aggravate a situation which is already sufficiently menacing, what are we to say of the Ministerial prints in this country? With a strange forgetfulness of the facts of the situation, they have made haste to proclaim that by the death of Tewfik and the accession of Abbas this country has practically received a new lease for its occupancy of Egypt. Some of them have once more raised the ridiculous talk of "scuttle," apparently oblivious of the fact to which Sir Charles Dilke has called attention in these columns, that if there is one English statesman who is more emphatically pledged than any other to the policy which they describe by this ill-omened word, it is their own leader, Lord Salisbury. What a pity it is that these Chauvinists of the English press do not at least try to master the facts of the situation they discuss so glibly! If they did so, they would speedily learn that the melancholy event which occurred at Cairo a week ago has not altered in the slightest degree the actual position in which we stand with regard to Egypt towards the rest of Europe. No pledge that we have given to France—and we have given many, chiefly through the mouths of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues—is affected in even the remotest degree by the death of Tewfik. Nor can Europe recognise in that event any reason why our mandate should be extended or changed in its character. No doubt it is true that certain practical difficulties in the way of a speedy withdrawal from Egypt are raised by the Khedive's death. We quite agree with those who declare that a young and untried man can hardly be left on the throne without support at the outset of his reign. But when we remember how much of a cipher Tewfik was, and for how little his will really counted in connection with Egyptian affairs, we must say that it is the height of hypocrisy to pretend that his removal from the scene and the substitution for him of his son revolutionises the situation. It does nothing of the sort. It leaves us still face to face with three facts, not one of which can be disregarded by any English minister who is responsible for the management of the national affairs.

These are, first, the pledges we have given to Europe in general and to France in particular, by which we have bound ourselves to occupy Egypt only for a limited time; secondly, the reasons which make our continued occupancy of that country a real danger to us in our relations with the other States of Europe; and, thirdly, the claim which Egypt herself has to be freed from a foreign occupancy at the earliest possible moment. Nothing that is said by the tourists who go to Cairo for a few weeks and write glowing letters to the *Times* about the benefits of English rule in the land of the Pharaohs can affect any one of these grave facts, nor can they be affected by that natural disinclination of the Englishman to release his hold upon a valuable piece of property of which for the moment he is the master. So far as the pledges we have given to France are concerned, it is unnecessary to add anything to what has already been stated within a recent period in the pages of *THE SPEAKER*. Those pledges are upon record, and they bind us absolutely to a particular course. Nor has the death of Tewfik in any way altered the fact that it is at least as much to our interest as to our reputation for good faith that we should keep our promises to France without unnecessary delay. Sir Charles Dilke,

we are glad to see, in his speech this week, has touched upon this point, and we trust that he and other English statesmen will continue to impress it upon the minds of the public, for, unfortunately, the teachers of the opposite school are both numerous and noisy. The Duke of Norfolk, for example, is not a person of weight in politics, but the nonsense he was pleased to talk the other evening about the "scuttling out of Egypt," is precisely the kind of nonsense which most readily catches the ear of the groundlings, and the repetition of which may be productive of the gravest consequences both to England and to Europe. It is time that a distinct challenge was addressed to Lord Salisbury on this question of Egypt. Does he mean to keep his own word, pledged again and again, either by himself personally or by his accredited representatives, or is he going to break it for the sake of winning the Jingo vote at the General Election? That is the question which all Englishmen have a right to ask, and which the Prime Minister is bound to answer. If he tries to shirk, and so far to profit by the shrieks of the Chauvinists, and the natural antipathy of his fellow-countrymen to anything which they regard as a policy of "scuttle," he will deliberately be playing fast and loose with the best interests of the Empire, nay, with the peace of Europe itself. Fortunately the meeting of Parliament is at hand, and we confidently expect the Opposition in the House of Commons to lose no time in raising this grave question, and in insisting upon a categorical answer to it. As we have again and again pointed out, there is no reason why England, in keeping the pledges she has given to Europe, should part with one jot or tittle of her legitimate influence in Egypt. Still less is there any reason why, in withdrawing herself, she should leave the door open for France to enter in. That is a policy as strongly condemned by every Liberal as it is by the most rabid of Tory Jingoers. But the difference between the two parties is simply this—on the side of the Liberals there is a real determination that the honour and the good faith of England shall count for something in this great international problem, and that no man shall have it in his power to charge this country with having broken her word for the sake of any selfish consideration. On the side of our opponents, we regret to say, honour and good faith seem to count for little beside the doubtful prize of the acquisition of the Delta.

We do not doubt that, when the whole case is laid before the country, the verdict of the electors will be on the side of good faith and sanity; but, in the meantime, those of us who wish to spare the country a great humiliation and a great peril are bound to speak out plainly upon the situation as it actually exists.

#### CARDINAL MANNING.

**T**WELVE months ago last August, Cardinal Manning preached, at the Oratory at Brompton, a panegyric on his old friend and fellow-prince of the Church, Cardinal Newman. To one who saw him a day or two afterwards and expressed his hope that his Eminence was not very tired after the somewhat unwonted exertion, he replied: "I am always tired. Eighty-two years is a heavy burthen to bear." And now that burthen is laid down, that restless intellect and compassionate heart are at rest. That his death should take place on the same day as that of the Duke of Clarence no doubt eclipses the significance of it for a moment, but it will become increasingly manifest that not only the head of the

Roman Church in England, but a great social influence has gone from among us. One has passed away who had bridged to a large extent the gulf which exists between classes in London, who had been prominent in every good work without distinction of creed, and who had enabled the most sceptical and socialistic among the working men to recognise that priests may live up to their high ideal.

Cardinal Manning was born into a family of English gentlemen, well known also in the commercial world of London. He was educated at Harrow, and thence proceeded to Balliol, of which college he became a Fellow. Mr. Manning early left his academic distinction to take the small living of Lavington, in Sussex, but found, after a short experience of married life, a larger scope for his energies by becoming Archdeacon of Chichester and a leading member of the High Church party. The Gorham Judgment, according to which regeneration in baptism was held to be no necessary doctrine of the Anglican Church, obliged him to reconsider the whole position of the Church, and in company with several others who had not followed Mr. Newman, he passed over to the Church of Rome, making a part of the second great wave of seceders from the Establishment. Settling down as a Roman priest, he became head of the congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles, in Bayswater, and thence he was shortly called to succeed Cardinal Wiseman in the archiepiscopal See of Westminster. This is no place to speak at length of the manner in which he has discharged the special duties of his function. Enough to say that his labours have been incessant, both as administrator and, till his strength failed, as preacher. While he was still able to get about he made himself, it was sometimes thought, almost too cheap, by being ready to visit even the poorest of his flock who expressed a wish to see the Cardinal. His door, even to the last, was open to all who wished to see him on any business whatever. This restless energy was somewhat puzzling to many born Catholics who had grown accustomed to the days when their body was but small and when their religion in England lived a somewhat hidden and retiring life. With these he was not always popular. Indeed, one of them once cynically remarked that the greatest calamity suffered in recent years by the Roman Catholic Church in England was the death of Mrs. Manning. But the great intellectual force of the man, his personal holiness, his self-denying devotion has broken down all opposition. And there cannot be a doubt that his death will be mourned equally by the old Catholic families in England and by the many he has helped into the Roman Catholic Church.

Outside his own community his loss will be mainly felt by the working men of London, whose narrow circumstances and hardships he has done so much to mitigate, by workers in the temperance cause, whom he has helped alike by precept and example, and perhaps more than all by those who have taken up the protection of little children from cruelty. To the very last his work was incessant. He kept up his interest in literature, and within the last few months borrowed "Pickwick" from a friend because he thought he ought to read a book of which he had heard so much. A great change must no doubt come with whomsoever may have to carry on his work. The conditions of the Catholic Church in England in the future must be much changed. Probably no one could have so well bridged the gulf between the aristocratic and small Catholic Church which Cardinal Wiseman left, and the great and growing democratic Church of the future, as the man of large heart and brain who has just been taken from us.



## THE CRITICS OF OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

MR. LOCH, the secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, is a most useful watchdog, whose baying never fails to be heard when anybody has designs upon the public purse. He has given the alarm in regard to the schemes before the public for old-age pensions, and we are glad of it—certainly not because he has made out his case against them, but because it was high time to hear from a competent authority all that can be urged against such pensions. At first unreasonably scouted as socialistic, pauperising, and unnecessary, the project has of late been received almost too favourably, and there is a danger that we may find ourselves committed to some plan which has never been openly criticised or thought out. Mr. Loch, who holds to the old economical creed about the mischievousness of charity, as taught by McCulloch, Whately, and Fawcett, says, "Beware! you are on the wrong tack; the whole idea is erroneous"; and he endeavours to make good these statements in a *brochure*, entitled "Old-Age Pensions and Pauperism," which is not convincing, but is well worth reading. Old-age pensions are pronounced unnecessary. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Booth are sure that there is, and always must be, a large number of paupers over the age of sixty. Nothing, it is alleged, is more variable or more under control. It is all a matter of administration of the Poor Law; and, taking as examples of country unions, Brixworth and Bradfield, and four metropolitan unions, Mr. Loch shows how, by making outdoor relief the exception, indoor relief the rule, and refusing relief to the able-bodied, old-age pauperism is enormously reduced. Outdoor relief freely given puts on the rates people who never come off them. On the other hand, "the people to whom outdoor relief has been refused have not been forced into the house, but have, in fact, provided for themselves, or been provided for by their relations and others, both while able-bodied and in their old age." He puts the same criticism in another way in saying that, unaccompanied by a strict administration of the Poor Law, such pensions would create a kind of "hybrid pauper." "The pauper before sixty might receive a pension of outdoor relief. After sixty or sixty-five, having, as is suggested, paid earlier in life a qualifying contribution, he would become a pensioner-pauper." Mr. Loch's two points are—You may indefinitely diminish pauperism by a vigorous enforcement of the Poor Law; you may indefinitely increase it by old-age pensions accompanied by laxity as to outdoor relief.

Mr. Charles Booth, in his paper on "Enumeration and Classification of Paupers, and State Pensions for the Aged," admits that there is force in this. Like all impartial inquirers into the subject, he sees that wherever outdoor relief has been abolished old-age pauperism has been reduced. But the question remains—Are there very many persons who from no fault of their own now find themselves on the rates at the age of sixty-five? Mr. Booth's figures, though not conclusive as to the actual number of such persons, apparently show that it is considerable. "The popular sentiment which accounts as misfortune the lapse into pauperism of any who up to old age have kept clear of relief is perhaps more just. Of these eight-ninths of aged pauperism consists." It would be folly to speak of Mr. Booth's figures, mainly derived from an examination of two London unions, as determining the point. But as little can we be bound by Mr. Loch's, based solely on experience in unions where exceptional administrators such as Mr. Bland Garland and Mr. John Jones have long been at work. In regard to one class of aged paupers far too little noticed in the controversy, elderly women,

Mr. Loch's figures are altogether wide of the mark. Even Mr. Booth's give no idea of the extent to which women are in old age thrown on the rates, from no fault of their own, and in spite of heroic efforts to support themselves and others.

The Registrar of Friendly Societies comes forward with another criticism, to be recommended to the attention of those who, like Mr. Chamberlain, advocate voluntary schemes:—"It may be said to be proved by the experience of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows that this (a system of voluntary payments) is a provision which the working and lower middle classes will not make for themselves in the shape of an annuity or superannuation allowance," and the Registrar mentions the fact that of 673,073 members of that society, only two availed themselves of a carefully thought-out scheme, and this, it is said, owing to "the sheer inability" of the members to pay the small contributions. How, then, can Mr. Chamberlain hope that many men or women will voluntarily pay, year after year, sums which will appear to them substantial deductions from their earnings? Mr. Chamberlain has not answered this question, nor is it clear that it admits of an answer. We are not throwing cold water on the proposals for pensions—we are only inviting careful consideration of the details to be adopted—when we urge these criticisms to be borne in mind. They establish, at all events, two points—the fact that the question cannot be severed from the working of the Poor Law, and that there are serious difficulties in the way of any voluntary scheme. The former is of most consequence, and nowhere, except in Mr. Loch's pamphlet, is it frankly faced. Pensions for old age are excellent, but not so the manufacture of old-age paupers; and in creating pensions we ought to be on our guard against this evil.

## COMING DANGERS IN FINANCE.

THE panic on the Continental Bourses, which had its reflex on the Stock Exchange last week, was caused partly by the sudden announcement of the illness of the Khedive, but much more by the alarmist rumours about Tangier, each more ridiculous than the last, to which we referred at the time. It passed away quickly enough; but it shows how deceptive is the apparent strength of the Bourses. We have frequently pointed out in these columns the causes of the uneasiness that exists—the famine in Russia, the deficient harvests all over Western Europe, and the financial difficulties of Portugal, Spain, and Italy. In Germany, too, a slow liquidation of bad business has been going on for a couple of years, trade is very depressed, industrial securities of all kinds have fallen ruinously, and there is a serious lock-up of capital. In France matters are not quite so bad. The country is the richest of any upon the Continent; the great banks support one another in an emergency with extraordinary unanimity and cleverness; and there is a confident belief that, if the necessity arises, the Government will compel the Bank of France to give whatever assistance may be required. Therefore the great bankers and capitalists in Paris retain their courage; they think that they will be able to overcome the difficulties which unquestionably exist, and whenever alarm arises they add largely to their liabilities by fresh purchases. It is possible that they may prevent a crisis, but it is far from probable; and in any case it is clear that prices must decline, and that there must be a difficult liquidation.

The Portuguese Government has succeeded, contrary to general expectation, in finding the money to

pay the January interest upon its debt; but the world believes that this is the last time it will be able to do so. Even this week, just after the payment of the interest, the price of the bonds has been as low as 31½. As the bonds profess to bear 3 per cent. interest, that means that the purchaser now would get something over 9 per cent. upon his money—provided that the Government can continue to pay the interest. It is very evident that, if the world believed in the ability of the Government to go on paying the interest, so low a price could not last for a single day. Assuming that the general impression is right, and that the Portuguese Government will be compelled by-and-by either to stop paying the interest altogether, or to propose a compromise to its creditors, what will be the consequence to the Paris Bourse? It is generally estimated that French investors hold nearly 150 millions sterling of Portuguese securities of all kinds—Government, municipal, railway, and general industrial. Bankruptcy on the part of the Government would depreciate still further this vast mass of property; and is it possible that the Paris Bourse could come through such a depreciation without a crisis? Then, again, the new loan issued in Spain has not materially improved the condition of the country. The Government, it is true, has got about eight millions sterling. It has been able to pay over a couple of millions to the Bank of Spain, and the Bank in its turn has been able to increase considerably the gold and silver it holds to ensure the exchangeability of its notes. But there is no assurance that the Government will not before long begin borrowing very largely from the Bank again; and if it does, the note circulation will increase, and the Bank once more will be plunged in difficulties. French investors hold Spanish securities even more largely than Portuguese, and increased difficulties in Spain will add enormously to the embarrassments of the Paris Bourse. More serious, however, is the state of affairs in Russia. France now holds more Russian securities than all the rest of Europe put together, with the single exception of Germany, and everything, therefore, that makes the condition of Russia worse tells most severely upon French investors. If order is maintained in Russia, and if war is avoided, the Government will be able to tide over its difficulties; but if a real fear should spring up either that war will break out, or that there will be formidable revolutionary movements, the effect upon the Paris Bourse can hardly fail to be disastrous. The Russian Government in its Budget for the new year admits that there will be a deficit on the ordinary expenditure of between seven and eight millions sterling. But few believe that the deficit will be so small; most would multiply it at least by two. It seems certain, therefore, that Russia will have to get another loan. It is hardly probable that she can borrow anywhere except in France; and if she tries to borrow in France in March, as is now reported, may we not have a recurrence of the crisis which so nearly brought on a crash a couple of months ago?

It is not surprising, then, that there should be great anxiety in Paris, and that the leading banks should feel it to be absolutely necessary to combine together to protect the market. In spite of all adverse influences, it is possible that they may succeed in averting a serious crisis if there are no political troubles; but should there be political troubles, a crisis is inevitable, and possibly a disastrous panic. What makes the outlook so very serious is that the French capitalists and speculators cannot hope to sell to other countries, however great their own difficulties may become—at all events, until there is a very serious fall in prices. Neither Russia nor

Portugal nor Spain nor Italy is now in a position to buy its own securities very largely; if they were, the great houses in Paris that are locked up with those securities might consent to submit to some loss for the sake of lessening their risks; but now they could not sell on a sufficiently large scale to any of those countries, however they might put down the prices of the securities. Similarly, the great French capitalists and speculators cannot hope to sell freely to the German. A few years ago there was even a wilder speculation in Germany than in France, and Germans would have bought on every slight decline in prices; but, as already said, the financial difficulties of Germany are even greater than those of France, and therefore German investors are not able to buy freely. Here at home English investors, for years past, have been selling Continental securities. At one time they held immense quantities of Russian, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Turkish, and other securities; but they took advantage of the recent speculative mania in Germany and France to sell freely, and now it is believed that, though there is still a considerable holding of Spanish and Portuguese, English investors hold very little of either Russian or Italian, and it is reasonably certain that they would not buy under existing circumstances unless the fall were very great indeed. Thus French bankers are compelled either to hold themselves, or to lend to their customers to enable them to hold, immense masses of foreign securities, for the simple reason that those securities cannot be sold abroad. As long as there is a good prospect that peace will be maintained, it is, of course, possible that the French may succeed in averting a crisis; but the French know, better than anybody else, that they cannot sell abroad, and therefore, if they are alarmed by political events, this very knowledge will intensify the panic; everyone will be ready to take what he can get, in the fear that if he delays he may not be able to sell at all.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**A** PART from the uncertainties and speculations caused by the situation in Egypt—which have, after all, taken considerably less space than might have been expected in the Continental press—from the melancholy record of influenza all over Western Europe, and from the appalling reports from a great variety of sources as to the Russian famine, there is a singular dearth of news this week. The Morocco question is doubtless serious for Tangier, but it is only the morbid susceptibilities of Spain and France that can convert it into an international complication. The Franco-Bulgarian incident is on the point of settlement. Negotiations with a view to the conclusion of commercial treaties are still proceeding in various countries. We refer further on to the discussion in the Austrian Reichsrath. Switzerland has refused to enter into negotiations with France on the basis of the minimum tariff; and there is a hitch in the negotiations between France and Spain—to overcome which French politicians are taking advantage of the supposed intentions of England in Morocco, to the detriment of Spanish interests there, to impress upon Spain that her true friend is France; an active and increasing opposition is manifested in Belgium against the arrangement with Germany, and a demonstration is to be held next Sunday. The Swiss treaty with Italy is now before the Lower House of the Swiss Legislature. A Committee of the Italian Chamber has reported on the proposed treaty between Italy and Austria, commending it indeed, but with very moderate enthusiasm, and dwelling much more on its political than on its commercial advantages.

A spirit of concession, however grudging and



narrow, seems to have entered into other international matters just now. Even the International Sanitary Conference at Venice is inclined to compromise. The French delegates appear to have abandoned their insistence on quarantine in favour of disinfection in transit through Egyptian waters. But Egypt will be thereby burdened with an expense that is not properly hers.

Internal politics abroad this week are of the scantiest; the great fact abroad as at home is the influenza. Throughout Northern France and Belgium it seems to show little or no abatement; all over France it is more or less prevalent, and also in Spain; in Denmark it is still very severe; in Vienna and South Germany it has been increasing; in Northern Italy it is diminishing, in spite of wet and cold weather, and the schools have been re-opened at Milan; but it seems to be moving southward since it has very seriously increased at Naples and in Southern Italy, and has invaded Greece.

In France the "extraordinary session" which ended on Monday has not sufficed for the full discussion of the Budget in the Senate. The ordinary Session began on Tuesday, M. Floquet being, as a matter of course, re-elected President. The 79 blank ballots deposited were presumably protests against the charge of Freemasonry he recently brought against Pius IX., from which the memory of that Potentate has been completely cleared by a high official of the Order in Italy. The Chamber has been discussing the adulteration of butter. The revenue for 1891 has exceeded the Budget estimates by about 101,000,000 francs.

Two bye-elections to the Senate and one to the Chamber took place on Sunday. M. Thévenet, a deputy and former Minister of Justice, was successful in one of the former. In none of the three cases is there any change in the representation, but they seem to indicate that the Republic is in smooth water again.

The session of the German Reichstag opened on Tuesday. It will be a very busy one. The regulation of habitual drunkards and of the drink traffic, the commercial treaty with Switzerland, the Budget of the Empire, and a measure relating to the suppression of the slave trade are among the subjects for discussion. The Reichstag passed a resolution demanding payment of members on Tuesday by a large majority. A similar proposal was passed five-and-twenty years ago, and ignored by Prince Bismarck. It is expected that the present Government will do likewise.

The new Archbishop of Posen—Herr von Stablewski, a Nationalist—has been summoned to Berlin to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor instead of doing so before the Provincial authorities. This is regarded as a formal signification that Prince Bismarck's Germanising policy in Poland is to be definitely reversed.

Count Limburg Stirum, a Conservative deputy and ambassador temporarily unemployed, is to be punished for an article in the *Kreuz Zeitung* of December 14th, attacking the new commercial treaty with Austria. Alliance with Germany—according to the article—was formerly desirable in itself, now it is necessary to couple it with commercial advantages. Presumably, therefore, its value has fallen. This does not seem very scathing or seditious. But a diplomatist who expresses his objection to the foreign policy of his country cannot expect fresh employment; and his punishment will probably consist in compulsory retirement.

The story that the Emperor of Austria meditates a visit to Italy in order to reconcile the Vatican with the Quirinal is now officially denied. In view of the attitude of the Extreme Left, and the possible re-organisation of the old Left on an anti-Catholic basis, such a visit could hardly be desired by the Italian Government.

The discussion in the Austrian Reichsrath on the treaties of commerce with Germany and Italy which is now proceeding is more remarkable with reference

to Austrian than to general politics. The Committee have sent in a majority and a minority report. Both are favourable to the treaty with Germany, but the latter demands a revision of the duties on Italian wines for the protection chiefly of Dalmatia; it also demands *en passant* that Austria shall assert her sovereignty over Pelagosa. The young Czechs, of course, vigorously oppose the treaty, and with it the Triple Alliance; but they are not yet backed by the other Slav groups of the Reichsrath. About seventy speeches are expected in the debate.

The "Pelagosa question" is still unsettled. Both at Vienna and at Rome search has been made for documents to show how and when the islets were ceded to Austria. Seemingly, evidence is not forthcoming; but it is said that Austria is willing to withdraw if Italy will pay for the lighthouse erected by the former Power. But the Italian Premier does not care to resume possession, and doubtless is not sorry to be able to snub a noisy member of the Extreme Left.

Lieutenant Livraghi—whose varying fortunes we have frequently had to chronicle—has arrived from Abyssinia at Naples, and will be conducted to the Swiss frontier after formal removal from the army for desertion; for which, however, he will not be further punished, since desertion is not an offence specified in extradition treaties. On arrival in Switzerland he will not enter into a monastery, but will marry at once.

An Anarchist outbreak took place on Saturday last at Xeres, near Cadiz. A mob of four hundred so-called "Anarchists" from the country, armed with guns, pistols, and scythes, attacked the prison and the barracks in the evening, just as the theatre was over and the streets were full. They were easily beaten off and dispersed. Three men were killed—one, an inoffensive citizen, was murdered solely because his clothes showed that he was not a workman. Outbreaks of this sort are unimportant, save as an indication of what may happen should the financial crisis in Spain be intensified. But it would seem, from the speeches of Señor Canovas and Señor Sagasta on Monday, that both sides are determined to attempt to secure sound finance.

The Russian Budget shows a decline of 73,500,000 roubles—nearly seven and a half million sterling—as compared with 1890, and a deficit of rather more than that sum. This is to be provided for out of the cash reserve in the treasury and the last loan. Sixty-five million roubles have just been set apart for the relief of distress. But it seems pretty clear that the financial troubles of Russia have hardly yet begun. There were larger deficits a few years ago, but the decline in receipts has only just begun to be felt. In some of the districts there can be little harvest next year; and when twenty millions of people—that is the figure given by the delegates of the Society of Friends—are starving, what is the use of asking for taxes? The worst districts lie far from present help—up the Volga—and what happens in them is hardly known. Even fuel has failed, for there is no straw. A peasant rising is expected in the spring; but it will probably be totally without organisation, the more so as another blow has been given to Nihilism by fresh arrests.

There seems little doubt that the rebellion in Southern Arabia has again become serious, and its religious aspect bodes no good for the Sultan.

From South America the news is very obscure. The Chilian Government seems not to have apologised to the United States, and President Harrison's Cabinet appears prepared to force it to do so. Only one of the Balmacedist refugees remains at the American Legation at Santiago. In Argentina the various party leaders seem to insist on forcing a coalition in view of the elections which their followers are not prepared to accept. At any rate disturbances are reported in three provinces; but the report of a mutiny among the troops in Buenos Ayres is contradicted. But the Stock Exchange is not at present disquieted.

# THE DEAD SET AT THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

TO many men some formula for action seems a necessity of existence. I believe that there are whist players who, being called on to lead with dubious cards, find a resource and a comfort in the maxim, "When in doubt, lead trumps." There must be many men now in London who, though not actually under compulsion to speak as the whist player is to lead, find the yearning to say something in public too strong for silence; and who have adopted as their formula, "When in doubt, revile the London County Council." And they are on surer ground than the whist player, because his formula may fail him by reason of his having no trumps; whereas it is found that people can always revile the County Council, whether it has done right or wrong or nothing at all. Indeed, during a long life, I have never known such a continuous stream of malignant misrepresentation directed against any body of public men, as has been directed against the London County Council by the dominant political party in London ever since the first election.

I wish now that I had kept memoranda of the false glosses, false representations, and downright inventions which have been circulated for the purpose of bringing obloquy upon this body. It would be an interesting, though somewhat disgusting, piece of history. And so far as I have seen, disproof of charges has not elicited retraction or apology; nor, in the flood of indiscriminate blame, is any heed given to the fact that a large number of men have—without fee or reward or the expectation of any—given up their time, their talents, their strength, and their means, to the service of Londoners; so efficiently that, though loud complaints are made that the Council pays attention to things beyond its province, no enemy has been able to put his finger on a case of inattention to, or neglect of, the duties committed to it.

Failing a complete history of these matters, it is worth while to undertake the lesser task of subjecting to analysis a single case of misrepresentation and reviling, which is to me inexplicable except on the above hypothesis of an existing formula, "When in doubt, revile the County Council."

This case I take mainly because it is the most recent one; but also because the groundless charge proceeds from a gentleman who, I believe, does not in national politics belong to the party from which nearly all such charges proceed. I refer to the Leather Lane evictions, on which a correspondence has taken place in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* between Mr. Reginald Brett, the Editor of the paper, and some members of the Council.

On the 23rd of December last Londoners were somewhat shocked by a paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* giving an account of the misery caused by these evictions. In this paragraph it was stated that the houses had been condemned by the sanitary authorities. No grounds were given for this statement, which was erroneous, and was corrected next day in the same paper. But this error, of a kind almost unavoidable in first reports, was enough to let off Mr. Brett at the Council. He assumed the truth of an anonymous surmise; he further assumed that the sanitary authority was the London County Council; and forthwith sat down to write an indictment against that body which was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 24th.

He does not in so many terms assert that the Council had ordered the evictions. But after a denunciation of the authorities, he proceeds as follows:—

"If this story is true, the notion underlying the evictions is simply humanitarian. It would command the sympathy of the purifying section of the County Council. The working classes are beginning to discover that, regardless and tyrannical as landlords of the upper classes can be, they find their match in 'authorities' of the middle classes."

Then, after referring to Spaniards at an *auto-da-fé*, he says:—

"But Londoners have privileges and power in the 19th century which Spaniards did not possess in the 15th. Will they use them?"

What is this but an appeal to Londoners, and the working classes especially, to trample on the County Council, or at least the "purifying section" of it, because it has shown itself cruel in action?

On the 24th of December he writes again a letter published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 26th. He has found out now that the evictions were not the work of any sanitary authority. Does he then retract, and apologise for his overhaste to throw stones? Not a bit of it. The usual code of courtesy and honour does not run, it seems, in favour of the County Council, or at least of the purifying section of it. Mr. Brett first throws on the *Pall Mall Gazette* the blame of his own eagerness to attack innocent people; then he proceeds to make another attack. He says:—

"When families are evicted in Ireland, there is a howl of execration at the Irish Government in general and at Mr. Balfour in particular from the whole of our party. But in London, under the rule of the Progressive Party, it is quite a different matter."

He then goes on to attack the Council and the Progressive Party in terms which are somewhat confused, and which mix up the licensing affair with that of the evictions, and of which therefore I prefer to give Mr. Brett's own explanation conveyed in another letter.

On the 28th of December appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a letter from Lord Compton mainly on the licensing affair, which has been the subject of as much violence and injustice to the Council or to some of its members as the matter I am now on. Mr. Brett replied in a letter published on the 29th, restating his argument on the evictions. He now argues thus:—If the Council is responsible for the evictions (he knew on the 24th that it was no more responsible than himself), it has used its power badly. If it is not responsible, it has been guilty of acts of omission. Why?

"For, inasmuch as that body has power to prevent me from emptying my dust-bin into the street, it either has, or should have endeavoured to obtain, power to prevent a landlord from evicting from their houses into the open street three hundred wretched poverty-stricken people."

He then contends that, because the money of the ratepayers is spent in maintaining persons whose business it is to furnish evidence of what takes place in dancing-saloons, their money might with equal propriety be spent in the maintenance of surveyors, with instructions to keep their eye on the landlord suspected of an inclination to wholesale eviction. And further—

"It will be interesting to see what steps the County Council proposes to take in order to prevent a repetition of the Leather Lane evictions. Its members seem not hitherto to have shown themselves overburdened with modesty in their demands for legislative or executive functions. The philanthropy of some of them may possibly extend to carrying into practice in London principles which we all profess ourselves ardently anxious to see extended to Ireland."

I pass by, as either unintelligible or irrelevant, Mr. Brett's reference to wicked landlords and to Irish affairs; but as regards the London County Council, I stand in blank amazement at his wild hitting. Let me try to follow him:—

1. He insinuates as a possible thing his original unfounded charge, under a hypothesis constituting one horn of a dilemma, or rather a trilemma.

2. His second horn is that, if the Council did not order the evictions, it had power to prevent them, and ought to have done so. To prove that, his first step is to assert that the Council has power to prevent him from emptying his dust-bin into the street. But this is a step into a quagmire. The Council can no more prevent his emptying his dust-bin into the street than it can prevent his writing letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His next step is to liken living persons who can walk away, to dead matter which must be carried away; and, from the power and the duty of removing dead matter, to infer a power and duty of maintaining them in their dwellings against a legal ejectment. I should like to hear what remarks



the vestries on the one side and the landlords on the other have to make on this analogy.

3. He argues that, because the Council spend money in obtaining reports on houses for which licences are demanded, they ought to spend money in finding out what landlords are likely to be harsh, and in keeping an eye on them. That is to say, because a municipal body gets the best information it can, to enable it to perform municipal functions cast upon it by the law, it ought to get other information for purposes foreign to those functions.

4. Then comes the third horn. If the Council has not adequate power the fault is its own. He blames it for not having asked Parliament to give it power to control evictions, and, under the common form "it will be interesting to know," invites it to do so. I, on my part, should be interested to know what would be the language used by Mr. Brett and the other enemies of the Council, if, instead of addressing themselves, as they have, to matters recognised to be within the scope of municipal functions, they were to ask for powers which nobody has yet contemplated giving to a municipal body, or indeed to any other body in Great Britain.

It is certainly a marvellous farrago of errors, in statements, in analogies, in inferences, and in conceptions both of Municipal functions and of the aims of the majority of the Council. Can it be accounted for by anything but the prevalence of such a formula as I have suggested for men desiring to say something in public: "When in doubt, revile the County Council"?

If the case stood alone, it would hardly be worth this analysis. But like cases are constantly recurring. Consciously or unconsciously Mr. Brett has lent his aid to a system of detraction by which a very wealthy community, commanding a very powerful Press, are seeking to neutralise the efforts which public-spirited Londoners are making to introduce order and improvement into the administration of London affairs. Efforts which affect affairs of such magnitude as the supply of water, equality of local taxation, equality of treatment between the richer and poorer districts, the use of local endowments, the control of local constabulary, to say nothing of other matters of local government, are certain to provoke powerful enemies, especially among those who value their present position and fear a disturbance of it. The mere quickening of organic life gives pain to Londoners, so long unaccustomed to self-government and to the exertion which it requires. I was one of those who worked for a comprehensive Municipal Government of London in the belief that Londoners would be able to maintain it, and would, as a community, be strengthened and ennobled by doing so. That belief I retain. Elections are dark affairs, and each election, whether local or national, as it comes, is apt to be influenced by temporary considerations, sometimes by misrepresentations, sometimes by superficial misunderstandings or currents of feeling. How far the impending elections for London may be so influenced probably none can tell—certainly I cannot. But it is found in national affairs that the House of Commons is always moving in the main line of active national thought, whichever of the rival parties is uppermost; only more or less slowly and with more or less friction. And I venture to affirm that the London County Council has, during its brief existence, moved on the main lines of active London thought, and to prophesy, even though I do not know, that however great a number of "Moderates" the next elections may return, there will be very little, if any, substantial departure from the lines of action followed by the present men.

That conviction, however, is no reason why efforts should not be made to prevent Londoners from voting under false impressions. And there is strong reason why, unpleasant as the task is, somebody should select specimens of the methods used to vilify the Council, and should exhibit them for the study of all concerned. Those who study this one may be assured that a large number of attacks on

the Council are of like nature with it. I will only add on this matter that further correspondence has taken place in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but I have not observed any retraction of Mr. Brett's mistakes, nor indeed anything that calls for alteration in what is above written.

I said that I selected Mr. Brett's attack, because it was the most recent: and so it was when I began to write this paper, which has been interrupted. I have since seen another attack, which may match this: this time one from a member of the Council itself. It so happens that, on the question of the size of Committees—which is the ostensible subject of Mr. Brudenell Carter's letter published in a late issue of the *Times*—I mainly agree with that gentleman. But when he gets to his real subject, viz., the malpractices of the "Progressive" party, he gives an account of the origin of large Committees and of their modifications which has very little relation to the facts of the case. It has been subjected by Mr. Benn to an analysis such as I have endeavoured to apply to Mr. Brett's onslaught. But I have not observed any retraction on the part of Mr. Carter, or of the *Times*, which founded on his letter one of its frequent editorial scoldings.

HOBHOUSE.

January, 1892.

#### A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

IT is now the third year since the reappearance of influenza, and its presence has been made only too manifest to everyone by the severity of the epidemic and its very fatal issue. This has not always been the character of former outbreaks of the disease, of which numerous records, more or less accurate, are extant. In many which have visited this country the cases of disease, although numerous, have been mild in character; in the present epidemic there has been a grievous mortality. The last epidemic which visited England was in 1847, and it was predicted by the late Dr. Parkes, the distinguished Professor of Hygiene in the Army Medical School at Netley, that when the next epidemic occurred medical science would possibly throw some light on the nature of the disease, which had been extremely obscure up to the date at which he wrote (1870). Although it cannot be said that the scientific investigations which have been instituted during the present epidemic have elucidated the actual cause of the disease, yet the progress which has been made in the last fifteen years in the study of infectious disorders has given us a clearer insight into the nature of influenza than those who witnessed former epidemics could possibly have had. It was known from a study of these outbreaks of the disorder that influenza was an epidemic disease; in some cases, pandemic, i.e., spreading all over the world; that the outbreak lasted on an average from six weeks to two months each year, and that although dying out in one year it was liable to recur in the second or even the third year. The older ideas of outbreaks of influenza being associated with some condition of the stars, with volcanic disturbances, or abnormal meteorological conditions, were quite exploded at the time of the epidemic of 1847. The only tangible conclusion which was arrived at from a study of the epidemic was that the *materies morbi* appeared to be carried by the air, and was not apparently conveyed by the evacuations as in the case of cholera and typhoid fever. That the disease was capable of being carried from man to man did not appear to be very evident: as the epidemic seemed to travel faster than the then means of communication permitted human beings to travel. We know from our experience of the present epidemic that the disease is conveyed from individual to individual, that it is a contagious or infectious disorder.

Influenza being an epidemic and specific infectious disorder, *i.e.*, an acute disease with definite recognisable symptoms, what, it may well be asked in these days of scientific progress, is the nature of the contagion, or the agent which produces the disease? Scientific research of late years into the nature of infectious disorders has shown that what was formerly spoken of as "contagium vivum," or living contagion, rests in some of the lower fungi, or bacteria. It is quite possible that future investigation will reveal other agents which are active producers of disease; but as far as medical scientific knowledge at present goes, bacteria are regarded as the actual agents in infectious diseases, and a search is consequently made for them. Investigators have not been idle in studying influenza from this point of view, but it is not too much to say that no reliable results have yet been brought before the scientific world. The investigation is, no doubt, one of some difficulty. To prove that a bacterium—*e.g.*, a bacillus—is the cause of a particular disease, it must be constantly found in that disease, it must be separated from the disease and grown outside the body, and, when obtained pure, that is, free from other bacteria, it must reproduce the disease when it is injected into an animal susceptible to that disease, and finally it must be found in the animal which has been given the artificial disease. These are four rules which are well known to bacteriologists. With some diseases there is no difficulty in proving all the points; owing to the presence of some great change in one or other part of the body which is at once recognisable as a part of the disease. In diphtheria, for example, the throat is affected, and a membrane is formed there which serves as a fruitful source of investigation. The difficulty in many diseases is, however, not that no bacteria are found, but that so many are present that it is difficult to say which is the cause of the disease. Many have been found in the nasal discharge in cases of influenza. It is therefore necessary to test the effect of the bacteria which have been separated on animals. In some cases man is the only being affected by the disease: cholera is an example of this. But this is not the case with influenza. During epidemics it is well known that horses are affected, and in previous outbreaks of the disease, dogs (especially in Australia), cats, and even birds, have been known to succumb to it. In spite of numerous investigations, the influenza bacillus may still be regarded as unknown.

Our knowledge of the nature of the disease is therefore not complete. More is known of the symptoms which accompany the malady, and an appreciation of the early signs of the disorder is extremely important in order that precautions may be taken against the development of serious complications. Influenza is a disease with usually a sudden onset, headache, and pain in the limbs and joints, fever, and intense mental and bodily prostration. Its early access may be shown by an utter inability to do any work, mental or bodily; an inability to concentrate the mind, and a tired feeling in the limbs during walking. At the same time there may be a slight rise of the body temperature, the thermometer when placed in the mouth registering 100° F., or more than this. In other cases the first indication of the attack is the presence of pains in the joints and limbs with a slight amount of fever: and in a third class of cases the early symptoms resemble those of an ordinary cold, running at the eyes and nose, with some cough, due to congestion of the throat.

In this last class of cases there is also a rise of the body temperature, which may be so well marked as to at once distinguish the attack from an ordinary cold.

The disease when fully developed is characterised chiefly by the great amount of mental and bodily prostration which accompanies the moderate rise in the body temperature. In some instances the pains in the limbs and joints are excessive, while in others the signs of affection of the respiratory tract become

prominent. It is this affection of the bronchial tubes and lungs which constitutes so grave a danger in influenza, a danger emphasised if there has been previous chronic lung or heart disease. Bronchitis or pneumonia may supervene, and both these complications are responsible for the numerous fatal cases. It does not appear that influenza is of itself a very fatal disease; but when it attacks the very young or the very aged, or when during the attack the affected person exposes himself to cold or wet, these pulmonary complications are liable to occur and to end fatally. Several instances have been observed during this epidemic, in which labourers have walked from their work to the hospitals, have been found suffering from pneumonia following influenza, and have died within twenty-four hours after admission. It is evident that avoidance of exposure to cold is one of the chief points to be observed in the treatment of the disease.

Influenza is not the only disease in which danger arises from its being associated with inflammation of the lungs. Among other infectious disorders, measles and diphtheria are pre-eminently associated with pneumonia. The extremely frequent occurrence of pneumonia with influenza seems to point, however, to some definite connection between the two, to some special influence of the influenza-poison, whatever that may be, on the lungs.

Uncomplicated influenza lasts a varying time, from four to eight or ten days, and convalescence is as a rule a tedious affair. When pneumonia has occurred and recovery ensues, it may be weeks before the sufferer is himself again. Even in cases where no lung trouble occurs, convalescence may be very prolonged, and it is a remarkable fact that many of the symptoms from which such convalescents suffer are referable to the nervous system. Not uncommonly neuralgias of the head are observed, or persistent headache. The mental depression which is a part of the disease may persist and in some cases pass into a melancholic condition. The pallor of the face, which is so evident at the end of the acute attack, may persist as an anæmic or bloodless condition for some time, and require special treatment. Fortunately grave after-effects are not the rule in influenza; many people suffer from it and are well again in a fortnight.

The early recognition of the disease is very important. From an ordinary cold or from a so-called "influenza" cold it is readily distinguished by the rise of temperature, by the headache and pains in the limbs, and by the great mental and bodily prostration. What has been called an "influenza" cold is simply an ordinary cold with a greater discharge than usual from the eyes, nose, and mouth. It has no connection with influenza. The recognition of the disease also depends on the presence of an epidemic malady with the symptoms which have been mentioned. After an epidemic of influenza is over, it is done with; no isolated cases occur during the interval of years between one epidemic and another. The treatment of the disease itself is very simple. Confinement to bed during the acute disease in a warm but not hot room is the first essential. As much nutritious food must be taken as possible, and a small amount of stimulants given to relieve the depression. There is no remedy which is a specific against the disease: quinine is given and cannot do much harm, while some other drugs, such as antipyrin, which were given in large quantities in the first year of the epidemic, did an infinite amount of mischief. No remedy, no treatment, can cut short the disease; but complications may in many cases be averted by the avoidance of exposure to cold or wet as soon as any symptoms appear. When the acute disease has passed off confinement to the house is necessary for a few days to avoid any risk of a relapse or of catching cold.

It is very comforting to think that this will be the last year of influenza, probably for many years. As a rule epidemics of the disease have not lasted more than three years, and have not



recurred for a long period. In these days of activity the less seen the better of an epidemic disease, which, however mild it may be, can disorganise the public mind and render business stagnant.

### THE RETURN OF TARTARIN.

WHEN M. Daudet's amusing Gascon came back from Algeria, he brought with him a camel, which he introduced to admiring friends at Tarascon with this flourish, "He saw me kill all my lions." Lord Randolph does not appear to have provided himself with such an imposing witness, though in some other respects his exploits in South Africa are not unlike Tartarin's. The lion-hunting, for example, might have been modelled on the Gascon's pursuit of the kingly beast, and was quite as dangerous. Perhaps Lord Randolph has brought some skins which will decorate the platform when he addresses his constituents; or, better still, he might drape himself in one of them, to give the lie to a well-known fable. On the subject of fables, indeed, he seems a little sensitive, and has already complained of the licence which some newspapers permitted themselves in discussing his adventures. No doubt the story about the cookery on the *Grantully Castle* was a flight of malicious fancy, for has not Lord Randolph warmly commended the cook of the *Scot*, which brought him home? Nobody can believe now that Lord Randolph was burnt in effigy at the Cape, for has he not expressed his high appreciation of "the kindness he received on all hands"? Perish, too, the thought that public opinion in the Transvaal resented his candid comments on Boer institutions and Dutch dining. Nor can it be true that he ever pined for a snug seat at the Amphitryon, or subsequently extolled bread and jam in the wilderness as far above dainties in Albemarle Street. Only the most unscrupulous mendacity, moreover, would have thrust upon our Tartarin the blushing honours of high diplomatic posts. Why, he actually laughed when he heard that the newspapers had made him Viceroy of India, British Ambassador at Constantinople, and special emissary to St. Petersburg. A man may hunt lions in South Africa, but that is no reason why he should stalk the wild diplomatist in Europe. Nobody ever hears the lion's side of the story, but the diplomatic quarry has a habit of making the retort courteous. Besides, Lord Randolph knows very well that, although his party are shy of him now, they will be very glad of his services before long. He will have some preliminary sport, perhaps, beginning with a little jackal-shooting, which will be interesting to Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. Any way, the political game has not so completely lost its value or its charm that he can think of abandoning it for a career for which his native gifts and graces have not pre-eminently fitted him.

But what of Mashonaland? Is it the Ophir which Lord Randolph went to seek? Or is it as barren for the company-promoter as Port Tarascon proved to the unfortunate followers of Tartarin the immortal? On this point Lord Randolph speaks with two voices. He is manifestly anxious to do a good turn to Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company. He recognises Mr. Rhodes as the "indispensable man" for South Africa. He commends Mashonaland as the very country for people with superfluous energy. They will have none to spare if they want to get on there. Mashonaland is full of auriferous deposits, but Lord Randolph is suspicious of the marvellous quartz which has been discovered eighteen inches below the surface. "This fact stamped itself somewhat sourly and disappointingly on my mind," he says, in his valedictory letter to the *Daily Graphic*, "that the great gold mine had not been discovered by ourselves or by any other of the numerous exploring parties, and that the existence of any great gold mine in Mashonaland was

still problematical." After this, of what value to the Chartered Company is Lord Randolph's admission that he had enjoyed, "what with sport and mining operations, many hours full of pleasurable excitement"? How can you send up shares on the strength of a pot-shot at a vanishing lion? What does Mr. Balak Rhodes think of his Balaam, who was expected to bless what he has damned with faint praise? True, Lord Randolph owns half a gold mine, which he seems to have acquired out of compliment to his colonial associates, for he cannot have much expectation of selling it after his candid criticism of its native land. This is poor booty for a prospecting adventure. Lord Randolph has extended his knowledge of men and lions, but it may be presumed without impertinence that he did not go to South Africa mainly for the purpose of improving his mind. There is something pathetic, indeed, in his frank confession that a great gold mine was the object of his quest, and that he is soured and disappointed by his failure to find it. Other men have been soured by the blighting of somewhat different hopes. They have aimed at things which would have given them a greater prestige than wealth. Lord Randolph's misfortune is that his ambition has received a double discomfiture. When he had allowed power to slip out of his grasp, even the solace of a great gold-mine was denied him. He fell from a commanding position in the State to the level of a gold-seeker who was expected to be a useful agent for financial speculators. It was not an ennobling office, and it has brought him little but disappointment and the reputation of an amateur journalist. In the vicissitudes of public life no man has risen so quickly or faded so signally into a dubious notoriety. But Lord Randolph is by no means an extinct force, and he will have plenty of opportunities for retrieving some of his credit when his party are overtaken by the disaster which cannot be postponed much longer. Meanwhile, in the interests of literature, he had better devote himself to the revision of the remarkable compositions which he sent home from Africa. They have not the qualities of Tartarin's gasconade. They are not genial, expansive, or efflorescent with the abounding fancy of the Southerner. They combine the style of Gradgrind with the peevishness of a clubman crying in the wilderness. They do not possess one luminous idea, nor one happy phrase. But they have their value, and if Lord Randolph will give them to the world in a volume, this will be preserved at the British Museum as a model of the kind of intelligence and temperament which nearly made a Tory Democrat Prime Minister in the latter part of the Victorian era.

### LEMAÎTRISE.

ONLY a week or two ago M. Jules Lemaitre declared that he had done for ever with the reviewing of books, and added, like a late Oxford Professor of Political Economy when avowing that he knew nothing about art, "Thank goodness!" The world of polite letters will not feel so thankful. If there is living a writer more delightful than M. Lemaitre the critic of plays, it is M. Lemaitre the critic of books. And so it is with a feeling akin to dismay that one learns his new volume of "Contemporains" (Paris: Lecène, Oudin) is to be the last of the series.

Perhaps it is because one is thus prepared to find them beforehand that one seems to detect in the book signs and portents of an impending change in its author's mental development. He appears to be tiring of the library and the eternal production of "copy," to be longing to put off the mere "littery chap" and to inhabit among men. He is coming to be minded with Boileau:—

"C'est peu d'être agréable et charmant dans un livre,  
Il faut savoir encore et converser et vivre."

This is no new crisis in the history of the man of letters. To have done with feeling, pondering, recording, and to be up and doing—how often one comes across this mood in the diary of every bookman! Humbler scribes than Musset have paraded their envy of the stone-breaker by the roadside. But, happily for all parties, including the scribe's own tradespeople, it is only a temporary mood. The fit passes, the writer continues to write on to the end. We do not despair of having more last volumes of book-criticism from M. Lemaître.

Moreover, it would argue a naïve simplicity were we to take any passing mood of M. Lemaître's too seriously. For his philosophy is made up of passing moods. It is the philosophy, of course, of pure dilettantism, of literary hedonism. M. Lemaître does not like the word dilettantism. He thinks it savours too much of calling names; and that they who use it, only do it to annoy, because they know it teases. Certainly the word has been much abused of late. What does it really mean? For some of us it brings to mind Voltaire's Venetian noble, Signor Pocourante, thereby suggesting something effeminate, not to say (see "Candide," chap. xxv.) improper. M. Paul Bourget, who speaks not without authority as one of its chief professors, has a more helpful definition. "It is a disposition of the mind, at once very intelligent and very voluptuous, which inclines us towards the various forms of life in turn, and leads us to lend ourselves to all these forms without giving ourselves away to a single one." There you have it. The dilettante will not give himself away; he is only on loan. No wonder the enthusiast, mistaking this attitude for vulgar selfishness, is apt to conceive the dilettante vaguely as a lewd fellow of the baser sort. Much subtlety lurks in M. Bourget's definition, but yet not enough for the supersubtle M. Lemaître, who is never happy unless ejaculating a *distinguo*. "In dilettantism," says he, "there is a desire to understand everything, and a gift of subtle sympathy—with an afterthought of withdrawal, in the fear of being duped. It is, therefore, made up at the same time of sympathetic imagination—and intellectual distrust . . . and thus it may be either the worst of things or the best: all depends on the relative doses of the two elements of which it is composed, and these doses depend on the temperament of him who practises it. . . . For my part, I am convinced that an arid dilettante is a man who would have been still more arid if he had not been a dilettante."

Of the two doses, M. Lemaître seems to have sympathetic imagination in far larger proportion than intellectual distrust. May one say, with reference to two types in a comedy which everybody knows, there is far more of Uncle Benjamin Goldfinch in him than of Uncle Gregory? The mere range of his sympathies is astonishing. In the present instance he passes from Stéphane Mallarmé and the decadent poets to General Boulanger, from the Franco-Swiss reveries of M. Édouard Rod to the adventures of Mr. H. M. Stanley in Darkest Africa, from a felicitous exegesis of Renanism to Dom Pedro of Brazil, from the *danse du ventre* at the late Exhibition to the *ethos* of the young German Emperor. He understands them all, sympathises with them all—even though he does call Mr. Stanley a "grand voyageur de commerce" and M. Renan the "Anacréon de la sagesse contemporaine." But, as we began by saying, there comes a time when the dilettante tires of understanding everything, of sympathising with everything ("La critique! Ah! Dieu, que j'en suis las!"), and it comes to M. Lemaître over the performances at the Annamite Theatre in the Champ de Mars, which many Cook's tourists, all innocent of dilettantism, still remember with disgust. Here is M. Lemaître's "return upon himself," his cry of revolt. "Yes, I know there are people who set themselves the task of explaining, and consequently of sympathising with, all manifestations whatsoever of life and human art in all countries and in all

ages." (Note that M. Lemaître has hitherto been one of the foremost of these people from whom he now secedes.) "They will roundly deny me the philosophic mind and the historical sense. 'Tis all one to me. I have had enough of going up and down 'sampling' everything. I won't try and like anything any more which does not give me genuine pleasure. What does it profit me to have been able to comprehend a small fragment of the universe? The part one cannot comprehend will always be infinite. Whether I have known and embraced in my sympathy the entire planet, or only a portion of humanity and a little tract of earth, comes to just the same thing, in comparison with the infinities of time and space which elude our grasp. . . . What then? . . . Why, then, all I ask is to be allowed to resist exotism" (this, of course, *à propos* of the Annamite Theatre) "without being spurned by my contemporaries, psychologists, impressionists, or mere snobs (*sic*)."  
M. Lemaître's queer use of the last word throws a side-light upon one of his resistances to "exotism" of which he has always, perhaps, been unduly proud: we mean, his ignorance of everything English—but this is by the way.

Still possessed by the last fit of revolt, M. Lemaître utters a vigorous denunciation—it is amusing to find him for once here in the same boat with Mr. Robert Buchanan—of the young literary man of to-day. The youngsters, he says in effect (with all the venerable authority of a man not yet out of his thirties), make two mistakes: first, that literature is the most noble of human occupations, compared with which other trades—science, history, agriculture, and politics—are only fit for hucksters; secondly, that literature was, practically, invented by themselves. Out upon them! what horrible vanity, to sacrifice life itself, and everything which gives it its real value, to useless and more or less unintelligible transcripts of life! Yet it is, we suspect, a hundred to one that M. Lemaître himself will go on—though never uselessly or unintelligibly—transcribing life, and criticising other men's transcripts of life, to the end of the chapter. And this to the great contentment of all who have an honest regard for letters.

## THE DRAMA.

"FORGIVENESS"—"A FOOL'S PARADISE"—"THE MOUNTBANKS."

THIS week I must ask leave to make up some arrears. In the theatrical firmament it never rains but it pours, and after a period of unwilling rest the playgoer suddenly finds himself whirled night after night from playhouse to playhouse until his mind is a welter of inextricably confused plots, "curtains," crises, and catastrophes. There has been a new play at the St. James's, another at the Garrick, another at the Lyric, another at the Opera Comique, another at the Royalty, another at—and, good gracious! I have to sort out my impressions of them all.

First: I remember that someone is the rightful heir to an estate, but, with noble unselfishness, refuses to claim it, out of affection for someone else who is the wrongful heir. Let us call the two *a* and *b*; and, further, let *a*'s father be denoted by *a*, and *b*'s father by *β*. (There is nothing like a little algebra for clearing up theatrical plots.) Now (1) let

$$a = \beta's \text{ brother}$$

and you have Mr. Comyns Carr's *Forgiveness* at the St. James's. Here *a* has, out of the wickedness of his heart, entrapped *β* into marriage with a lady whose husband is not dead, so that *b* is illegitimate, and the real heir to *β*'s entailed estate (*a* having died before the rise of the curtain) is *a*. The point is that *b* does not know she—*b* is a she at the St. James's—is illegitimate, and *a*, falling in love with



her, rather than reveal the secret of her birth to the girl of his heart, refuses to claim his—*a* is a he—inheritor. But it is so contrived that, if he keeps silence, he must also pass in *b*'s eyes for a liar, a forger, and a thief. That is the situation which Mr. Comyns Carr has invented for the close of his second Act. Now consider, for a moment, the behaviour of  $\beta$ . He supposes *a* to be dead, and determines that his daughter *b* shall come into the property, and never be told of her illegitimacy. But, of course, he must know well enough that whether *a* be alive or dead, *b*, being illegitimate, can never be the rightful heir, and his contemplated action, therefore, is morally indefensible. Yet Mr. Comyns Carr presents  $\beta$  to us as an exceedingly nice old gentleman, a perpetual fount of fine sentiments, and altogether a "sympathetic" personage—rather a queer freak for a disciple of the school which objects to Ibsen's plays on ethical grounds. But let me go on with the plot. The secret of *b*'s birth has to be revealed to her after all, for it is proposed to mortgage the estate, and when she signifies her readiness to sign as the heir, it has, of course, to be explained to her how her signature is worthless. Here Mr. Comyns Carr gets a pathetic scene between father and daughter for the close of his third Act. Finally, *a*'s real position is revealed through a harmless necessary family friend (call him *z*—for we shall want this quantity again), and with the marriage of *a* and *b* all difficulties are at an end. It is only necessary to say that Mr. Alexander is *a*, Miss Marion Terry *b*, and Mr. Nutcombe Gould  $\beta$ , for it to be at once understood that the two chief situations I have mentioned have ample justice done to them by the players. Miss Terry is especially good: indeed, as an exponent of simple trusting womanhood she is almost without a rival on the stage.

Now (2) let our first equation become an identity: I mean, let

$$a = \beta.$$

In other words, suppose that the rightful and wrongful heir are children of the same man by different marriages, and you have Mr. Sydney Grundy's *Fool's Paradise* at the Garrick. Here the situation is greatly simplified. To begin with, all the preliminary story of *a*'s trickery of  $\beta$ , which is by no means clearly worked out in Mr. Comyns Carr's piece, is now swept clean away, though even Mr. Grundy, with all his adroit stage-craft, leaves *a*'s conduct in concealing the fact of his first marriage from his second wife a little wanting in plausibility. But he, at least, spares us intricate stage-law of entail as well as queer stage-morality, and gives us no love-intrigue.

For *a* and *b*—they have now changed sexes—are half-sister and brother; *b* is already married, and *a* is finally rewarded for her self-sacrifice by the hand of a light-comedy peer. As in case 1, the truth about *a* comes out through a family friend, *z*. But *z*, a mere subaltern at the St. James's, becomes, observe, a personage of the first importance at the Garrick. For the *a* and *b* inheritance plot is really only an episode in *A Fool's Paradise*, and, to be quite frank, I only mentioned it to make my algebraic demonstrations symmetrical. The main interest of this play centres round *z*, and it centres round him partly as a figure of "eccentric character," partly as the hero of a toxicodrama. He is a famous physician, a professor of medical agnosticism, a short-tempered, cross-grained, benevolent oddity. When his patients ask him to tell them the nature of their complaint, he replies, "That's just what I expect you to tell me;" when they insist, he answers bluntly, "I don't know." Think of all the anecdotes about plain-spoken, kind-hearted medical men from Dr. Abercrombie downwards, add Mr. Grundy's gift of pointed dialogue, and Mr. Hare's talent for filling out and colouring the outline of a character, and, in the result, you get Sir Peter Lund, M.D., F.R.S., a really delightful creation. After the hard usage meted out to the doctors by Molière, it was high time the playwrights

made them some amends. One might almost call this piece *La revanche de Thomas Diafoirus*. As for the toxicodrama, in which Sir Peter plays the chief part, it is of the usual type. A husband—no other than our algebraical quantity *b*—is being slowly poisoned by his wife, who wants his money and freedom to marry the man of her heart—no other than the light-comedy earl already mentioned. The lady, of course—heroines of poison-plays always are—is as physically beautiful as she is morally hideous, and the playwright makes the most of the contrast, getting all the thrilling effects he can out of fair fingers toying with drugged medicine glasses and gentle accents wooing a victim to death. Naturally, the play develops into a contest of wit, plot and counterplot, between the fair demon and the shrewd doctor, and in the end the woman, caught in a somewhat too laboriously ingenious trap, swallows the poison she had intended for her husband. The only objection, over and above the excess of ingenuity in Mr. Grundy's plot, is the inadequacy of the lady's motive. Inadequacy of motive is the invariable weakness of these plays of intrigue. One felt it at the St. James's, in the scene wherein Mr. Alexander allowed himself to be branded as a despicable rogue rather than reveal to his mistress the secret of her birth. One feels it at the Garrick, in the wife's determination to go on with the poisoning of her husband, after she has learned that the man for whom she is anxious to become a widow will have none of her, and, moreover, after it is obvious to her that the doctor suspects her game. The fact is, both plays are constructed for the sake of the situations: the motives are not really motives, but *ficelles*; the persons are not real persons, but puppets—which means, in plain English, that the plays are not real plays. *Per contra*, you have at the St. James's a certain veneer of good-breeding, urbane West End talk, and, as I have said, good acting; at the Garrick, you not only have good acting from Mr. Hare, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Olga Nethersole, Mr. Kerr, and the rest, but Mr. Grundy's best *carte* and *terce* dialogue, and one genuine study of character.

Now for *The Mountebanks*. This is right Gilbert—Gilbert the periphrast, Gilbert the Topsy-Turveydrop. For a specimen of Gilbertian periphrasis take this:—

TERESA (to her lover): To be quite candid with you, I have often wondered what people can see in me to admire. Personally, I have a poor opinion of my attractions. They are not at all what I would have chosen if I had had a voice in the matter. But the conviction that I am a remarkably attractive girl is so generally entertained that, in common modesty, I feel bound to yield to the pressure of popular sentiment, and to look upon myself as an ineffective working minority.

As for the Topsy-Turveydrops, it has now become with Mr. Gilbert almost, we imagine, mechanical. "See me reverse," he might sing with Mr. Grossmith. Just two instances. The traditional brigand is brave to recklessness. Mr. Gilbert's brigands shall be cowardly: their motto, "Heroism without risk." They did once try to arrest "an old market-woman on a mule," but "she passed us in silent contempt. . . . This growing habit of passing us in silent contempt strikes at the very root of our little earnings." Again, the traditional buffoon is comic. Mr. Gilbert's shall be serious:—

Other clowns make you laugh till you sink  
When they tip you a wink;  
With attitude antic  
They render you frantic—  
I don't. I compel you to think!

The real fun of the piece, however, lies not in these Gilbertisms, but in the extraordinary simulation of the attitude and gesture of automata by Mr. Monkhouse, an established favourite in comic opera, and Miss Jenoure, a new actress who has suddenly bounded, or rather propelled herself by clockwork, into fame. Even the Savoy, in its best days, has shown us nothing so mirth-provoking as this droll pair at the Lyric. Of poor Mr. Cellier's music I am not called upon here to speak critically—which is a

comfort, for I found it entirely satisfying and am quite unable to say why.

Even now I see I have not worked off all my arrears. The new plays at the Opera Comique, the Royalty, and the Strand must be dealt with in a future chronicle.

A. B. W.

#### THE MASTERS OF OLD TIME.

THE daily Press has already informed everyone who reads that the present collection of Old Masters contains excellent examples of Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Cuyyp, Steen, Hondekoeter, Hobbema, Peter de Hooghe, Metsu, Rubens, Raphael, etc., and in the space of a column criticism is passed upon all. But the faculty of being able to walk by a hundred masterpieces, bestowing upon each a casual remark, has been denied to me; and when I looked round the walls of the first room, catching sight in the first glance of at least a dozen masterpieces, I despaired. Then it struck me that I might perform excellent service to art by limiting my article to a little tour round one room. A second glance, however, convinced me that I should be doing still better service to art if I limited my criticism to two or three pictures. The slightest work of art offers a text sufficient for a lengthy analysis, and eternal laws are contained in every object.

Mrs. Portman is a tall, pale, full-fleshed woman of forty. She sits in an arm-chair, a three-quarter view of the face turned towards the spectator, and she looks towards an open window, faintly indicated, on the right. She is dressed in a voluminous white, with two flounces and a train; the train hangs over the arm of the chair; the dress is trimmed with blue ribbon. Above the heavy roll of black hair rolled back from her white forehead there is the outline of a white cap. One hand lies by her side, the other holds a rose. The wall behind the head is a dark dull red, and hanging there, a little on the left, is a picture in a gold frame. The painter's intention in introducing this gold note was to induce the eye to see green, for below the frame are blue ribbons on the neck and in the sleeves, and so he obtained a colour hardly existing on his palette. Over the chair hangs the lady's black lace shawl. It is wanted to repeat the black of the roll of hair, and the dead red of the chair is used in the background, but with different effect, so different is the handling. In looking at this admirable picture we see at once that the painter was interested in his model, and although his mood was cold, somewhat judicial, we feel that he understood and was in entire sympathy with this calm, passionless, full-fleshed woman, deep in all the repose of her quiet eighteenth-century life. He was at the time of painting in full health of mind and body; and that his mind was clear and undisturbed, and at perfect poise, we may not doubt, I think, when we look at that perfect fluent execution, the eye dictating to the hand, and the prompt, swift hand rendering every slightest passing sensation.

The drawing of the face is unaffected, almost impersonal, and so it recalls something of the manner of the Dutch masters; the drawing is at once subtle and ample; it is strangely natural, and yet without excess of reality; hardly do we detect anywhere a starting point or a measurement taken; those heavy sloping shoulders are truly right in perspective and in width, and they tell the age and the life of the woman. Look, too, at that hand—the hand that lies by her side. Does it not belong to that face, and to that dress? Is it not a hand of forty? Slight wrinkles are appearing, and the knuckles are thickening. It is the white hand of pleasure and dainty living growing old. The painter had some trouble with it; he succeeded in the end in telling its character, but the paint clogged a little in his brush, and it is a little turgid in quality. I have already spoken of the long roll of black hair turned up

from the forehead. It seems as if no one but a certain type of woman could wear her hair in this fashion; it is almost without a white hair, and the black is finely observed, likewise that pale broad forehead, and those eyes so well set in the face, and that mouth drawn up in a smile of high breeding and ceremonious living. This portrait is as delicate and as incisive as a page of Turgeneff. The picture is deep in the canvas, and the life on the face is more than skin-deep—it goes to the roots of human nature. To understand how utterly this is so, one has only to look at the portrait of the Countess of Derby, by Romney, which hangs on the opposite wall. A more charming Romney hardly exists. The subject in itself is more attractive. The young countess, a girl in the first bloom of her girlhood, sits under some dark decorative trees. She is draped in white, and her crossed knees are covered in a stamped white satin skirt, clinging close to the limbs. A light gauze veil falls from the soft brown hair; the face is lifted and expresses all her beauty. The young eyes are finely drawn, and the painting is rich and solid: an attractive, a somewhat meretricious, execution—the touch more precious than intimate. The sensuous charm is very great—many would prefer this picture to the Gainsborough. The rich, solid painting and the decorative idyllic treatment so obviously intended to please would appeal to many far more than the gravity of the other picture, conceived in a more ascetic mood full of reserve and decision, and executed in a dull monotone, now changed and altered. But the life that floats on the lovely face of the Countess is superficial indeed compared with that underlying and intimate life which fills the other picture to overflowing; and the brilliant, hollow execution, so charming in its colour, and so insincere in its expression, cannot compare with that flowing, regular, supple execution, so sure of itself, so prompt, so agile, so ready to express every sensation, and with such perfect enunciation that emphasis is never required.

Some will call the painting thin, but I never understood why the mere heaping up of paint on the canvas finds so much support in our modern schools. In the eyes of some, it is the quantity of thick gluey matter that constitutes the principal merit of certain paintings. For this style of execution I find no very substantial authority among the old masters except those in periods of decadence and in Rembrandt, who sometimes could and sometimes could not resist the temptation to pile up the paint. But apart from Rembrandt, who was an exception to all rule in his own country and elsewhere, I know of no great painter who painted thickly in the fashion that came in with Géricault, and was continued and caricatured by Courbet. In the schools of Holland and Flanders, which exceed all others in the beauty of technical accomplishment, the brush for ever glides, touches, sweeps, caresses, leans; and in this, as in all other parts of his art, Gainsborough, the most original of English painters, was a devout follower of classical traditions. I know that the modern idea of execution means the filling-in of a given form with a given tint, and it is not considered to be of consequence how this is done, so long as the operation succeeds. On this point the old masters held diametrically opposite views, and the portrait of Mrs. Portman is a striking example of the variety of execution which may be brought into play within the space of a single portrait. The lady sits, as has been already said, in a full light, coming from a window on the right. But the train has been gathered up; it falls over the arm of the chair, and it gives the painter an opportunity for a heavy shadow. How transparent, how deep, and how effective this shadow is in the composition of the picture is obvious enough, but what I want to point out is that the execution is wholly different here from what it is elsewhere; the implement used was not the same; above all the hand moved more slowly, more deliberately, in strict

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obedience to the mind which had suddenly stopped in its rapid observation of detail, and had begun to calculate the effect of the whole. Then as the mind conceived rapidly how the flounces might be broken up and explained with three or four analogous shadows, the hand began at once to hasten; and, then, as the eye noted every characteristic turn of lace along the edges of the dress, the hand again hastened, expressing instantaneously every sensation as it entered the painter's mind; had the hand been less prompt, less agile, the life of the picture would be proportionately weakened. How faultlessly trained that hand was, every portion of the picture offers ample testimony. It sweeps, it touches, it caresses. The hand does not build up, it writes; everywhere the same exquisite touch, so flowing, so limpid, so unaffected, giving to every object its character. The bodice is an open one, and the lace that covers the skin, is it not evanescent? and the embroidery on the stomacher, is it not hard, and thickly sewn? The lace along the arms, does it not fall softly? and the heavier lace on the dress, is it not perfectly expressed by that flowing flourish, leaning and lingering and passing rapidly on? Every touch is an integral part of the picture. To suppress one would be to curtail and deform—each has its use: some are accents, some are striking passages, some are connecting links; all are necessary.

I have written a great deal, and am conscious only of having left much unsaid. I hope, however, that I have shown how rich a theme for analysis and discussion any work of art offers to the critic.

G. M.

## THE WEEK.

"I WAS only once," writes a correspondent, "close to the DUKE OF CLARENCE for a number of hours at a stretch. It was on the memorable afternoon in the spring of 1886 when MR. GLADSTONE brought in his Home Rule Bill for Ireland. It was my good fortune to have a seat in the Ambassadors' Gallery on that occasion, and I found myself sitting just behind the PRINCE OF WALES and his elder son. Both listened, as the whole crowded House did, with breathless attention to the three hours' harangue in which the great orator unfolded his proposals for a new and better way with Ireland. When he sat down, exhausted by an effort which might well have tried a younger man, there was a loud outburst of cheering from the members of every party. To my surprise I heard the sounds of applause close to me in the gallery—an unprecedented breach of rules. I looked up, and saw 'PRINCE EDDIE' vigorously clapping his hands. Far be it from me to suggest that he had any sympathy with MR. GLADSTONE'S policy. He may or may not have had such sympathy, but of that I know nothing. What was evident was that the generosity of youth had drawn from him a spontaneous tribute to the genius and eloquence of a great veteran. I own I admired him for the frankness and *naïveté* of his display of feeling."

SEVERAL years ago it was stated by one well acquainted with the inner life of Marlborough House that the reason why PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR showed no disposition to marry was that he had been "frightened" by the prediction of a gipsy who, knowing nothing of his rank, had once told him his fortune. The woman's prediction was to the effect that marriage would mean death to him. It was said that on trying his luck a second time with another fortune-teller he had received a similar warning against contemplating matrimony. The story would not be worth telling now but for the fact that it was undoubtedly current in London society some years ago.

THE obituary this week includes the names of VICE-ADMIRAL PEYRON, Minister of Marine under M. JULES FERRY, and organiser of the Tonkin Expedition; CARDINAL SIMEONI, Prefect of the Propaganda; M. THIBAUDIER, Archbishop of Cambrai; DR. REEVES, the Anglican Bishop of Down and Connor, and a Celtic scholar; DR. HEYKAMP, Old Catholic Bishop of Utrecht; CANON NOEL FREELING, a popular High Church clergyman and don at Oxford; CANON O'SULLIVAN, a prominent and active Roman Catholic clergyman of Birmingham; M. DE QUATREFAGES, the eminent anthropologist; MR. EDWARD WHITLEY, M.P. for Everton (Liverpool); and MR. JOHN SINCLAIR, formerly Liberal member for the Ayr Burghs.

MR. CELLIER'S task in composing the music of the *Mountebanks* was (writes one of our musical correspondents) no easy one. All MR. GILBERT'S previous opera-books had been "set" by SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN; and it was necessary for his new collaborator to show that he could bear, more or less successfully, comparison with the most successful composer, especially in the "light opera" line, England has ever possessed. No one, probably, knew SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S music better than his old friend and fellow-student ALFRED CELLIER. They were choir-boys together at the Chapel Royal, and had been on intimate terms ever since. It was precisely, indeed, because he was so well acquainted with all SULLIVAN had written that CELLIER was able, with his own native stock of originality, to avoid imitating him—even as MR. EDWARD SOLOMON does—almost to the point of burlesquing his style. Now and then the onomatopœia of MR. GILBERT'S wildly expressive verse seems really to demand some orchestral response, and in these cases MR. CELLIER has not hesitated, in partial conformity with POPE'S precept, to let the sound be an echo of the sense—or nonsense. He does not, however, worry us and weary us with any superabundance of these devices, which in England SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN was the first to introduce, when they had already been worked to death by OFFENBACH, who, in giving to all kinds of grotesque sounds or suggestions thereof something like their equivalents in music, was following, with satirical exaggerations, the example of MEYERBEER. The music of the *Mountebanks* is, for the most part, calm and melodious; and MR. CELLIER has never been better inspired than in setting to music MR. GILBERT'S charmingly written love songs. He has also, however, contributed to the work some delightfully fresh and admirably spirited dance music; and his choral pieces—some of them in the old English style, which CELLIER knew so well and cultivated so happily—are among the best that he has written.

THE new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Inglis—John) maintains, on the whole, the high position which its predecessors have from the first commanded. It is perhaps impossible that a work of this nature should be entirely free from errors, but in the present volume, under the article "Douglas Jerrold," there appear an unusual number of easily corrected inaccuracies, while the article also contains a misstatement which should not be permitted to go unchallenged. The passage is this: "*Paul Pry*, a two-act comedy, was nominally JERROLD'S, but was really the work of JOHN POOLE." But very little trouble would have made the writer of the article aware of the fact that there are two *Paul Prys*, which were produced in 1825 and 1826, at the Haymarket and Coburg theatres; the first in three acts, the second in two, the first by JOHN POOLE, the second by DOUGLAS JERROLD. The "Heads of the People Series," it may also be noted, was not written, but only edited by JERROLD, who was assisted in the production of the work by THACKERAY, LAMAN BLANCHARD, R. H. HORNE, and

others. The series, too, if we mistake not, was published a dozen years earlier than the date given in the "Dictionary." The following passages read curiously in the memoir of one man:—"He continued writing plays till 1835;" "He gave up writing for the stage in 1854."

WE gladly correct an error in our notice of the latest volumes of the "Aldine Poets." The POPE volume is not merely an improved reprint, but a new edition from beginning to end.

MR. S. R. GARDINER has endeavoured in his "Student's History of England" (LONGMANS) to treat the last eleven years, 1874 to 1885, in a manner precluding all expression of his own views, either on the characters of the actors or on the value of the work performed by them; he has also observed something of the same reticence in dealing with the years immediately preceding 1874. In a book addressed to those who are not yet at an age when independent investigation is possible, such a course, though seldom followed, is the only wise one.

TWO new French novels, "Gendeleltre," by M. PAUL BELON, and "Les Ventres," by M. PAUL POUROT, deal with the condition of literary men and artists at the so much maligned end of this century of ours. Critics of "Gendeleltre" will require to be careful, because M. BELON has invented a new means of publicity. The principal character in his novel is a young author who receives rather a rough handling at the hands of a certain critic. The author, overjoyed, sends a cartel to the critic, and wounds him seriously at the subsequent meeting. Next day, of course, the first edition of his book is sold out. Upon which M. FAGNET remarks, "So, you see, however desirous I may be that M. BELON's book should sell well, I fall into a blue funk (*peur bleue*) at the idea of contributing to his success in this way."

BY "Les Ventres" M. PAUL POUROT means not their own fatal propensity to eat and drink, which weighs so heavily on beginners in art and letters, but the hungry mouths of the family of his hero, a poet and musician dowered with all the gifts of genius. M. POUROT paints the miseries of the struggling artist with force and veracity. The subordinate characters are also drawn with a firm hand, and with a careful avoidance of exaggeration.

A TIMELY publication by MR. FISHER UNWIN is a popular edition of M. DE LAVELEYE'S "Letters from Italy." The translation, which is by MISS THORPE, was revised by the author. A striking photograph of M. DE LAVELEYE is the frontispiece.

THE idea of a review devoted entirely to fiction—which must have occurred to many—is at last to be realised. The new venture is to be called the *Novel Review*. Its contributors will endeavour to deal fully with the fiction of Christendom. STEPNIAK, GUSTAV STEFFAN, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, and the QUEEN OF ROUMANIA will write in the first number. An emphatic writer has said, "Since prose fiction holds paramount sway over sentiment and morality in youth, and among women during their entire lives, it may be asserted that novels have as much to do with the shaping of thought and feeling as the whole of the churches, newspapers, and educational machinery of the country combined." If this view be correct, the importance of a thorough study of

the whole body of fiction—good, bad, and indifferent—could not well be over-estimated.

AMONG publishing announcements of the last week or two we note as shortly to appear, in fiction, MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S "History of David Grieve" (MACMILLAN), MRS. LOVETT CAMERON'S "Weak Woman" (WHITE & CO.), MISS ADELINE SERGEANT'S "Under False Pretences" (WARD & DOWNEY), and additions to the "Whitefriars Library" (HUTCHINSON) by MR. W. H. POLLOCK and MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY; in history, four new volumes in the "Nations" series (UNWIN), namely, "The Byzantine Empire," by MR. C. W. C. OMAN; "Sicily—Phœnician, Greek, and Roman," by PROFESSOR FREEMAN; "The Tuscan Republics," by MISS BELLA DUFFY; and "Poland," by MR. W. R. MORFILL; while MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. will publish immediately "The Ruin of the Soudan," by MESSRS. H. RUSSELL and W. GATTIE, and "The History of Engraving in England," by MR. LOUIS FAGAN, of the British Museum.

THE spring lecture term has just opened or is about to open at the various centres of the London University Extension Society. DR. GARDINER'S subject at Chelsea Town Hall on Friday afternoon is "Europe in the Middle Ages to the Time of Dante;" MR. WICKSTEED continuing his Dante lectures on Tuesdays at the same place, where also on Wednesday nights MR. F. W. RUDLER, F.G.S., delivers a course upon physical geology. At South Kensington Museum on Friday afternoons MISS JANE E. HARRISON will speak of the "Myth of Demeter and Persephone." MR. MOULTON is again at Gresham College, where also and at University and King's Colleges there are several scientific courses. By permission of the trustees, ten "demonstration lectures" on Greek Art and Life will be given at the British Museum on Tuesday evenings. The first five lectures will be by MISS EUGÉNIE SELLERS, on the "Parthenon Marbles," to be followed by five lectures by MISS MILLINGTON LATHBURY, on the "Daily Life and Thought of the Greeks, as illustrated by the Monuments in the Museum." This is, we believe, the first time that it has been proposed to hold a regular course of evening lectures at the British Museum, and the experiment has been warmly welcomed by the authorities. At Toynbee Hall the usual large and attractive programme has been prepared. At Essex Hall the London Ethical Society has planned a considerable extension of its work; and the study of economic and social questions and free religious inquiry go on side by side at University Hall.

## ONE MAN, ONE VOTE IN VICTORIA.

MELBOURNE, November 30, 1891.

THE last three months have been almost uneventful in politics. The influenza, which the doctors say has been severer than any epidemic for thirty-five years past, has contributed to the general lifelessness; and the unparalleled depression in the commercial world has helped to make the Opposition timid. There is a feeling that any change of Ministry would unsettle the country, and prevent a restoration of confidence. So it is that the Munro Ministry has lasted on, till the end of the session is clearly within view; though a vote of want of confidence might almost certainly have been carried by a conclusive majority. Meanwhile, there is promise of a very bitter constitutional fight on the question of the franchise; and to those who regard Australian politics as Englishmen generally seem to do, it will appear miraculous that the chances at present are that manhood suffrage will be modified by the formal adoption of what is known as dual suffrage: a vote to every man as man, and an additional vote to

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.



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everyone who is possessed of a small freehold. The occasion of this Conservative reaction has been the introduction by the Government of a bill to abolish plural voting, and to establish the principle of one man one vote. Two years ago a clause to do this was easily carried in the Assembly, and an amendment to introduce dual voting was beaten by nearly three to one. Even in the Council, there were nine against twenty-two to support the single vote. This year, an amendment to give the dual vote was only defeated in the Assembly by forty-six to thirty-three, and the minority would have been very nearly a majority, if the Conservatives had not suffered in undue proportion from influenza. In the Council only one man is now bold enough to oppose dual voting in any shape; though five are disposed to mitigate it by not allowing anyone to vote twice in the same district. You will see that the change in three years has been very remarkable.

The cause of it is extremely simple. The Trades Hall leaders were more elated by their success in upsetting the Gillies-Deakin Ministry last year than disheartened by their general failure, and by the ruin they brought on many hundreds of their supporters. They mistook the power to work on the fears of some twenty representatives of urban and mining districts, who by voting transferred a majority to the Opposition, for the possession of a majority in the country. Now, even at the time of the strike, the feeling among many of the farmers was violently hostile to the Trades Hall, and if the Unionists had attempted to defy the Government, when it called them sharply to order, hundreds of volunteers of the best stamp were ready to march upon Melbourne. At that time, however, the farmers had no particular feeling in the matter, except that public order ought to be maintained, and that the city operatives had no substantial grievances. Since then the Trades Hall has had the incredible folly to publish a manifesto of its principles, which contains, among others, three articles. (1) That there shall be a tax on land values, exclusive of improvements, sufficient to secure for the community the unearned increment; (2) that there shall be a maximum labour day of eight hours; and (3) that electoral districts shall be equal. By the first article, the farmers who have turned a desert into a garden, and who have made it the interest of the State to run a railway into their district, to supply them with public buildings, and to bring water to the land, are to be deprived of the enhanced value of their holdings. By the second article, the over-work of hay-time and harvest-time is to be made impossible for all but the farmer himself. By the third article he is to be deprived of the Parliamentary majority he at present possesses, and to be delivered powerless into the hands of the city representatives. Need it be said that the feeling throughout the agricultural districts is intense; and that the farmers will vote as one man against the Trades Hall and all its works? During the struggles over our Land Laws the Liberals who contrived to throw open the lands of the country for settlement, and who tried to prevent the formation of large estates by a progressive Land Tax, were assailed with the utmost virulence as "robbers" and "communists." At present it is the existence of a large yeomanry that saves the country from being handed over to the domination of the Unionists, who, with much that is right or desirable in their programme, are too one-sided, and at present too ignorant to be trusted with power.

The unexampled commercial depression is also telling upon the political situation. Your very able and temperate article of October 17th on the Australian banking crisis puts the case so well that I need only touch upon one or two points. The genuine banks are, I believe, thoroughly sound, and we probably know the worst in Victoria about land companies and finance institutions, though two or three more may fall through. On the other hand, the shrinkage in investments of all kinds, many of

them as safe as can be found anywhere, is so enormous, that a banker I was talking to yesterday estimated it at thirty millions. To take a single instance, the famous Broken Hill Proprietary Stock represents five millions less in rateable value than it did six months ago. A report that there was a creep in the mine sent the shares down in the first instance, and a proposal by the directors to work in a new way intensified the panic. The creep is denied; the new method of working has succeeded beyond expectation; the mine is paying dividends as usual; but the shares have hardly recovered at all. Now this overstrained feeling of disquietude extends to everything. We have a good wool-clip and the promise of a good harvest, and our mines generally are doing better than they have done of late, but the average investor prefers to deposit his money in the banks. The change, when it does come, will no doubt come with a rush, but a small community is easily depressed, and our gloom is almost unbroken. English critics will of course say that we ought to ascribe our condition to the habit of over-borrowing in the mother country; but scarcely anyone takes this view, as it is rather a want of confidence among ourselves than a want of cash that we are suffering from. The general disposition is to throw the whole blame upon the Trades Hall. No one, it is said, will invest in new undertakings, because no one knows that his profits may not be sequestered by a combination among his employes. There has been a strong instance in this direction during the last few days. The brickmakers were in evil plight for want of work, but sustained themselves with the hope that the extensive drainage works we are about to construct in Melbourne would lead to a revival of trade. Suddenly it appears that the Engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works has recommended the use of concrete instead of bricks for drains, chiefly on the ground that if a contract for bricks were entered into, the Brickmakers' Union might at any moment insist upon raising its terms. Of course, this danger of Unionist combinations to raise the rate of wages during a contract is not peculiar to Victoria. The Trades Hall must blame itself if employers here are unduly timid after the experience of 1890. It must be added that Mr. Hancock's wild attack upon the banks, though he tried to explain it away, is still remembered, and that its effect has not been diminished by his later utterances. Mr. Lowell mentions in the Biglow Papers that General Harrison was kept from the use of pen and ink by a Vigilance Committee during a Presidential campaign, and that he owed his success to this precaution. The Trades Hall would have done well to keep its orators quiet till the elections came off.

The next few days ought to decide the question of the franchise for the present. The Government are in a very peculiar position. The four of them who are in the Legislative Council declared with one accord, when they introduced the Bill there, that they were opposed to the "one man, one vote" principle, and intended to vote against it. This provoked a good deal of indignant criticism in the press and in the Assembly, and at last the recalcitrant Ministers tendered their resignation. Mr. Munro called a meeting of his supporters, and it was decided by a small majority in a thin meeting that the resignations had better not be accepted. It is understood that the Government are now prepared to accept the dual vote, with the limitation that no one can vote twice in the same district. The Conservatives of the Assembly and the Council will not agree to this. Farmers in general have no land outside of that which they live on; and it is the farmers who particularly desire the dual vote to save them in some districts from being swamped by their own hands and by the miners. Now we are all familiar with the fact that a man may own votes in different constituencies. It is done in England, and has been done here, and it might be a good compromise to accept dual in place of plural voting. There is no flagrant iniquity in giving a man a vote

for his house in the suburbs and a vote for his place of business in the city. But to give half the electors in a constituency two votes for it, while the other half is restricted to one, has never, I believe, been attempted in any English-speaking country, and is certain to lead to very bitter feeling. Neither are the arguments which the Conservatives employ conciliatory. They insist on speaking of the single voter as a possible tramp, or loafer, or liberated convict. The vagrant and criminal class of the community is exceptionally small, and the great mass of men who would be restricted under the new law to a single vote are men who have put their savings into family life, or have not had time to save, or have been unfortunate in their investments.

I do not expect that any settlement of the electoral question will be come to in this Parliament. There is talk of a conference between the two Houses; but it would be time wasted, as the Council are resolute, and all but unanimous. Therefore, the elections of next year will be very interesting. Mr. Deakin is preparing to devote himself to the Bar, and will only remain in Parliament as an independent politician, refusing office. This will be a great loss to the Liberal party; which will have to fall back on the leadership of Mr. Munro, who at present enjoys the confidence of the Trades Hall, or of Sir Graham Berry, who is expected to arrive about the end of February. If Sir Graham has the strength required for Parliamentary work, I cannot doubt that he will be a great accession to the Liberal ranks. Nevertheless, I think the chances are that the coming Parliament will be strongly Conservative. The almost universal belief is, that the strike of 1890 is responsible for our present depression, and that bad as it may be to have forfeited the confidence of the English money market, it is infinitely worse to have the capital we need in the country, and see it lying useless for want of confidence in our future. The chance of the Unionists six months ago was in the aimlessness and division of their opponents. The probabilities now are that Conservative and Liberal will arrange in almost every constituency to oppose a solid vote to the Trades Hall candidate.

#### BALLAST.

UNDER the green shore that faces the port, and at a point that, as the meeting-place of river and harbour, may be called indifferently by either name, there lay a slim-waisted barque at anchor, with a sand-barge alongside. The time was a soft and sunny morning in early January—a day that was Nature's breathing space after a week of sleet and boisterous winds. The gulls were back again from their inland shelters. Across the upland above the cliff a ploughman drove leisurably forth and back, and always close behind his heels the earth was white with these birds inspecting the fresh-turned furrow. The furze-bushes below him were braided with cobwebs, and the stays, lifts, and braces of the barque might have passed also for threads of gossamer spun from her masts and yards, so delicately were the lines indicated against the hill-side. In the sand-barge, three men were chanting as they worked; and their song, travelling across still sky and water, rose audibly above the stir of traffic even in the narrow streets of the town.

The barque was taking in ballast; and the three men sang as they shovelled,—for three reasons. It helped them to keep time; it kept each from shirking his share of the work; and lastly, perhaps, the song cheered them. They knew it as "the Long Hundred," and it ran—

"There goes one.  
One there is gone.  
Oh, the rare one!  
And many more to come  
For to make up the sum  
Of the hundred so long.

There goes two—"

—and so on, up to twenty. With each line, a shovelful of ballast was pitched on board by every man; so that, when the twenty six-line stanzas were ended, each man had thrown one hundred and twenty (a "long hundred") shovelfuls of sand. Thereupon they paused, "touched pipe" for a minute or two, and, brushing the back of the hand across their foreheads to wring off the sweat, started afresh.

Along the barque's side ran a narrow line of blue paint, signifying that the vessel was in mourning, that somebody belonging to captain or owner was lately dead. But in this case it was the captain and owner himself; and his chief mourner was a bright-eyed woman with a complexion of cream and roses, who now leant over the bulwarks and looked down contemplatively upon the three labourers. She was a Canadian, and her husband, too, had been a Canadian—rich, more than twice her age, and uxorious. Since his marriage she had accompanied him on all his voyages. Three months ago his vessel had brought him, sick and suffering from congestion of the lungs, into this harbour, where his cargo of timber was to be unloaded: and in this harbour, a week later, he had died without a doubt of his wife's affection. From the deck where she stood she could see between the elms on the hill above the port the white wall of the cemetery where he lay. The vessel was hers, and a snug little fortune in Quebec: and she was going back to enjoy it. For the homeward voyage she had deputed the captain's responsibilities to the first mate, and had raised his pay slightly, but the captain's dignity she reserved for herself.

She wore a black gown, of course, but not a widow's cap: and though in fact a widow of twenty-five, had very much more the appearance of a maid of nineteen as she looked down over the barque's side. Her lips were parted as if to smile at the first provocation. On either side of her temples a short brown curl had rebelled and was kissing her cheek. The sparkle in her eyes told of capacity to enjoy life. Behind her a coil of smoke rose from the deck-house chimney. She had left the midday meal she was cooking, and ought to be back looking after it. Instead she lingered and looked upon the three men at work below.

Two of them were old, round-shouldered with labour, their necks burnt brown with stooping in the sun. The third was a young giant, tall, fair, and straight, with yellowish hair that curled up tightly at the back of his head and lumbar muscles that swelled and sank in a pretty rhythm as he pitched his ballast and sang—

"There goes nine,  
Nine there is gone." . . .

It was upon this man that the woman gazed as she lingered. His shirt-collar was cut low at the back, and his freckled neck was shining with sweat. She wanted him to look up, and yet she was afraid of his looking up. She wondered if he were married—"at his age," she phrased it to herself—and, if so, what manner of wife he had. She told herself after a while that she really dreaded extremely being caught observing these three labourers; that she hated even in seeming to lose dignity. And still she bent and heard the song to the twentieth and last verse.

The young giant, when the spell was over, leant on his shovel for a moment and then reached out a hand for the cider-keg. One of his comrades passed it to him. He wiped the orifice, tilted his head back and drank as a man drinks at midday after a long morning. Some of the cider trickled down his crisp yellow beard and he shook his head, scattering the drops off. Then the keg was tilted again, and suddenly lowered as he was on the point of drinking. His eyes had encountered those of the woman on deck.

As they did so, the woman recovered all her boldness. Without in the least knowing what prompted her, she bent a little further forward and asked—



"What is your name, young man?"

"William Udy, ma'am."

"Do you mind breaking off work for a moment and stepping up here?"

"Cert'nly, ma'am." William Udy laid down his shovel at once.

A shiver of fear went through the young widow. Why had she asked him up? Why, on a mere impulse; because she wanted to see him closer—nothing more. What possible excuse could she give? She heard the sound of his heavy boots on the ship's ladder: he would be before her in a moment, expecting, of course, to be set to work on some odd job or other. She cast about wildly and could think of no job that wanted doing. It was appalling: she could not possibly explain—

As has happened before now to women, her very weakness saved her in extremity. William Udy, clambering heavily over the ship's side, found her leaning against the deck-house, with a face as white as the painted boards against which her palm rested.

"What be I to do, ma'am?" he inquired, after a pause, and then added slowly, "Beggin' your pardon, but be you taken unwell?"

"Yes," she panted, speaking very faintly, "I was over there—by the bulwarks, and suddenly—I felt queer—a faintness—I looked over and saw you—I called the first person I saw. I wanted help."

William Udy was puzzled. He had not noticed any pallor in the face that had looked down on him from the ship's side. On the contrary, he seemed to remember that it struck him as remarkably fresh and rosy. But he saw no reason for doubting he had been mistaken.

"Can I do aught for 'ee? Fetch a doctor?"

"If you wouldn't mind helping me down—down to my cabin—"

William took her arm gently and led her aft to the companion ladder. At the top of it she put out a hand vaguely and closed her eyes.

"I don't think," she murmured, "that I can walk. My head is going round so. Could you—would it be too heavy—if you carried me?"

At any other time William would have considered this a good joke. As it was he took her up like a feather in his arms and carried her down to the cabin. There he set her down on the sofa and was about to withdraw, blushing. He was a very shy youth and had never carried a woman before, let alone one who was his superior in station.

"Thank you," she said in a voice that was little above a whisper. "How easily you carried me. It's plain to see you're a married man."

William started. "There you're wrong, ma'am, pardon me for sayin' it."

"No? You were so gentle: so gentle although so big"—she smiled faintly—"Would you mind stepping to the cupboard there and pouring me out a wine-glassful of sherry? It's in the decanter just inside."

William poured out a glassful and set it on the table in front of her. She put it to her lips, and having scarcely moistened them, set it down again.

"A glass for yourself," she said; "Come now—do! I see you are shocked at the number of bottles I keep here. But they were my husband's. He died, you know, a week after we came into harbour."

William's face worked to express mute sympathy.

"It's a fearful responsibility," she went on, "being left alone like this with a vessel to look after, and all his property waiting over there, on the other side of the water, and I daresay the lawyers, there, waiting, too, to take advantage of me. I think it's having all this on my mind that makes my head so giddy at times. . . ."

William stood opposite to her, and thought. It is not known at what moment the brilliant idea struck him that as a husband he might be a tower of strength to the fragile young creature on the sofa. His comrades after waiting some time for him began their chant again—

"There goes one.

One there is gone. . . ."

And while they sang it William began that courtship which ended, three weeks later, in his sailing for Canada. He went as a bridegroom; or, perhaps (if we must reckon him as part of the ship's equipment), as ballast.

Q.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE PROPOSED NEW UNIVERSITY.

SIR,—Approaching the subject from the standpoint of a London graduate, I cordially agree with Mr. Spencer Hill that the proposed charter would create a small, exclusive, second-rate, and half-sectarian University. If London is to have a teaching University at all, it should be on a larger scale. It should absorb—or, at least, its charter should be so drafted that it is capable of absorbing—all the high teaching power in institutions and associations in London. King's and University are comparatively stationary colleges. They are expensive institutions, drawing their students exclusively from an upper middle class, which, each year, sends a greater proportion of its sons to the older Universities. A University of which they are—in Arts, Laws, and Science—practically, the only components, is certain to remain an insignificant University, and a menace and danger to Higher Education.

The proposed University will not help, and its governing body is, from its composition, not likely to wish to help, the lower middle and working classes, who are unable to pay the heavy fees of the colleges to obtain degrees. The colleges have been heretofore lukewarm in their support of University Extension, and have damned with faint praise. Degrees are, of course, significant mainly as marks of education (in its widest sense) or knowledge; but they are also great stimulants to the acquisition of knowledge. The chief problem of the future in higher education is how the facilities for obtaining a degree may be extended and cheapened without lowering the standard and destroying the value of the degree. The creation of the small, expensive, and semi-sectarian Albert University will effectually prevent the establishment of the catholic and popular University, the outlines of which were sketched in paragraph 12 of the Report of the Royal Commission. Professing only to enumerate some of the institutions or systems which ought to be co-ordinated under the new University, the Commissioners mention (see Report, sec. 12), in addition to the two colleges, the Government Schools of Science at South Kensington, the colleges of the City and Guilds of London Institute, the Birkbeck Institution, the City of London College, the Working Men's College, Queen's and Bedford Colleges (for women), and the system of University Extension Lectures. I could myself mention several others, but all are ignored by the proposed charter; and all will find their work more difficult because of the monopoly of granting degrees conferred upon the two colleges.

King's and University and the institutions referred to in the last paragraph might and ought to be, as the Royal Commissioners proposed, co-ordinated with the present University of London. The University would then fulfil two functions. It would remain the Imperial Examining Board for Degrees open to all comers, irrespective of place of study and residence. It would also become the great mother of higher education in London, and especially of higher education for the people. It would have already become all this before to-day had the settlement of the question rested with itself. Two things have prevented this consummation. First, the grasping spirit and inordinate pretensions of King's and University Colleges, which would not rest content with anything short of practical if not nominal supremacy under the proposed arrangements. And, secondly, the vacillating methods of the Senate of London University, who allowed themselves to be driven to and fro by every educational blast, and to accept suggestions from every quarter except that of Convocation, the body having the main power in altering the constitution of the University. There is every reason to believe that the Convocation of London University is, and always was, perfectly willing to accept a scheme based on the report of the Royal Commission. At present, however, its Senators are sulking in their tents, and will stir neither hand nor foot to defeat the present narrow scheme. Dr. Wace and Sir George Young have out-manoeuvred them, and the Convocation has not appreciated their efforts to spoil three good things—a Teaching University for London, another for the Provinces, and an Examining Board for the Empire, by combining them in one University, in which, after the decease of the present Senators, the representatives of the two colleges would have been predominant. The Senate, by prompt and bold action last summer, might have completely altered the complexion of affairs. On them rests some of the responsibility for the fact that London is on the eve of being deprived of its University.

That the charter amounts to an endowment of sectarianism will hardly be disputed, and that is probably why Lord

Cranbrook has granted it, and is certainly why it is so warmly supported by the Church Party of the country. If King's College had been a Baptist college of equal rank from an educational standpoint, is it conceivable that the charter would have been granted?

Lastly, writing as a member of London University, I strongly object to the absence in the proposed charter of any provision fixing a minimum length of attendance by ordinary students at college lectures as necessary for obtaining a degree in faculties other than that of medicine. Such students must, it is true, "pursue a regular course in a college in the University"; but as I understand, and as I am informed, Dr. Wace has recently stated in public such course of study might resolve itself into "a few weeks' attendance at evening classes." The meaning of this omission is that if the colleges do not succeed as a teaching University on their present terms, they are ready to turn round and to confer degrees, as the existing University of London does, on students practically irrespective of their place and manner of education. These degrees will then be degrees granted in direct competition with the present University, and there may easily arise a dangerous rivalry for obtaining students, resulting in the lowering of the standard of either or both institutions. One purely examining University—or, if you like to deny it the name of University, call it an examining board—is enough for England, and certainly two such boards are not required in London. We claim for London University a monopoly of this power of conferring degrees without insisting on any particular course of study, and we claim it because in no other way can a high standard of knowledge be enforced. An easy degree with no regular course of study would be a fraud on the public. To those persons who are conversant with the reasons usually urged by King's and University men in favour of a teaching University and stated by them to the Royal Commission—the absence of a clause fixing the approximate length and amount of attendance at lectures—will appear something like a fraud on the Commission and the public. Would it be believed that the Senate of London University has actually not taken this (or any) objection to the charter? I do not think that in the history of that University anything more deplorable has ever been seen than the late abnegation of duty by its Senate. To that cause, mainly, is due the trouble in which all friends of education in London find themselves. Let us hope that Parliament may do something for us.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. B. NAPIER (LL.D. Lond.).

#### LABOUR AND LIBERALISM.

SIR,—Your correspondent from Halifax, writing in to-day's *SPEAKER* on the future connection between the Labour movement and Liberalism, takes too narrow a view of the Liberal party. Movement and variety is the essence of its life, and while we have the official section who only recognises the forces which have become ripe for national legislation, or the Whig section whose views perhaps are limited to the traditional policy of political reform, we have also a Radical section who force that ripeness into recognition, and who look upon social reform as the great work of Liberalism in the future.

It is quite true that Liberalism in the past has been identified with Capitalism, but in the chain of social progress the emancipation of capital was a necessary preliminary to the emancipation of Labour; and as the political emancipation of the middle-class culminated in the economic triumph of Capital through Free Trade, so the political emancipation of the working-class will culminate in the social triumph of Labour through, I hope, free combination.

I believe that among the younger members of the Liberal party, in and outside Parliament, there are many who are not "content to be critics and refuse their help," but active workers in the cause of Labour—men who will neither tarry in Birmingham nor take their ethics from Manchester, but who base their political economy upon a truly national foundation, and will not rest until, in the words of the late Emile de Laveleye, "that maxim which is at once the absolute negation of Communism and the most sacred justice will receive due legislative recognition: to each the produce and nothing but the produce of his labour."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

25, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.

HUGH HALKETT.

January 9th, 1892.

Liberal Candidate for Chester.

#### THE BURNING OF THE SUMMER PALACE AT PEKIN.

SIR,—In reference to the letter of Mr. J. J. Marcel in your issue of to-day, I am surprised that there should be any doubt as to the occasion which gave rise to the event in question. Besides having been myself at Pekin and at the Summer Palace (in 1879), I have met with many officers and men who were in the Expedition, and who witnessed what took place. Messrs. Wade and Parkes, who had been sent to negotiate terms with the Chinese, were on the point of being tortured in the most horrible manner. Their wrists were tied together so tightly by a cord as to break the skin, and they were then placed in a Chinese prison where

an insect lays its eggs in any sore place on the body, and causes death by blood-poisoning and corruption. The English commander, hearing of this, at once ordered the burning of the Summer Palace, which brought the Chinese to their senses, and was only just in time to save Messrs. Wade and Parkes. But though the English did the burning, the French did the looting, for the English were recalled from it before they had well begun, much to their disappointment, and the French got everything.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Heywood, Lanes., January 9th, 1892.

H. C. DEANE.

#### CELTIC FAIRY TALES.

SIR,—I have not yet seen Mr. Jacob's "Celtic Fairy Tales," but surely your correspondent, "A. T. Q. C.," in the "Literary Causerie" of *THE SPEAKER* of the 2nd inst., is mistaken in dating the "Story of Deirdre" as only the twelfth century?

The story comes to us from the first century, and is one of the best known of the Irish bardic tales. It was translated into prose by O'Flanagan in the Transactions of the Ibero-Celtic Society, and by O'Curry in the "Atalantis," and is the subject of a fine poem by the late Sir S. Ferguson, who places it fifth in the cycle of bardic stories leading up to the great epic of the "Tain-bo-Cuailgne."—Yours faithfully,

M. GUINNESS.

7, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington, W.

10th January.

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, January 15th, 1892.

MR. ALFRED POLLARD'S new edition of Herrick (Lawrence & Bullen) is a delightful possession: the sort of book that one handles affectionately, turning over its pages and feeling a certain pleasure merely in holding it, long after one has ceased to read. And, of course, Herrick himself shares the credit of this with his latest editor and publishers. There are poets whose pages you would feel some impropriety in caressing, no matter what the type and paper might be. What is Herrick's peculiar charm, and wherein does it lie? I could wish Mr. Swinburne had told us—nobody is better able—in the course of that short and happy eulogy with which he prefaces Mr. Pollard's two volumes.

I for one am careless of knowing Herrick's place in the hierarchy of poets. Why should poets be labelled according to merit and assigned their position as in a form of schoolboys? Even if we grant that the examiner is judicious, it hardly helps our enjoyment—which, after all, is the main thing. It may be true that Herrick "is and will probably be always the first in rank and station of English song-writers"; that "Shakespeare's last song, the exquisite and magnificent overture to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, is hardly so limpid in its flow, so liquid in its melody, as the two great songs in *Valentinian*"; but Herrick, our last poet of that incomparable age or generation, has matched them again and again." It may be true; though it provokes a remonstrance. Yet it would not only have been subtler, but more useful (I think), to point out how Herrick differs from Shakespeare and Fletcher, and how he resembles them; to differentiate without suggesting a prize-list; and so to get at Herrick's peculiar charm and the right reason for enjoying him.

What is it? I seemed to find some hint of it, the other day, in Mr. Henley's "Views and Reviews." "The more clearly Herrick sees a thing," says Mr. Henley, "the better he sings it; and provided that he do see it, nothing is beneath the caress of his muse. . . . Not only does he listen to the clucking of his hen and know what it means: he knows too that the egg she has laid is long and white; so that ere he enclose it in verse you can see him take it in his hand and look at it with a sort of boyish wonder and delight."

Now this gift of definiteness was not, perhaps, Herrick's alone among the song-writers of that



age. More than one of them understood realism; and if you wish an example here is one found by Mr. A. H. Bullen among the MS. music-books in the library of Christ Church, Oxford:—

"Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord  
Should of his own accord  
Friendly himself invite  
And say 'I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'  
How should we stir ourselves, call and command  
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand.  
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,  
See they be fitted all;  
Let there be room to eat,  
And order taken that there want no meat.  
See every scone and candlestick made bright,  
That without tapers they may give a light.  
Look to the presence! are the carpets spread,  
The dazie o'er the head,  
The cushions in the chairs,  
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?  
Perfume the chambers, and in any case  
Let each man give attendance in his place.'"

The anonymous poet goes on to say that while we are ready to show all this honour to an earthly king, yet at the coming of the King of Heaven, "all's set at six and seven," and we entertain him and lodge him in a manger as he was lodged and entertained in Bethlehem. But in these verses you are to observe how he deals with the commonest household furniture—tables, chairs, candlesticks, cushions and the like. It is all quite definite, and yet the verses are dignified in the extreme.

But though others may have shared with Herrick in some measure this gift of combining definiteness with grace, there is no song-writer known to me who possesses it in the same degree. Whatever he writes about is tangible. He relies always upon detail and particulars. As bard of the fairies, for instance, he stands beside Shakespeare, with none other near. Yet how entirely different is the method of these two singers! Take first a line or two from "Oberon's Palace":—

... "Within  
The room is hung with the blue skin  
Of shifted snake: enfriez'd throughout  
With eyes of peacock's trains and trout—  
Flies' curious wings; and these among  
Those silver pence that cut the tongue  
Of the red infant, neatly hung.  
The glow-worm's eyes; the shining scales  
Of silvery fish; wheat-straws, the snail's  
Soft candle-light; the kittling's eyne;  
Corrupted wood; served here for shine."

—and so on. Now compare all this elaborate detail with the song in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—

"And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Heate's team,  
From the presence of the sun  
Following darkness like a dream."

"Following darkness like a dream"—you will find nothing so vaguely, so loftily, imaginative in Herrick, as surely as (outside the Witches' incantation in *Macbeth*) you will not find Herrick's detail in your Shakespeare.

The same holds of his love-songs. Herrick does not sing—

"Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her  
That she might admired be."

But he addresses Julia's lips, her eyes, her bosom, her necklace, the flowers she wears, her petticoat, her bed, and so on. Everybody can repeat Ben Jonson's "Still to be neat, still to be drest"—

"Give me a look, give me a face  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

Now Herrick has left a lyric curiously like Jonson's, in which he, characteristically, takes the opposite view—

"... when I see thy tresses bound  
Into an oval, square or round,  
And knit in knots far more than I  
Can tell by tongue, or true-love tie;  
Next when those filmy lawns I see  
Play with a wild civility,  
And all those airy silks to flow,  
Alluring me and tempting so:  
I must confess mine eye and heart  
Dotes less on nature than on art."

And when we see how the opposite view enables him to turn Jonson's "robes" and "hair" into filmy lawns, airy silks, and tresses bound into ovals, squares, rounds, and knots, we begin to understand why Herrick preferred to take it.

Once more let us set Shakespeare's anacreontic, "Come, thou monarch of the vine," beside Fletcher's "God Lyæus, ever young," and then see how Herrick writes an anacreontic. Shakespeare and Fletcher sing the lordly exaltation of drunkenness. Sings one:—

"In thy vats our cares be drowned,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned:  
Cup us till the world go round!"

Sings the other:—

"Dance upon the mazer's brim,  
In the crimson liquor swim;  
From thy plenteous hand divine  
Let a river run with wine:  
God of youth, let this day here  
Enter neither care nor fear."

Now comes Herrick, who invokes no deities, but sticks close to solid earth:—

"Born was I to be old  
And for to die here:  
After that, in the mould  
Long for to lie here.  
But before that day comes  
Still I be bousing,  
For I know in the tombs  
There's no carousing."

I incline here to say a word on Fletcher, for I think he has been hardly used. It may be true, as Mr. Swinburne says, that Shakespeare wrote the overture to the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and those are wrong who assign it to Fletcher. He judges from internal evidence, no doubt; and the weight of his opinion is heavy. But the same thing has befallen Fletcher over other songs. Nobody knows who wrote the two stanzas of "Take, O, take those lips away," but because the second stanza is inferior to the first, the first is taken by many (and by so fair a judge as Mr. Bullen) to be by Shakespeare, the second by Fletcher. And nobody knows which of the two wrote "Orpheus with his lute made trees," but because it is surpassingly beautiful it goes to Shakespeare's credit. Now if we consider the quality of "Now the lusty spring is seen," or "Away delights! go seek some other dwelling," or certain pieces from "The Faithful Shepherdess," this seems a trifle unfair. Even while claiming for Shakespeare the magnificent "Roses, their sharp spines being gone," Mr. Swinburne asserts that it is "hardly so limpid in its flow, so liquid in its melody, as the two great songs in *Valentinian*." If Fletcher may not claim the songs that are given away from him it is not because his lyric genius was unequal to them.

But over authorship in those great days it is vanity to dispute. "The golden pomp was come," as Herrick proclaimed, and in the song-books of the time are scores of noble numbers, with no author's name appended, that Shakespeare might be proud of. They could write perfect songs then, "good to read and good to sing," and Campion (and many others perhaps) wrote not only the verse but the music to fit it. It is not necessary to enthrone Herrick in the topmost seat. For some reason we remember best what he sang—perhaps for the definiteness indicated above,

since we are a race that loves the detailed concrete; perhaps, too, because he recalls for us more vividly than any other the merry England that we have

"loved long since and lost awhile."

It is rural England that he conjures up for us, rural England as it was before the big towns began to drain the country's blood, an England not only "of brooks and blossoms, birds and bowers," but of "May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes." And for all our manufactories and agricultural depression when an Englishman calls up his country in his mind's eye he sees it green. The love of the land is in our blood, and we take up Herrick and read him with a touch of that spirit which drives the retired and wealthy man of business to buy himself a country estate though he knows it to be a bad speculation.

These are perhaps some of the reasons for our delight in Herrick. But, after all, the perfection of his workmanship, on which Mr. Swinburne insists, is that which chiefly will keep him immortal. And no one had a better right than the man who sang "To Anthea," "To Meadows," and "The Mad Maid's Song" to pen for himself these words of comfort:—

"Trust in good verses then;  
They only will aspire  
When pyramids, as men,  
Are lost i' th' funeral fire.

"And when all bodies meet  
In Lethe to be drowned,  
Then only numbers sweet  
With endless life are crowned."

A. T. Q. C.

## REVIEWS.

### ISLAM JUDGED FROM WITHIN.

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF MOHAMMED; OR, THE SPIRIT OF ISLÂM. By Syed Ameer Ali, M.A., C.I.E., Barrister-at-Law, a Judge of the High Court of Judicature in Bengal. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1891.

WE incline to call this volume of Syed Ameer Ali's one of the most notable works that have for some time been given to the world. The author is a Mohammedan gentleman of wide culture and of considerable standing. The pages of his book amply prove how well he is versed both in European and in Oriental literature; and his position as a judge of the High Court of Bengal, to say nothing of his two highly esteemed and authoritative treatises on Mohammedan law, sufficiently indicate his professional eminence. Eighteen years ago he published a small work entitled "A Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed." In the present volume, which is an expansion of it, he has "endeavoured to embody the philosophical and ethical spirit of Islâm"; and that with a twofold object. In the first place, he desires to do what in him lies "to assist the Moslems of India to achieve their intellectual and moral regeneration, under the auspices of the great European Power that now holds their destinies in its hands." And, secondly, he trusts that his book "may prove of some practical value to those searchers after Truth in the West whose minds have gone forth in the quest for a positive and eclectic Faith, suited for the noblest, and by its disciplinary character also for the lowest, natures." It is a sign of the times worth pondering, that a man like Syed Ameer Ali, whose good faith is as indubitable as are his intellectual attainments and his dialectic power, should account of Islâm as the best of extant creeds, and of its founder as the world's greatest religious teacher. Without ourselves adopting this view, we are bound to say that he makes out a very plausible case for it. He puts his points clearly and powerfully; and if he is something more than just to his own form of faith, and something less to other forms, that assuredly—

human nature being what it is—cannot be imputed to him as a serious fault. No one—not even a Justice of a High Court of Judicature—is a quite unbiassed judge in his own cause. No man can estimate with absolute impartiality the merits of religious beliefs and practices that are part and parcel of his moral and spiritual being, or shake himself quite free from prepossessions—prejudices, in the strict sense of the word—when comparing them with the tenets and cults of rival theologies. But assuredly Syed Ameer Ali is entitled to adopt the saying of Montaigne, and to declare of his book—which, by the way, is dedicated "To my Wife"—"C'est ici, lecteurs, un livre de bonne foi."

The work is divided into three parts. First we have a very well written and learned introduction of fifty-eight pages, which, taking for its theme the continuity of religious progress among mankind, seeks to show that the advent of Mohammed was a necessity of religious development. Then follow some two hundred pages dealing with the life of the Arabian prophet. The remaining three hundred pages are devoted to an examination of his teaching. The author's sketch of Mohammed's career and character is excellently well done. It should be hardly necessary, in the present day, to vindicate this great religious reformer from the gross calumnies which once darkened his fame. Still, it is worth while to remember that in Shakespeare's time he was popularly identified with the Prince of Darkness—"Modo he's called and Mahu"; i.e., Mahummed—and that even in the middle of the last century Charles Wesley, in one of the "Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists," described him as—

"That Arab thief, as Satan bold,  
Who quite destroyed thy Asian fold";

and emitted the aspiration—

"The Unitarian fiend expel,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell."

The world has travelled a long way since the view, thus expressed with characteristic vigour, was tenable even by the rank and file of the most enthusiastic sect of Christians; and, indeed, the verses from which we have quoted have, we believe, disappeared from the Wesleyan hymn-book. Perhaps Thomas Carlyle, in his Lectures on Heroes, delivered more than fifty years ago, did as much as anyone for the diffusion among us of juster conceptions concerning the Founder of Islâm. His acquaintance with the subject was, probably, not very profound. The sources of knowledge so abundantly accessible to us had then been but very slightly opened. Still with the vision of genius he discerned the real greatness of the man, and paid no ungrudging tribute to it—

"A man of truth and fidelity; true in what he did, true in what he spoke and thought; silent when there was nothing to say, but pertinent, wise, sincere when he did speak; always throwing light on the matter; a spontaneous, passionate, yet just, true-meaning man; full of wild faculty, fire, and light, this deep-hearted son of the wilderness; a Hero-Prophet, sent down to the Arab nation with a word they could believe."

Syed Ameer Ali, as becomes a pious Mussulman, goes far beyond that, and in some eloquent pages of his third chapter vindicates the deep devotion still entertained by those who share his faith, to "this grand Seer—the grandest of figures upon whom the light of history has ever shone." He continues—

"We have seen this wonderful man as an orphan child who had never known a father's love, bereft in infancy of a mother's care, growing up from a thoughtful childhood to a still more thoughtful youth. His youth as pure and true as his boyhood; his manhood as austere and devout as his youth. His ear ever open to the sorrows and sufferings of the weak and the poor; his heart ever full of sympathy and tenderness towards all God's creatures. He walks so humbly and so purely that men turn round and point—there goes al-Amin, the true, the upright, the trusty. A faithful friend, a devoted husband, a thinker intent upon the mysteries of life and death, on the responsibilities of human actions, the end and aim of human existence—he sets himself to the task of reclaiming and reforming a nation, nay, a world, with only one loving heart to comfort and solace him. Baffled, he never falters; beaten, he never desponds. He struggles on with indomitable spirit to achieve the work assigned to him. His purity and nobleness of character, his intense and earnest belief in God's mercy, bring round him ultimately many a devoted heart; and when



the moment of the severest trial comes, like the faithful mariner he remains steadfast at his post until all his followers are safe: and then betakes himself to the hospitable shore. Such we have seen him. We shall see him now the king of men, the ruler of human hearts, chief lawyer and supreme magistrate, and yet without any self-exaltation, lowly and humble: . . . a master mind, not only of his own age, but of all ages. No wild dreamer he, bent upon pulling down the existing fabric of society, but a statesman of unrivalled powers, who, in an age of utter and hopeless disintegration, with such materials and such polity as God put ready to his hands, set himself to the task of reconstructing a state, a commonwealth, a society, upon the basis of universal humanity."

Perhaps the most valuable part of Syed Ameer Ali's book is that in which he labours to show that Islām is, upon the whole, the best religion ever promulgated among men. He distinguishes between the original teachings of Mohammed and the glosses of various kinds wherewith it has been overlaid—"a volume," he observes, "might be written upon the defects of modern Mohammedanism"—and thinks it probable that "should the creed of the Arabian prophet receive acceptance among European communities, much of the rigid formalism which has been imparted to it by the lawyers of Central Asia and Irāk will have to be abandoned." He urges,

"It is the distinctive characteristic of Islām, as taught by Mohammed, that it combines within itself the grandest and most prominent features in all ethnic and catholic religions compatible with the reason and moral intuition of men. . . . It is not merely a system of positive moral rules, based on a true conception of human progress, but it is also the establishment of certain principles, the enforcement of certain dispositions, the cultivation of a certain temper of mind, which the conscience is to apply to the ever-varying exigencies of time and place. . . . The wonderful adaptability of the Islāmic precepts to all ages and nations, their entire accordance with the light of reason, the absence of all mysterious doctrines to cast a shade of sentimental ignorance round the primal truths implanted in the human heart—all prove that Islām represents the latest development of the religious faculties of our being. . . . This is the Islām of Mohammed. It is not a mere creed: it is a life to be lived in the present: a religion of right-doing, right-thinking, and right-speaking, founded on divine love, universal charity, and the equality of man in the sight of the Lord."

We must refer those who would follow the matter further to the Syed's own pages, for we have reached our limits. We will only remark in conclusion that there is one class of readers who certainly ought to make them the subject of careful study—namely, those devoted men who are labouring, or are preparing to labour, as Christian missionaries in Mohammedan countries. The extreme difficulty of converting a Moslem, however poor and ignorant, to Christianity has long been a cause of lamentation to our evangelists and to the societies which send them forth. Syed Ameer Ali's book throws much light upon the causes of that difficulty.

#### A LEADER OF ÉMIGRÉS.

MÉMOIRES POLITIQUES ET MILITAIRES DU GÉNÉRAL TERCIER (1770-1816). Par C. de la Chanoine. Paris, Plon. 1891.

THE memoirs of a French General during the wars of the Revolution and of Napoleon are generally the records of a successful career. The private soldier, carrying the bâton of a field-marshal in his knapsack, fights, at first hungry and shoeless, under the eye of the most sympathetic commander that ever inspired an army with confidence, until he arrives, step by step, to a throne, a principality, or at least a deathless name in history. There were others whose lines fell in less pleasant places. The winning side attracted others; they gave their sympathy to the losers. Of this class is the general whose memoirs are before us. His career properly ends with the peace of Amiens. He was offered a place in the army of the Emperor, but refused it on principle. Had he been less scrupulous, a mature age of leisure might have made up for a youth of failure and privation.

Tercier entered the army in 1770, and his first years were spent in the island of Martinique. Here he paid his tribute to the climate by catching a fever, for the cure of which he was bled nineteen times in forty-five hours. Here also he became the intimate friend of Mlle. Tascher de la Pagerie, afterwards the Empress Josephine. We do not know precisely what relations existed between her and

Tercier, as he has left a *lacune* at this point. He only says, "She was young then, and I was young also," an expression which leaves wide scope for the imagination. He tells us, however, that she was at least eighteen in 1778, which makes her several years older than biographers generally allow, and Tercier was not likely to be wrong on this point. She was, therefore, nearly fifty when she was divorced—a fact which may, perhaps, extenuate the conduct of Napoleon. He fought against the English in the American war, and returned to France after the peace of 1783. The revolution found and left him a devoted Royalist. He took an active part in the plans of the *émigrés* for the re-establishment of the Monarchy. The memoirs contain what is probably the best account extant of the unfortunate expedition to Quiberon, and Tercier's narrative is well worthy of the attention of the historian.

Tercier formed part of the second portion of the expedition, the "black cockades" who started from Hanover. In the disputes between Hervilly and Puisaye, which caused the ruin of the expedition, he evidently thinks the latter the most to blame. He states that the English Government had spared no expense in the equipment of the armament. There were uniforms, muskets, and other munition of war for the furnishing of a force of a hundred and fifty thousand men. There were also, according to Tercier, several tons of false *assignats*, intended by their circulation to discredit the genuine paper money. The fleet sailed from Stade to Spithead. Tercier, disembarking at Portsmouth, was struck by the remark of an Englishman who said, smoking his pipe, "It is a very bad expedition." Sombreuil, who commanded it, was on the point of marrying a wealthy heiress, when he was summoned to leave his bride at the call of duty. Unfortunately, the English Government had filled up the ranks of the "white cockades" with some French prisoners whose sympathies with the Royalist cause were more than doubtful. On July 20th, 1795, thirty or forty of these deserted to the Republicans, and communicated the exact position and designs of the emigrants to the enemy. The next night there arose a terrible storm. The rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, and the waves lashed with fury the escarpment of Fort Penthièvre. Hoche determined to seize the opportunity for attack. General Humbert, afterwards known for his descent upon Ireland in 1798, led the vanguard; the deserters of the day before led the way. Unfortunately the command of the guard fell that day to Captain Beaumetz, a young man of twenty, of no military experience, who owed his position to the weakness of the Duke of York and the pleading eyes of a fair emigrant. Instead of doing his duty he retired, with the four officers under his orders, into the guard-house, and went quietly to bed, leaving the watch to the non-commissioned officers. Hoche left his entrenchments half an hour after midnight. His soldiers, led by the deserters, turned the right flank of the fort, wading up to their waists. The storm prevented their being heard. They climbed up the *glacis* of the fort by the only practicable passage, and on the summons, "Qui vive?" answered, "République Française." The sentinel, who belonged to the same regiment as the deserters, cried, "March, comrades, we are on your side," at the same time helping them to ascend. In a moment the fort was flooded by Republican soldiers. Beaumetz, the author of the disaster, contrived to escape. Puisaye threw himself into a boat and reached the English fleet. The fort being taken, the emigrants were slowly driven to the extremity of the peninsula. After the desertion of Puisaye, Sombreuil was in command. Hoche summoned him to surrender, and Sombreuil replied that his little army was entirely composed of emigrants. "I know it," answered Hoche, "but assure them that their lives shall be spared. You alone, sir, shall be executed." Hoche, unfortunately, was not empowered to make this promise, and history knows how it was kept.

The column of prisoners made a painful march to Auray. They were locked up in two churches, and Tercier and Sombreuil passed the night leaning against the same pillar. General Humbert came to see them, and confessed that when he received the order to attack he thought the enterprise so hopeless that he expected to be cut to pieces with all his men. Sombreuil was shot. The night before his death he told Tercier the real cause of their disasters. He described how at eleven o'clock on the night of the 21st he had called on Puisaye and found him asleep in bed. He said that he feared an attack that night, and urged the General to take some precautions. Puisaye replied that the rain and the storm would be sufficient safeguard against an assault. Sombreuil answered that the Republicans always attacked in bad weather if possible. He then pointed out that there had been a number of desertions, and that it was necessary to double the guard of the fort, who belonged to the same regiment as the deserters and who could not be trusted. Puisaye absolutely refused, for fear of offending the soldiers whose fidelity was suspected. Upon this Sombreuil urged that he should sound an alarm and summon the troops to arms. Puisaye declared that they were too tired and needed repose. Sombreuil then left him, saying that his obstinacy and his blind confidence would be his ruin.

Tercier contrived to escape execution by asserting that he was a foreigner and by a series of lucky accidents. The rest of the memoirs are occupied by an account of the Chouannerie, the termination of the war in La Vendée, in which Tercier took an active part. He was evidently a man of strong likes and dislikes, and his judgments against the Comte de Bourmont are as severe and, perhaps, as much exaggerated as his strong condemnation of Puisaye. After the conspiracy of George Cadoudal and the establishment of the Empire Tercier, after a year's experience of prison life in the Temple, determined to retire into privacy. He married, in 1807, the former "reader" of Princess Sophie of France, "making," as he says, "a common stock of our misfortunes and our opinions." He received a certain amount of recognition from the Government of the Restoration in 1816, wrote his memoirs in 1820, and died on February 23rd, 1823, at the age of seventy-one, leaving no children.

#### THE CASE FOR MCKINLEYISM.

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL ECONOMICS. By George Gunton. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

PROBABLY no important movement has ever had less to do with theory than the reversion to Protection in Europe and America. The belief in the necessity of that reversion—despite those commercial treaties which the German Emperor regards as the commencement of the Millennium—was never more vehemently asserted, nor more effectually acted upon, than to-day. Yet the arguments for it are confused and childish. Protectionists are not economists; they are "practical men," with that curious absence of lucidity which so often goes with business capacity. Even Sir Louis Mallet, with all his acumen, could not make out exactly what English Fair Traders really thought—if they ever think consecutively at all. The most effective argument for Protection in new countries was supplied by a Free Trader, John Stuart Mill. American Protectionist writers, like H. C. Carey and Professor Bowen, have usually based their views on the theory—akin to Wakefield's theory of "Complex Co-operation"—that variety of industry is the best stimulus for production. But it was not easy to extract from the Republican speeches of the 1890 campaign any argument for the McKinley Bill which was even moderately intelligible.

An attempt to supply these arguments was made—somewhat too late for electoral purposes—by the author of the book before us. It professes to be

inductive: it is certainly original—in parts; it is stimulating, often interesting, unconsciously sophistical, and usually illogical. Like some other "inductive sociology" we have seen, it is mostly deduction from somewhat hasty generalisations from history. Briefly, its argument is this:—All progress involves differentiation and co-operation of parts. For industry this can only be secured by the "socialising occupations" of town life—the most important factor in civilisation, as mediæval history shows. The more man progresses, the more numerous and more complex are his wants. More labour therefore is required to satisfy them. Meanwhile, however, labour is becoming more efficient. Goods become cheap, and man becomes dear (a statement with which the adherents of Mr. McKinley puzzled themselves and their hearers in 1890); that is, he is a more complex being, and it takes more labour to supply his wants. *Laissez faire* being rejected—for it is the duty of government to protect the superior young against the inferior old—the object of government is to keep man dear, to prevent his being crushed out in the struggle for existence, where the more complex animal is so often crowded out by the simpler. Thus the highest nations require a Protective tariff most. The American standard of wages and wants must be kept up against the lower standards of Europe and of China. Mr. Gunton makes little account of the distinction between nominal and real wages—none in this connection: he fails to explain how comfort is made more accessible by making it more expensive at the same time as purchasing power is increased—though he appeals to history to show that commodities constantly tend to be produced at less cost, or, as he chooses to say incorrectly, "tend steadily to fall in value"; and he attacks foreign trade as waste of power and expense—which suggests that he should have devoted some attention to the fall in freights. The producer must produce for the democracy, and for the home market. Only thus can the capitalist really be linked in amity with his workmen. Trade depressions usually arise from under-consumption, due to the degradation of the labourer and the decline of his wants. And though the highest-paid labourer, with most wants, is the most efficient (by induction from Mr. Brassey's and other observations), Mr. Gunton proposes to protect him against the pauper labour of Europe and China.

Logic, however, is not the strong point of the book. Thus Mr. Gunton defines some terms in a different manner from other economists, and then attacks the conclusions those economists have reached. While they define value as purchasing power over goods resident in goods, he defines value by its relation to labour. Hence, as manufacture is always being improved, a "general fall in values"—in Mr. Gunton's sense—is always going on. The same phenomenon is noticed under another name by Professor Walker. But a general fall of values, with the ordinary definition of value, involves a contradiction. Mr. Gunton, however, seems as certain as Socrates, or any schoolman of the period he calls "that intellectual nightmare the Dark Ages," that terms necessarily correspond to realities, not to ideal constructions.

Moreover, Mr. Gunton is "abstract" when he chooses—as in his theory of price—and not seldom falls into *ignoratio elenchi*. Thus, to the doctrine that (theoretically) there is no no-interest capital, Mr. Gunton replies that (practically) there is; and adds that sixty per cent. of the railway share capital of the United States paid no interest in 1889. This rather shakes our belief in Mr. Gunton's knowledge, as based in his account of the Standard Oil Company. Surely he must know that the share capital of American railways is largely watered stock, and largely also represents future "unearned increment"—many lines being chiefly built out of the proceeds of mortgage bonds? When, too, Mr. Gunton quotes and traverses Mr. Herbert Spencer's comparison of society to an organism, and misses the essential point



of difference noted in it—"that a society has no social sensorium"—we distrust him even more. There is an interesting defence of capitalist monopolies, as kept in check by potential competition, which we should like to accept if we could. Still more gladly would we accept his theory of taxation. Taxes, he argues—at least, when levied on producers—really fall on no human being. For suppose a workman is taxed, experience shows his wages rise correspondingly. But his employer will not submit to this deduction from profits; so he improves his processes and machinery, and shifts the burden on to Nature! Direct taxes obscure this process. The payer feels them as a hardship. Indirect taxes therefore are the best. Here Mr. Gunton, the inductive economist, calmly posits a frictionless world. After this we can only recommend him to the compiler of a New Budget of Paradoxes.

### IRISH FAIRY TALES.

BESIDE THE FIRE. A Collection of Irish Gaelic Folk Stories. Edited, Translated, and Annotated by Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A. London: David Nutt. 1891.

THE "science of fairy tales," to quote the title of Mr. Sidney Hartland's book on folk-lore, is one of the most fascinating subjects with which learning has ever busied itself. Older, as Dr. Hyde observes, than any other surviving relics of prehistoric man, "except a few drilled stones and flint arrow-heads," the folk-tales of the world contain the germs of all mythologies and all literatures. Unhappily they prove, under certain conditions, much more evanescent than querns and arrow-heads, and their great importance has not always been recognised in time. Nowhere is this more true than in the case of Irish folk-lore. Without undue disparagement of Mr. Curtin's excellent collection, published a year earlier, we may say that Dr. Hyde's is the first which has been presented in a form entirely satisfactory to the scientific folk-lorist, and conformable to the illustrious example set by Campbell of Islay in his "Tales of the West Highlands." Few men know the living Gaelic tongue so well as Dr. Hyde, and he has made it his object to give these fragments of Gaelic tradition exactly as he gathered them from the lips of the peasantry, and with all the collateral information that the scientific investigator can require. The result is certainly one of the most interesting and entertaining books of fairy-lore that it has ever been our good fortune to come across. These homely tales which seem to come to us straight from the cabins of Connaught with the odour of the peat smoke still clinging to them, with the very intonations of the peasant *shenachie* somehow conveyed in every phrase, have a dramatic power, a humour and a graphic force, which bespeak for the Irish Celt a native literary faculty of signal distinction. The German tales of Grimm are more tender and more graceful, the Slavonic tales of Ralston and Wratislaw are more ornate and picturesque; but we have met nothing there or elsewhere to match the Irish for raciness and buoyancy, and for the hundred little dramatic touches that turn the conventional characters of folk-lore into living personages. Take, for instance, this brief colloquy between a Prince's servant and a giant who repulses him from his door (p. 31):—

"My master is outside at the head of the avenue," says the servant, "and if he comes in he will whip the head off you."  
"I think you large of one mouthful, and I think you small of two mouthfuls," said the giant.

Do we not see the giant with his contemplative di-dain as if Cruikshank had drawn him for us? As another instance of the peculiar interest of these tales, let the reader turn to the story of the man who swallowed an *Alp Luachra* (newt), a trivial and even silly subject, which is invested with a fascinating interest by the manner of the telling. The gem of the volume, from the humorous point of view, is the account of the return of Leeam

O'Rooney, who was captured by the fairies when on his way to pay his rent. Leeam's adventures with his wife (who had thought him dead and had married his servant boy), with his priest, and his landlord, are told with inimitable vivacity and dramatic effect. The tale of *Guleesh na Guss Dhu*, of which Dr. Hyde now gives us an English version from his *Leabhar Sgeulwigheachta*, is a delightful specimen of half-humorous, half-romantic narrative. No doubt this tale, in its present form, is far removed from the stage of genuine, primitive folk-lore; but it is not the less interesting for that if, as we conclude, it has grown to this form in the mind of an illiterate peasantry. We may quote, for its fine poetic quality, the description of the hero waiting to learn a fairy secret at midnight in a haunted *rath*:—

"Guleesh accordingly went to the old rath when the night was darkening, and he stood with his bent elbow leaning on a grey old flag, waiting till the middle of the night should come. The moon rose slowly, and it was like a knob of fire behind him; and there was a white fog which was raised up over the fields of grass and all damp places, through the coolness of the night after a great heat in the day. The night was calm as is a lake when there is not a breath of wind to move a wave on it, and there was no sound to be heard but the *croneen* (hum) of the insects that would go by from time to time, or the hoarse sudden scream of the wild geese, as they passed from lake to lake, half a mile up in the air over his head; or the sharp whistle of the fadogues and flibeens (golden and green plover), rising and lying, lying and rising, as they do on a calm night. There were a thousand thousand bright stars shining over his head, and there was a little frost out, which left the grass under his foot white and crisp.

"He stood there for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, and the frost increased greatly, so that he heard the breaking of the *trancaen* under his foot as often as he moved. He was thinking in his own mind, at last, that the sheeogues (fairies) would not come that night, and that it was as good for him to return back again, when he heard a sound far away from him, coming towards him, and he recognised what it was at the first moment. The sound increased, and at first it was like the beating of waves on a stony shore, and then it was like the falling of a great waterfall, and at last it was like a great storm in the tops of the trees, and then the whirlwind burst into the rath of one rout, and the sheeogues were in it."

The popular riddles, of which Dr. Hyde gives some examples, often testify to a very vivid and graceful poetic fancy. Take, for instance, this on the smoke of the peat:

"You see it come in on the shoulders of men,  
Like a thread of the silk it will leave us again."

Or this, on the *boreen* or lane-way which runs from cottage to cottage in the country:

"From house to house he goes,  
A messenger small and slight;  
And whether it rains or snows,  
He sleeps outside in the night."

Dr. Hyde, in his excellent preface, writes in a strain of mingled sorrow and indignation upon the strange indifference to a great national possession which the Irish people and their leaders have shown in standing by, in apathy or approval, while the Irish language was put to death by violence under the rod of the National schoolmasters. It is, indeed, a curious and not a very creditable chapter in Irish history. In living memory Erse was spoken by four millions of people; at the present day this ancient tongue, second only to Sanscrit, as the great scholar Windisch has declared, in its philological value for the student of the Aryan languages, is on the verge of utter extinction. And it is not a language alone that is perishing, it is a traditional culture, ethical and literary, which there is nothing at present visible to replace. In the romances, ballads, proverbs, and maxims which survive where Gaelic is spoken and which usually die where it dies, the Gaelic peasant had a priceless possession. These, and the ideals of honour, courtesy, and refinement which they embody and commend, have unquestionably done much towards making him the thorough gentleman that so many observers have declared him to be. Doubtless it would be greatly to his advantage if he could exchange the "Ossianic" poems for Spenser and Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. But he had the Ossianic literature in his home, as the English peasant certainly has not English literature. He had it in his memory—he had it in MSS. such as that described by Dr. Hyde in one of his notes, "black with dirt, reeking with turf-

smoke, and worn away at the corners by repeated reading." What did this MS. contain? Dr. Hyde tells us:—"The Rearing of Cuchulain' (the Achilles of the Irish Iliad), 'The Death of Conlaach,' 'The King of Spain's Son,' etc., with many Ossianic and elegiac poems." In these things, however inferior as works of literary art to the writings of great English poets, the Irish or Highland peasant had at least a romantic literature which he knew and loved. And when he loses it, it is not the great English poets who will take its place and fill the void in his mind—it is the cheap newspaper and the vulgarities of the music-hall.

These things have often been said before and they have been said in vain. The Catholic Church has set its face against the Irish tongue; the politicians (which is less intelligible) are indifferent—it is doomed. Dr. Hyde's eloquent and well-reasoned protests will not arrest the course of fate. But one good result they may at least bring about—they may induce other competent persons to bestir themselves in collecting, while there is yet time, whatever still survives of Gaelic song and story. Only a few scattered gleanings now remain in this field; the harvest has already been reaped by oblivion. Yet it is certain that there is still material for more than one such book as Dr. Hyde has given us, and the careful collection of this material is surely not one of the least patriotic objects to which an Irishman can address himself at present.

#### ENGLISH, IRISH, AND AMERICAN VERSE.

A LOST GOD. By Francis W. Bourdillon. With Illustrations by H. J. Ford. London: Elkin Matthews.

DAYS AND DREAMS. By Madison Cawein. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TWO WORLDS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Watson Gilder. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

ONE IN THE INFINITE. By George Francis Savage-Armstrong. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

VARYING MOODS, AND LEGENDS OF THE RHINE. By P. H. Rathbone. London: H. Glaisner.

A SUMMER NIGHT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Graham R. Tomson. London: Methuen & Co.

BLANAID, AND OTHER POEMS FROM THE GAELIC. By T. D. Sullivan. Dublin: Eason & Son.

HAD Mr. Bourdillon's "Lost God" ended on page 50, where the two seekers after truth vow to vex their souls no more, and

"Give up the reading of the riddle, Death,"

it would have been a poem with a striking conclusion, embodying a lesson that might have come straight home to the bosoms and businesses of men, for the majority of whom it is best that they should "live such quiet lives as all men live." The conventional conclusion identifying Christ with the lost God, Pan, may please such as are dead in orthodoxy. For those whose orthodoxy is a living thing, it will be but a tame ending; whilst the heterodox, who think they see in the strain and travail of men's minds the world in labour with a new idea of God, will look upon it as a venerable, but out-of-date solution. Mr. Bourdillon writes blank verse with skill, but it is often over-wrought. His images are built up rather than imagined. It is, besides, a poem about a poet, a kind of which we are heartily tired. Still there are many good lines, and some fine passages. The illustrations by Mr. H. G. Ford are pleasing.

Mr. Madison Cawein has published several books of verse, and has some reputation in America. His gifts are really exceptional. He has command of language and rhythm; and he rhymes with ease. He has fancy at will, and, though he cannot describe, he can catalogue, nature in a charming way. But with it all it is only rarely that he writes English—as in "The Epic," an absurdly-named, but simple and powerful, ballad of twenty lines. To strength and directness he prefers eccentricity and the far-fetched, filling his high-pitched verses with all manner of exotic words—"barbiton," "ouphens," "ghazals," "bezels," "dinars"—and with lumbering

compounds—"forehead-stigmatised," "vizier-ambassadors." He staggers through his spasmodic raptures, "veiling the *was* with the dawn of the *is*," beholding morns like "Pentecosts of flame," and "the plausibilities of God all possibles o'erlying." The same kind of thing has been done in England.

"No dragon-fly in endless error keeps  
Sewing the pale-gold gown of day  
With tangled stitches of a burning blue—  
Whose brilliant body but a needle is,  
An azure and incarnate ray."

You couldn't tell whether this external, mechanical image worked out to a *reductio ad absurdum*, this poetical facetiousness, is Cawein's, Alexander Smith's, or Sydney Dobell's. But you know at once whose this is:—

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie.  
An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk: from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.  
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;  
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew."

As one might expect from such a busy man as Mr. R. W. Gilder, his "Two Worlds" consists of snatches, "short swallow flights of song." Sonnets on Napoleon and indefinite odes are to be found in every poetical knapsack, and in these Mr. Gilder is not more than ordinarily successful. He excels in quatrains, in short irregular pieces like "In Doors at Night." In "The Gift" he shows a keen insight into the deep things of life, and "A Midsummer Meditation" breathes a fine spirit of hopefulness—no vulgar optimism, but a sense of man's divinity. "Two Worlds" is a pleasant book to dip into.

"Which of us knoweth the coming of death or the hour of doom?" Why should a man write, however sonorously, platitudes of this kind? Mr. Armstrong has a reason, if we could fathom it; for his book, of over four hundred pages, is full of such obvious reflections. He and Mr. Bourdillon seem to us to write as if "In Memoriam" had never been published. We cannot understand why these gentlemen should have written their religious verses with Tennyson's transcendent poem there to be read and studied; we are certain that both of them would have experienced a thousand times more delight and satisfaction in committing "In Memoriam" to memory than in the composition of twenty books of their own. Then there are "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and poems by Clough and Matthew Arnold to satisfy the mood of religious speculation and inquiry. If verse-writers would only take to learning by heart the great poems on the subjects that interest them, instead of making small poems upon them, reviewers of verse would have less to do. Mr. Armstrong has much facility, some power, and wide learning; but we prefer his "Stories of Wicklow," and even his "Mephistopheles in Broadcloth," to his religious musings.

Mr. Rathbone's "Legends of the Rhine" were collected and embodied in ballads many years ago, and may be found interesting by tourists. Of his "Varying Moods" it is not necessary to say anything.

It is a great pleasure to read straight through Mrs. Graham R. Tomson's little book. Two poems, "The Moor Girl's Well" and the terrible "Ballad of the Were-Wolf," are the best things in these eight volumes, and among the best poems that have been published this year. The former, though quite original, may slip into our memories of "Lamia" and "Sir Gawain"; but the latter will never be forgotten, as being the most direct, most human treatment of the subject. In "Aubade," "A Summer Night," and other pieces, London at night, now hinted at, now strongly etched, receives very delicate handling. "Resurgam" is a triumphant poem of the same inspiration as Mr. Gilder's "Midsummer Meditation," but simpler, with a lighter wing and easier flight—better poetry, in fact.

Mr. Sullivan's Irish historical and legendary



poems are very readable. The variety of measures in "Blanaid," the story of the Irish Helen, is distracting, and we feel certain that if Mr. Sullivan had condensed it, and "Aileen and Baille," to a quarter of their present length, he would have found more readers and heartier applause; for the other principal poems in his volume, "Ossian in the Tir Na N-og," and "The Voyage of the O'Corras," though as full of incident as the first two, are much shorter, and consequently more compact and powerful. Mr. Sullivan at his best has much of Scott's narrative strength; his language, however, is even less select than Scott's. In some of its descriptive passages "The Voyage of the O'Corras" reminds us of Dunbar's great poem, "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins." Ossian's visit to the land of youth is a splendid poetical subject, and Mr. Sullivan, on the whole, is equal to it. Sassenachs will be grateful for an attractive presentation of interesting legends with which Mr. Sullivan has helped to make us familiar.

## FICTION.

1. HAZEL FANE. By Blanche Roosevelt. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.
2. A RED SISTER. By C. L. Pirakis. Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Maistron & Co. 1891.
3. THE PRINCESS MAZAROFF. By Joseph Hatton. Two vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1891.

THE author of "Hazel Fane" is not content with the state of English law. "For the non-delivery of a bale of goods," she says in her passionate preface, "a man has an appeal to the House of Lords; for the vexed question of whether a threepenny-halfpenny railway ticket was stamped on the 24th or 25th day of the month there is an appeal to the House of Lords; but for the mighty question of life or death there is no appeal." It is no part of the reviewer's business to settle whether these statements are correct or not quite so correct as they might appear at first sight; he need not concern himself in this instance with the author's low opinion of all Home Secretaries; he need not, for the purposes of a review, care one straw about the mighty question of life or death. He has only to discover the merit or want of merit in a book called "Hazel Fane," as far as he can. It has even been said, or vaguely implied, that the critic has only to discover the merit of the work before him, and to neglect the rest. Some slight experience of modern fiction has not left us sufficiently sanguine to thus limit ourselves. We do not think that anyone who has carefully read the preface to "Hazel Fane" is likely to believe at any point in the story that Jacob Brent killed John Brent; nor do we think that the reader is likely to wonder who was really John Brent's murderer. The interest is not therefore the detective-interest—the interest of mystery. The plot shows ingenuity, but it is not the irritating ingenuity of detective fiction; it seldom perplexes, but it sometimes surprises. On the other hand, it allows in the latter part of the third volume its mechanism to be too clearly visible; an ordinary reader will know why each incident happens; the story becomes more conventional and loses all conviction; the faithful dog dies picturesquely on its master's tomb; the conflagration disposes of the noble but unsuccessful lover; the dying murderer confesses his guilt; the toys are all tidied and put away in much the same manner that they have been put away, in these third volumes, for many years. The author tells her story at times with some spirit; many of its incidents have horror and fascination. But it is spoiled by its preface, by the faults which seem inseparable from the novel with a purpose, and by its conventional conclusion. Its characters are mostly from the common stock; they are not entirely deficient in reality, but there is no new study and representation. Yet the book leaves us with the impression that some work has been put into it. It is a book which many could not and some would not have written: it is above the

average novel, but it is not, we think, the good novel.

"A Red Sister," like "Hazel Fane," is the story of a murder. Lady Joan married a rich man; it was not a love-marriage on her side. She found herself, however, without the control which she wished over the rich man's property, for her husband's father, although he was an old man at the time of her marriage, lived on and seemed incapable of dying. She had jilted her former lover, had married to gain the power which wealth brings, and had not gained it. The temptation did not, however, master her until her husband and her father-in-law were both dying; it was essential to her plans that the father-in-law should die first; otherwise a will which her husband had executed in her favour would have been of no use. In this race for death between the two men she therefore administered assistance—and aconite—to the elder of the two. Her efforts to conceal her guilt and to carry out her plans for the restoration of the fortunes of her family, form the subject of the remainder of the book. These efforts compel the aristocratic murderer to have recourse to an exceedingly low and unscrupulous agent. There is a certain amount of power in this sketch of Lady Joan; but far better and far more vivid is the delineation of Lady Honor, her niece. We are well acquainted in other novels with characters of Lady Joan's type; but the younger heroine seems to us fresh. On the whole, we were more impressed with the potentialities than with the performance, although the author is by no means inexperienced. The story reminds us occasionally of the work of Wilkie Collins, but it has not the absorbing interest which his best novels always had; it includes too many of the common tricks of melodrama. When the author introduces in the first chapter that deep pit in the heath, protected only by the slightest and most inadequate of hand-rails (the fences of fiction are always in a deplorable condition), we know exactly why that deep pit is there, and the want of art is not well concealed; the hand-rail, still hopelessly inadequate, plays its part in the very last paragraph of the book, and the deep pit becomes a receptacle for the principal character. At the same time, something may be hoped from an author who understands what restraint means, and can give us such work as the sketch of Lady Honor in this book.

The hero of "The Princess Mazaroff" is a man of fine qualities; yet passion leads him to weakness, and weakness brings him to cruelty. He fell in love with the Princess; he had not anticipated that she would have a final quarrel with her husband; but when the Princess came to him he received her and lived with her. The Prince took the matter with perfect indifference. So far the hero was certainly weak; but when he deserted the Princess, and allowed himself to become engaged to a good woman, his weakness became cruelty, for both the women were very much in love with him. The Princess would not be discarded. "Women," says Mr. Oscar Wilde's Lord Henry, "never know when the curtain has fallen." Her suicide throws upon the hero the suspicion of murder. The reader feels that practically the hero is a murderer; and yet one does not at any part of the book entirely lose sympathy with that hero. This is principally due to the fact that Mr. Hatton is distinctly a clever novelist. He knows that we forgive much to good intentions, and more to physical pluck. The hero has physical pluck. Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out how in our over-estimate of courage we are really taking our point of honour from the beasts; but the novelist can still count on that over-estimate. The story is readable, although it is not perhaps intended for the Young Person; it is never dull except in one description of a dinner-party where a wearisome importance is given to the menu; its characters are quite possible; and although the book is not free from conventionality, the conclusion is strong and dramatic.